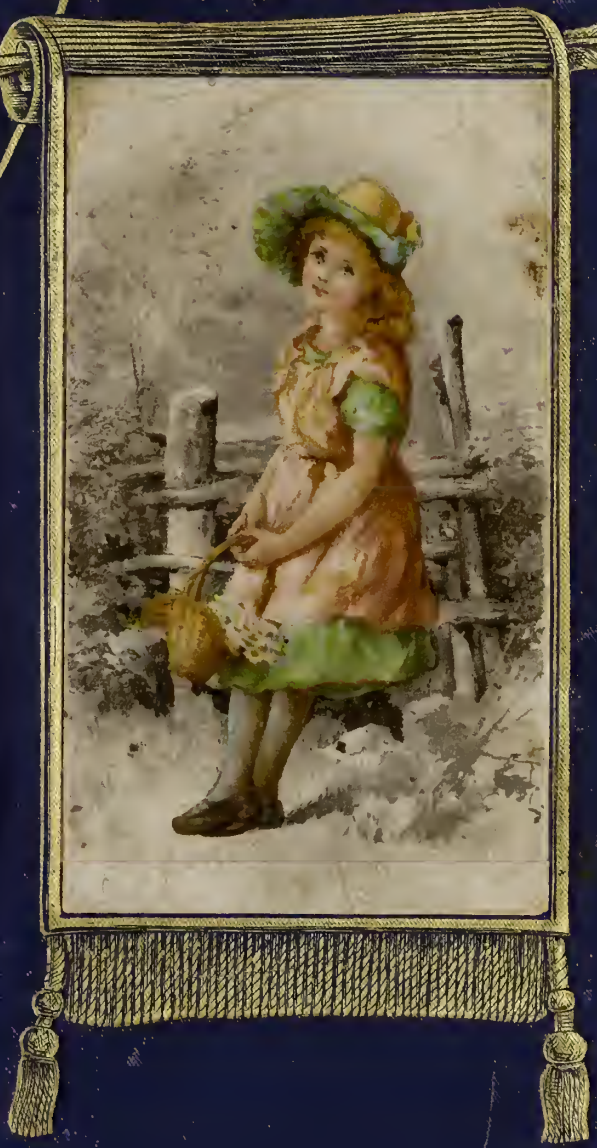
Master Thoughts



A Poem
Prose
and
Pencil

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MASTER THOUGHTS

OF MASTER MINDS

IN

POEM, PROSE AND PENCIL.

WITH A FEW PEARLS ENTWINED FROM AUTHORS OF LESS RENOWN, TO WHICH IS ADDED AN APPENDIX OF BIOGRAPHICAL AND CRITICAL NOTES.

COMPILED BY

W. HARRISON STARKEY

ELLIOTT & BEEZLEY,
PHILADELPHIA AND CHICAGO.
1889.

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PREFACE.

THE aim and scope of this work is to introduce all lovers of literature into that charmed circle of great authors, and ask them to sit down with Homer, and Milton, and Pope, and Addison, and Lamb, and drink at the overflowing fountain of genius; to become guests at the table around which sit Shakespeare, and Dante, and Johnson, and Goethe, and Cervantes and partake of a feast far richer than any ever spread by the dainty Lucullus; to wander by the babbling brooks and amid the fragrant flowers of those great gardeners of men, and to pluck therefrom the sweet and rare exotics that have exhilarated and intoxicated the human race for many ages past and will continue so to do for many more to come.

The numerous queries in the public press asking the best books to read and the best authors to study, as well as the various lists made out by eminent living writers, was the first incentive to the gathering together of these pages; knowing that where one such request was made public a thousand readers were eager for the reply.

Within the prescribed limits of our volume many authors of fair reputation will of course be missed. The number of such is so large and our space so bounded that it would be an utter impossibility to give room to all. We have, therefore, confined ourselves to those of the first rank, making an exception now and then, for which we leave the reader to judge whether or no we were justified in so doing.

It has been truly said: "The world of thought is so large and the span of human life so brief, that it is impossible for one man to be profound on many subjects or to be thoroughly conversant with the writings of many authors." In the compilation of this work we have sought to gather within its pages not only the greatest authors that have written for the edification of their fellow men, but to select therefrom the finest passages and parts of their greatest efforts, so that those of our readers who have not the time and means for securing a thorough knowledge of the master minds of the past and present, may herein be enabled to form at least a slight acquaintance with them.

Poetry and prose have been commingled together in almost equal parts, while a few "golden thoughts," so valuable to a reflective mind, will be found scattered about among its pages, intending to add brilliancy and lustre to the same.

Our thanks are due to many friends for their kind suggestions and valuable assistance, and we take this method of repaying the obligation.

With this introduction we send our work forth upon its mission, coupled with the earnest wish that the pleasure derived from its perusal may equal that resulting from its preparation.

THE VALUE OF BOOKS.

JOHN MILTON.

For books do preserve, as in a vial, the purest efficacy and extraction of that living intellect that bred them. A good book is the precious life-blood of a master spirit, embalmed and treasured up on purpose to a life beyond life.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

Books are the legacies that a great genius leaves to mankind, which are delivered down from generation to generation.

Knowledge of books in a man of business is a torch in the hands of one who is willing and able to show those who are bewildered, the way which leads to prosperity and welfare.

ALEXANDER POPE.

At this day, as much company as I have kept, and as much as I love it, I love reading better.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

General principles must be had from books. In conversation you never get a system.

Knowledge is of two kinds. We know a subject ourselves, or we know where we can find information upon it. When we enquire into any subject, the first thing we have to do, is to know what books have treated of it.

DAVID HUME.

I passed through the ordinary course of education with success, and was seized very early with a passion for literature, which has been the ruling passion of my life, and the great source of my enjoyments.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH

The first time I read an excellent book, it is to Me just as if I had gained a new friend; when I read over the book I have persued before, it resembles the meeting with an old one.

GEORGE CRABBE.

This, books can do;—nor this alone; they give
New views to life, and teach us how to live;
They soothe the grieved, the stubborn they chastise,
Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise:
Their aid they yield to all: they never shun
The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone:
Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd;
Nor tell to various people various things,
But show to subjects what they show to kings.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Books are yours,
Within whose silent chambers treasure lies
Preserved from age to age; more precious far
Than that accumulated store of gold
And orient gems, which for a day of need,
The Sultan hides deep in ancestral tombs;
These hoards of truth you can unlock at will.

CHARLES LAMB.

I own that I am disposed to say grace upon twenty other occasions in the course of the day besides my dinner. I want a form for setting out upon a pleasant walk, for a moonlight ramble, for a friendly meeting, or a solved problem. Why have we none for books, those spiritual repasts—a grace before Milton—a grace before Shakespeare—a devotional exercise proper to be said before reading the Fairy Queen?

WILLIAM HAZLITT.

By conversing with the *mighty dead*, we imbibe sentiment with knowledge. We become strongly attached to those who can no longer either hurt or serve us, except through the influence which they exert over the mind. We feel the presence of that power which gives immortality to human thoughts and actions, and catch the flame of enthusiasm from all ages and nations.

LORD BYRON.

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling like dew upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

May blessings be upon the heads of Cadmus, the Phœnicians, or whoever it was that invented books! No book that will not improve by repeated readings deserves to be read at all.

The true university of these days is a collection of books.

SOCRATES.

Employ your time in improving yourself by other men's writings; so you shall come easily by what others have labored hard for.

CICERO.

Keep your books, and do not despair of my being able to make them mine; which, if I accomplish, I shall exceed Crœsus in riches, and look down with contempt upon the houses and lands of all the world.

SENECA.

It does not matter how many, but how good, books you have.

PLUTARCH.

We ought to regard books as we do sweetmeats, not wholly to aim at the pleasantest, but chiefly to respect the wholesomest; not forbidding either, but approving the latter most.

QUINTILIAN.

Every good writer is to be read, and diligently; and, when the volume is finished, is to be gone through again from the beginning.

MASTER THOUGHTS OF MASTER MINDS

IN POEM AND IN PROSE.

TRAVEL.

JAMES DRUMMOND BURNS.

Though lonely the wanderer may depart,
And far his footsteps roam,
He clasps the closer to his heart
The image of his home.

To that loved land, where'er he goes,
His tenderest thoughts are cast,
And dearer still, through absence, grows
The memory of the past.

THE VISION OF MIRZA.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

On the fifth day of the moon, which, according to the custom of my forefathers, I always keep holy, after having washed myself, and offered up my morning devotions, I ascended the high hills of Bagdat, in order to pass the rest of the day in meditation and prayer. As I was here airing myself on the tops of the mountains, I fell into a profound contemplation on the vanity of human life; and passing from one thought to another, "Surely," said I, "man is but a shadow, and life a dream." Whilst I was thus musing, I cast my eyes toward the summit of a rock that was not far from me, where I discovered one in the habit of a shepherd, with a little musical instrument in his hand. As I looked upon him, he applied it to his lips, and began to play upon it. The sound of it was exceeding sweet, and wrought into a variety of tunes that were inexpressibly melodious, and altogether different from anything I had ever heard; they put me in mind of those heavenly airs that are played to the departed souls of good men upon their first arrival in Paradise, to wear out the impressions of the last agonies, and qualify them for the pleasures of that happy place. My heart melted away in secret raptures.

I had been often told, that the rock before me was the haunt of a genius; and that several had been entertained with that music, who had passed by it, but never heard that the musician had before made himself visible. When he had raised my thoughts, by those transporting airs which he played, to taste the pleasures of his conversation, as I looked upon him like one astonished, he beckoned to me, and, by the waving of his hand, directed me to approach the place where he sat. I drew near with that reverence which is due to a superior nature; and as my heart was entirely subdued by the captivating strains I had heard, I fell down at his feet, and wept. The genius smiled upon me with a look of compassion and affability that familiarized him to my imagination, and at once dispelled all the fears and apprehensions with which I approached him. He lifted me from the ground, and taking me by the hand,—"Mirza," said he, "I have heard thee in thy soliloquies; follow me."

He then led me to the highest pinnacle of the rock, and placing me on the top of it, "Cast thy eyes eastward," said he, "and tell me what thou seest."—"I see," said I, "a huge valley, and a prodigious tide of water rolling through it."—"The valley that thou seest," said he, "is the vale of misery; and the tide of water that thou seest, is part of the great tide of eternity."—"What is the reason," said I, "that the tide I see rises out of a thick mist at one end, and again loses itself in a thick mist at the other?"—"What thou seest," said he, "is that portion of eternity which is called Time, measured out by the sun, and reaching from the beginning of the world to its consummation. "Examine now," said he, "this sea, that is bounded with darkness at both ends, and tell me what thou discoverest in it."—"I see a bridge," said I, "standing in the midst of the tide."—"The bridge thou seest," said he, "is human life; consider it attentively." Upon a more leisurely survey of it, I found that it consisted of threescore and ten entire arches, with several broken arches, which, added to those that were entire, made up the number about an hundred. As I was counting the arches, the genius told me that this bridge consisted at first of a thousand arches; but that a great flood swept away the rest, and left the bridge in the ruinous condition I now beheld it. "But tell me further," said he, "what thou discoverest on it."—"I see multitudes of people passing over it," said I, "and a black cloud hanging on each end of it." As I looked more attentively, I saw several of the passengers dropping through the bridge into the great tide that flowed underneath it; and upon farther examination, perceived there were innumerable trap-doors that lay concealed in the bridge, which the passengers no sooner trod upon, but they fell through them into the tide, and immediately disappeared. These hidden pit-falls were set very thick at the entrance of the bridge, so that throngs of people no sooner broke through the cloud, but many of them fell into them. They grew thinner towards the middle, but multiplied and lay closer together towards the end of the arches that were entire.

There were indeed some persons, but their number was very small, that continued a kind of hobbling march on the broken arches, but fell through one after another, being quite tired and spent with so long a walk.

I passed some time in the contemplation of this wonderful structure, and the great variety of objects which it presented. My heart was filled with a deep melancholy, to see several dropping unexpectedly in the midst of mirth and jollity, and catching at everything that stood by them, to save themselves. Some were looking up towards the heavens in a thoughtful posture, and, in the midst of a speculation, stumbled and fell out of sight. Multitudes were very busy in the pursuit of bubbles, that glittered in their eyes, and danced before them; but often, when they thought themselves within the reach of them, their footing failed and down they sunk. In this confusion of objects, I observed some with scimitars in their hands, and others with urinals, who ran to and fro upon the bridge, thrusting several persons on trap doors which did not seem to lie in their way, and which they might have escaped had they not been forced upon them.

The genius seeing me indulge myself in this melancholy prospect, told me I had dwelt long enough upon it: "Take thine eyes off the bridge," said he, "and tell me if thou seest anything thou dost not comprehend." Upon looking up,—"What mean," said I, "those great flights of birds that are perpetually hovering about the bridge, and settling upon it from time to time? I see vultures, harpies, ravens, cormorants, and among many other feathered creatures, several little winged boys, that perch in great numbers upon the middle arches."—"These," said the genius, "are envy, avarice, superstition, despair, love, with the like cares and passions that infest human life."

I here fetched a deep sigh: "Alas," said I, "man was made in vain! How is he given away to misery and mortality! Tortured in life, and swallowed up in death!" The genius being moved with compassion towards me, bid me quit so uncomfortable a prospect. "Look no more," said he, "on man in the first stage of his existence, in his setting out for eternity; but cast thine eye on that thick mist into which the tide bears the several generations of mortals that fall into it." I directed my sight as I was ordered, and (whether or no the good genius strengthened it with any supernatural force, or dissipated part of the mist that was before too thick for the eye to penetrate) I saw the valley opening at the farther end, and spreading forth into an immense ocean, that had a huge rock of adamant running through the midst of it and dividing it into two equal parts. The clouds still rested on one half of it, insomuch that I could discover nothing in it. But the other appeared to me a vast ocean, planted with innumerable islands, that were covered with fruits and flowers, and interwoven with a thousand little shining seas that ran among them. I could see persons dressed in glorious habits, with garlands upon their heads, passing among the trees, lying down by the sides of fountains, or resting on beds of flowers; and could hear a confused harmony of singing birds, falling waters, human voices, and musical instruments. Gladness grew in me at the discovery of so delightful a scene. I wished for the wings of an eagle, that I might fly away to those happy seats; but the genius told me there was no passage to them, except through the gates of death that I saw opening every moment upon the bridge. "The islands," said he, "that lie so fresh, and green before thee, and with which the whole face of the ocean appears spotted as far as thou canst see, are more in number than the sands on the sea-shore; there are myriads of islands behind those which thou here discoverest, reaching further than even thine eye, or even thine imagination, can exist itself. These are the mansions of good men after death, who, according to the degree and kinds of virtue in which they excelled, are distributed among these several islands, which abound with pleasures of different kinds and degrees, suitable to the relishes and perfections of those who are settled in them; every island is a paradise accommodated to its respective inhabitants. Are not these, O Mirza, habitations worth contending for? Does life appear miserable, that gives thee opportunities of earning such a reward? Is death to be feared, that will convey thee to so happy an existence? Think not man was made in vain, who has such an eternity reserved for him." I gazed with inexpressible pleasure on these happy islands. At length, said I,—"Show me now, I beseech thee, the secrets that lie hid under those dark clouds, which cover the ocean on the other side of the rock of adamant." The genius making me no answer, I turned about to address myself to him a second time, but I found that he had left me. I then turned again to the vision which I had been so long contemplating; but instead of the rolling tide, the arched bridge, and the happy islands, I saw nothing but the long, hollow valley of Bagdat, with oxen, sheep, and camels grazing upon the sides of it.

THE WIDOW AND HER SON.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

During my residence in the country, I used frequently to attend at the old village church. Its shadowy aisles, its mouldering monuments, its dark oaken panelling, all reverend with the gloom of departed years, seemed to fit it for the haunt of solemn meditation. A Sunday, too, in the country, is so holy in its repose—such a pensive quiet reigns over the face of Nature, that every restless passion is charmed down, and we feel all the natural religion of the soul gently springing up within us.

"Sweet day, so pure, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky!"

I cannot lay claim to the merit of being a devout man; but there are feelings that visit me in a country church, amid the beautiful serenity of nature, which I experience nowhere else; and if not a more religious, think I am a better man on Sunday, than on any other day of the seven.

But in this church I felt myself continually thrown back upon the world, by the frigidity and pomp of the poor worms around me. The only being that seemed thoroughly to feel the humble and prostrate piety of a true Christian, was a poor, decrepit old woman, bending under the weight of years and infirmities. She bore the traces of something better than abject poverty. The lingerings of decent pride were visible in her appearance. Her dress, though humble in the extreme, was scrupulously clean. Some trivial respect, too, had been awarded her, for she did not take her seat among the village poor, but sat alone on the steps of the altar. She seemed to have survived all love, all friendship, all society; and to have nothing left her but the hopes of heaven. When I saw her feebly rising and bending her aged form in prayer; habitually conning her prayer-book, which her palsied hand and failing eyes could not permit her to read, but which she evidently knew by heart; I felt persuaded that the faltering voice of that poor woman arose to heaven far before the responses of the clerk, the swell of the organ, or the chanting of the choir.

I am fond of loitering about country churches; and this was so delightfully situated, that it frequently attracted me. It stood on a knoll, around which a small stream made a beautiful bend, and then wound its way through a long reach of soft meadow scenery. The church was surrounded by yew trees, which seemed almost coeval with itself. Its tall Gothic spire shot up lightly from among them, with rooks and crows generally wheeling about it. I was seated there one still, sunny morning, watching two laborers who were digging a grave. They had chosen one of the most remote and neglected corners of the church-yard, where, by the number of nameless graves around, it would appear that the indigent and friendless were huddled into the earth. I was told that the new-made grave was for the only son of a poor widow. While I was meditating on the distinctions of worldly rank, which extend thus down into the very dust, the toll of the bell announced the approach of the funeral. They were the obsequies of poverty, with which pride had nothing to do. A coffin of the plainest materials, without pall or other covering, was borne by some of the villagers. The sexton walked before with an air of cold indifference. There were no mock mourners in the trappings of affected woe, but there was one real mourner, who feebly tottered after the corpse. It was the aged mother of the deceased—the poor old woman whom I had seen seated on the steps of the altar. She was supported by a humble friend, who was endeavoring to comfort her. A few of the neighboring poor had joined the train, and some children of the village were running hand in hand, now shouting with unthinking mirth, and now pausing to gaze, with childish curiosity, on the grief of the mourner.

As the funeral train approached the grave, the parson issued from the church porch, arrayed in the surplice, with prayer-book in hand, and attended by the clerk. The service, however, was a mere act of charity. The deceased had been destitute, and the survivor was penniless. It was shuffled through, therefore, in form, but coldly and unfeelingly. The well-fed priest moved but a few steps from the church door; his voice could scarcely be heard at the grave; and never did I hear the funeral service, that sublime and touching ceremony, turned into such a frigid mummery of words.

I approached the grave. The coffin was placed on the ground. On it were inscribed the name and age of the deceased—"George Somers, aged 26 years." The poor mother had been assisted to kneel down at the head of it. Her withered hands were clasped, as if in prayer; but I could perceive by the feeble rocking of the body, and a convulsive motion of the lips, that she was gazing on the last relics of her son with the yearnings of a mother's heart.

Preparations were made to deposit the coffin in the earth. There was a bustling stir, which breaks so harshly on the feelings of grief and affection; directions given in the cold tones of business; the striking of spades into sand and gravel; which, at the grave of those we love, is of all sounds the most withering. The bustle around seemed to waken the mother from a wretched reverie. She raised her glazed eyes, and looked about with a faint wildness. As the men approached with cords to lower the coffin into the grave, she wrung her hands, and broke into an agony of grief. The poor woman who attended her, took her by the arm, endeavoring to raise her from the earth, and to whisper something like consolation—"Nay, now—nay, now—don't take it so sorely to heart." She could only shake her head, and wring her hands, as one not to be comforted.

As they lowered the body into the earth, the creaking of the cords seemed to agonize her; but when, on some accidental obstruction, there was a jostling of the coffin, all the tenderness of the mother burst forth; as if any harm could come to him who was far beyond the reach of worldly suffering.

I could see no more—my heart swelled into my throat—my eyes filled with tears—I felt as if I were acting a barbarous part in standing by and gazing idly on this scene of maternal anguish. I wandered to another part of the church-yard, where I remained until the funeral train had dispersed.

When I saw the mother slowly and painfully quitting the grave, leaving behind her the remains of all that was dear to her on earth, and returning to silence and destitution, my heart ached for her.

What, thought I, are the distresses of the rich? They have friends to soothe—pleasures to beguile—a world to divert and dissipate their griefs. What are the sorrows of the young? Their growing minds soon close above the wound—their elastic spirits soon rise beneath the pressure—their green and ductile affections soon twine around new objects. But the sorrows of the poor, who have no outward appliances to soothe—the sorrows of the aged, with whom life at best is but a wintry day, and who can look for no aftergrowth of joy—the sorrows of a widow, aged, solitary, destitute, mourning over an only son, the last solace of her years;—these are indeed sorrows which make us feel the impotency of consolation.

It was some time before I left the church-yard. On my way homeward, I met with the woman who had acted as comforter: she was just returning from accompanying the mother to her lonely habitation, and I drew from her some particulars connected with the affecting scene I had witnessed.

The parents of the deceased had resided in the village from childhood. They had inhabited one of the neatest cottages, and by various rural occupations, and the assistance of a small garden, had supported themselves creditably and comfortably, and led a happy and blameless life. They had one son, who had grown up to be the staff and pride of their age. "Oh, sir!" said the good woman, "he was such a comely lad, so sweet-tempered, so kind to everyone around him, so dutiful to his parents! It did one's heart good to see him of a Sunday, dressed out in his best, so tall, so straight, so cheery, supporting his old mother to church—for she was always fonder of leaning on George's arm than on her good man's; and, poor soul, she might well be proud of him, for a finer lad there was not in the country round."

Unfortunately the son was tempted, during a year of scarcity and agricultural hardship, to enter into the service of one of the small craft that plied on a neighboring river. He had not been long in this employ, when he was entrapped by a press-gang, and carried off to sea. His parents received tidings of his seizure, but beyond that they could learn nothing. It was the loss of their main prop. The father, who was already infirm, grew heartless and melancholy, and sunk into his grave. The widow, left lonely in her age and feebleness, could no longer support herself, and came upon the parish. Still there was a kind feeling towards her throughout the village, and a certain respect as being one of the oldest inhabitants. As no one applied for the cottage in which she had passed so many happy days, she was permitted to remain in it, where she lived solitary and almost helpless. The few wants of nature were chiefly supplied by the scanty productions of her little garden, which the neighbors would now and then cultivate for her. It was but a few days before the time at which these circumstances were told me, that she was gathering some vegetables for her repast, when she heard the cottage door which faced the garden suddenly opened. A stranger came out, and seemed to be looking eagerly and wildly around. He was dressed in seaman's clothes, was emaciated and ghastly pale, and bore the air of one broken by sickness and hardships. He saw her, and hastened towards her, but his steps were faint and faltering; he sank on his knees before her, and sobbed like a child. The poor woman gazed upon him with a vacant and wandering eye—"Oh my dear, dear mother! don't you know your son? your poor boy George?" It was, indeed, the wreck of her once noble lad; who, shattered by wounds, by sickness, and foreign imprisonment, had, at length, dragged his wasted limbs homeward, to repose among the scenes of his childhood.

I will not attempt to detail the particulars of such a meeting, where sorrow and joy were so completely blended: still he was alive!—he was come home!—he might yet live to comfort and cherish her old age! Nature, however, was exhausted in him; and if anything had been wanting to finish the work of fate, the desolation of his native cottage would have been sufficient. He stretched himself on the pallet on which his widowed mother had passed many a sleepless night, and he never arose from it again.

The villagers, when they heard that George Somers had returned, crowded to see him, offering every comfort and assistance that their humble means afforded. He was too weak, however, to talk—he could only look his thanks. His mother was his constant attendant; and he seemed unwilling to be helped by any other hand.

There is something in sickness that breaks down the pride of manhood; that softens the heart, and brings it back to the feelings of infancy. Who that has languished, even in advanced life, in sickness and despondency, who that has pined on a weary bed in the neglect and loneliness of a foreign land, but has thought on the mother "that looked on his childhood," that smoothed his pillow, and administered to his helplessness? Oh! there is an enduring tenderness in the love of a mother to a son, that transcends all other affections of the heart. It is neither to be chilled by selfishness, nor daunted by danger, nor weakened by worthlessness, nor stifled by ingratitude. She will sacrifice every comfort to his convenience; she will surrender every pleasure to his enjoyment; she will glory in his fame, and exult in his prosperity;—and, if misfortune overtake him, he will be the dearer to her from misfortune; and if disgrace settle upon his name, she will still love and cherish him in spite of his disgrace; and if all the world beside cast him off, she will be all the world to him.

Poor George Somers had known what it was to be in sickness, and none to soothe—lonely and in prison, and none to visit him. He could not endure his mother from his sight; if she moved away, his eye would follow her. She would sit for hours by his bed, watching him as he slept. Sometimes he would

start from a feverish dream, and looking anxiously up until he saw her bending over him, when he would take her hand, lay it on his bosom, and fall asleep with the tranquility of a child. In this way he died.

My first impulse on hearing this humble tale of affliction was to visit the cottage of the mourner, and administer pecuniary assistance, and, if possible, comfort. I found, however, on inquiry, that the good feelings of the villagers had prompted them to do everything that the case admitted; and as the poor know best how to console each other's sorrows, I did not venture to intrude.

The next Sunday I was at the village church; when, to my surprise, I saw the poor old woman tottering down the aisle to her accustomed seat on the steps of the altar.

She had made an effort to put on something like mourning for her son; and nothing could be more touching than this struggle between pious affection and utter poverty; a black ribbon or so—a faded black handkerchief—and one or two more such humble attempts to express by outward signs that grief which passes show. When I looked round upon the storied monuments, the stately hatchments, the cold marble pomp, with which grandeur mourned magnificently over departed pride, and turned to this poor widow, bowed down by age and sorrow at the altar of her God, and offering up the prayers and praises of a pious, though a broken heart, I felt that this living monument of real grief was worth them all.

I related her story to some of the wealthy members of the congregation, and they were moved by it. They exerted themselves to render her situation more comfortable, and to lighten her afflictions. It was, however, but smoothing a few steps to the grave. In the course of a Sunday or two after, she was missed from her usual seat at church, and before I left the neighborhood, I heard, with a feeling of satisfaction, that she had quietly breathed her last, and had gone to rejoin those she loved, in that world where sorrow is never known, and friends are never parted.

A RILL FROM THE TOWN PUMP.

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.

Noon, by the north clock! Noon, by the east! High noon, too, by these hot sunbeams, which fall, scarcely aslope, upon my head, and almost make the water bubble and smoke in the trough under my nose. Truly, we public characters have a tough time of it!. And, among all the town officers, chosen at March meeting, where is he that sustains, for a single year, the burden of such manifold duties as are imposed, in perpetuity, upon the town pump? The title of "town treasurer" is rightfully mine, as guardian of the best treasure that the town has. The overseers of the poor ought to make me their chairman, since I provide bountifully for the pauper, without expense to him that pays taxes. I am at the head of the fire department, and one of the physicians to the board of health. As a keeper of the peace, all water drinkers will confess me equal to the constable. I perform some of the duties of the town clerk, by promulgating public notices, when they are posted on my front. To speak within bounds, I am the chief person of the municipality, and exhibit, moreover, an admirable pattern to my brother officers, by the cool, steady, upright, downright, and impartial discharge of my business, and the constancy with which I stand to my post. Summer or winter, nobody seeks me in vain; for, all day long, I am seen at the busiest corner, just above the market, stretching out my arms, to rich and poor alike; and at night I hold a lantern over my head, both to show where I am, and keep people out of the gutters.

At this sultry noontide, I am cupbearer to the parched populace, for whose benefit an iron goblet is chained to my waist. Like a dram seller on the mall, at muster day, I cry aloud to all and sundry, in my plainest accents, and at the very tiptop of my voice. Here, it is gentlemen! Here is the good liquor! Walk up, walk up, gentlemen, walk up, walk up! Here is the superior stuff! Here is the unadulterated ale of father Adam—better than Cognac, Hollands, Jamaica, strong beer, or wine of any price; here it is, by the hogshead or the single glass, and not a cent to pay! Walk up, gentlemen, walk up, and help yourselves!

It were a pity if all this outcry should draw no customers. Here they come. A hot day, gentlemen! Quaff, and away again, so as to keep yourselves in a nice cool sweat. You, my friend, will need another cupful, to wash the dust out of your throat, if it be as thick there as it is on your cowhide shoes. I see that you have trudged half a score of miles today; and, like a wise man, have passed by the taverns, and stopped at the running brooks and well curbs. Otherwise, betwixt heat without and fire within, you would have been burned to a cinder, or melted down to nothing at all, in the fashion of a jelly fish. Drink, and make room for that other fellow, who seeks my aid to quench the fiery fever of last night's potations, which he drained from no cup of mine. Welcome, most rubicund sir! You and I have been great strangers, hitherto; nor, to confess the truth, will my nose be anxious for a closer intimacy, till the fumes of your breath be a little less potent. Mercy on you, man! the water absolutely hisses down your red-hot gullet, and is converted quite to steam, in the miniature tophet, which you mistake for a stomach. Fill again, and tell me, on the word of an honest toper, did you ever, in cellar, tavern, or any kind of a dram shop, spend the price of your children's food for a swig half so delicious? Now, for the first time these ten years, you know the flavor of cold water. Good by; and whenever you are thirsty, remember that I keep a constant supply, at the old stand. Who next? O, my little friend, you are let loose from school, and come hither to scrub your blooming face, and

drown the memory of certain taps of the ferule, and other schoolboy troubles, in a draught from the town pump. Take it, pure as the current of your young life. Take it, and may your heart and tongue never be scorched with a fiercer thirst than now! There, my dear child, put down the cup, and yield your place to this elderly gentleman, who treads so tenderly over the paving stones, that I suspect he is afraid of breaking them. What! he limps by, without so much as thanking me, as if my hospitable offers were meant only for people who have no wine cellars. Well, well, sir—no harm done, I hope! Go draw the cork, tip the decanter; but when your great toe shall send you a-roaring, it will be no affair of mine. If gentlemen love the pleasant titillation of the gout, it is all one to the town pump. This thirsty dog with his red tongue lolling out, does not scorn my hospitality, but stands on his hind legs, and laps eagerly out of the trough. See how lightly he capers away again! Jowler, did your worship ever have the gout?

Are you all satisfied? Then wipe your mouths, my good friends; and, while my spout has a moment's leisure, I will delight the town with a few historical reminiscences. In far antiquity, beneath a darksome shadow of venerable boughs, a spring bubbled out of the leaf-strewn earth, in the very spot where you now behold me, on the sunny pavement. The water was as bright and clear, and deemed as precious, as liquid diamonds. The Indian sagamores drank of it, from time immemorial, till the fatal deluge of the fire water burst upon the red men, and swept their whole race away from the cold fountains. Endicott, and his followers, came next, and often knelt down to drink, dipping their long beards in the spring. The richest goblet, then, was of birch bark. Governor Winthrop, after a journey afoot from Boston, drank here, out of the hollow of his hand. The elder Higginson here wet his palm, and laid it on the brow of the first town-born child. For many years it was the watering-place, and, as it were, the wash bowl of the vicinity—whither all decent folks resorted, to purify their visages, and gaze at them afterwards—at least, the pretty maidens did—in the mirror which it made. On Sabbath days, whenever a babe was to be baptized, the sexton filled his basin here, and placed it on the communion table of the humble meeting house, which partly covered the site of yonder stately brick one. Thus, one generation after another was consecrated to heaven by its waters, and cast their waxing and waning shadows into its glassy bosom, and vanished from the earth, as if mortal life were but a flitting image in a fountain. Finally, the fountain vanished also. Cellars were dug on all sides, and cartloads of gravel flung upon its source, whence oozed a turbid stream, forming a mud puddle, at the corner of two streets. In the hot months, when its refreshment was most needed, the dust flew in clouds over the forgotten birthplace of the waters, now their grave. But, in the course of time, a town pump was sunk into the source of the ancient spring; and when the first decayed, another took its place—and then another, and still another—till here stand I, gentlemen and ladies, to serve you with my iron goblet. Drink, and be refreshed! The water is as pure and cold as that which slaked the thirst of the red sagamore, beneath the aged boughs, though now the gem of the wilderness is treasured under these hot stones, where no shadow falls, but from the brick buildings. And be it the moral of my story, that, as this wasted and long-lost fountain is now known and prized again, so shall the virtues of cold water, too little valued since your fathers' days, be recognized by all.

Your pardon, good people, I must interrupt my stream of eloquence, and spout forth a stream of water, to replenish the trough for this teamster and his two yoke of oxen, who have come from Topsfield, or somewhere along that way. No part of my business is pleasanter than the watering of cattle. Look! how rapidly they lower the watermark on the sides of the trough, till their capacious stomachs are moistened with a gallon or two apiece, and they can afford time to breathe it in, with sighs of calm enjoyment. Now they roll their quiet eyes around the brim of their monstrous drinking vessel. An ox is your true toper.

But I perceive, my dear auditors, that you are impatient for the remainder of my discourse. Impute it, I beseech you, to no defect of modesty, if I insist a little longer on so fruitful a topic as my own multifarious merits. It is altogether for your good. The better you think of me, the better men and women will you find yourselves. I shall say nothing of my all-important aid on washing days; though, on that account alone, I might call myself the household god of a hundred families. Far be it from me also to hint, my respectable friends, at the show of dirty faces, which you would present, without my pains to keep you clean. Nor will I remind you how often when the midnight bells make you tremble for your combustible town, you have fled to the town pump and found me always at my post, firm, amid the confusion, and ready to drain my vital current in your behalf. Neither is it worth while to lay much stress on my claims to a medical diploma, as the physician whose simple rule of practice is preferable to all the nauseous lore, which has found men sick or left them so, since the days of Hippocrates. Let us take a broader view of my beneficial influence on mankind.

No; these are trifles, compared with the merits which wise men concede to me—if not in my single self, yet as the representative of a class—of being the grand reformer of the age. From my spout, and such spouts as mine, must flow the stream that shall cleanse our earth of the vast portion of its crime and anguish, which has gushed from the fiery fountains of the still. In this mighty enterprise, the cow shall be my great confederate. Milk and water! The

TOWN PUMP and the cow! Such is the glorious copartnership, that shall tear down the distilleries and brewhouses, uproot the vineyards, shatter the cider presses, ruin the tea and coffee trade, and finally monopolize the whole business of quenching thirst. Blessed consummation! Then, Poverty shall pass away from the land, finding no hovel so wretched, where her squalid form may shelter itself. Then Disease, for lack of other victims, shall gnaw its own heart, and die. Then Sin, if she do not die, shall lose half her strength. Until now, the frenzy of hereditary fever has raged in the human blood, transmitted from sire to son, and rekindled, in every generation, by fresh draughts of liquid flame. When that inward fire shall be extinguished, the heat of passion cannot but grow cool, and war—the drunkenness of nations—perhaps will cease. At least, there will be no war of households. The husband and wife drinking deep of peaceful joy—a calm bliss of temperate affections—shall pass hand in hand through life, and lie down, not reluctantly, at its protracted close. To them, the past will be no turmoil of mad dreams, nor the future an eternity of such moments as follow the delirium of the drunkard. Their dead faces shall express what their spirits were, and are to be, by a lingering smile of memory and hope.

Ahem! Dry work, this speechifying; especially to an unpracticed orator. I never conceived, till now, what toil the temperance lecturers undergo for my sake. Hereafter, they shall have the business to themselves. Do, some kind Christian, pump a stroke or two, just to wet my whistle. Thank you, sir! My dear hearers, when the world shall have been regenerated, by my instrumentality, you will collect your useless vats and liquor casks into one great pile, and make a bonfire, in honor of the town pump. And, when I shall have decayed, like my predecessors, then, if you revere my memory, let a marble fountain, richly sculptured, take my place upon this spot. Such monuments should be erected everywhere, and inscribed with the names of the distinguished champions of my cause. Now listen; for something very important is to come next.

There are two or three honest friends of mine—and true friends, I know they are—who, nevertheless, by their fiery pugnacity in my behalf, do put me in fearful hazard of a broken nose, or even a total overthrow upon the pavement, and the loss of the treasure which I guard. I pray you, gentlemen, let this fault be amended. Is it decent, think you, to get tipsy with zeal for temperance, and take up the honorable cause of the town pump, in the style of a toper, fighting for his brandy bottle? Or, can the excellent qualities of cold water be not otherwise exemplified, than by plunging, slapdash, into hot water, and wofully scalding yourselves and other people? Trust me, they may. In the moral warfare, which you are to wage—and, indeed, in the whole conduct of your lives—you cannot choose a better example than myself, who have never permitted the dust and sultry atmosphere, the turbulence and manifold disquietudes of the world around me, to reach that deep, calm well of purity, which may be called my soul. And whenever I pour out that soul, it is to cool earth's fever or cleanse its stains.

One o'clock! Nay, then, if the dinner bell begins to speak, I may as well hold my peace. Here comes a pretty young girl of my acquaintance, with a large stone pitcher for me to fill. May she draw a husband, while drawing her water, as Rachel did of old. Hold out your vessel, my dear! There it is full to the brim; so now run home, peeping at your sweet image in the pitcher, as you go; and forget not in a glass of my own liquor, to drink—"SUCCESS TO THE TOWN PUMP!"

A CITY BY NIGHT.

THOMAS CARLYLE—"SARTOR RESARTUS."

To the editor of these sheets, as to a young, enthusiastic Englishman, however unworthy, Teufelsdrockh opened himself perhaps more than to the most. Pity only that we could not then half guess his importance, and scrutinize him with due power of vision! We enjoyed, what not three men in Weissnichtwo could boast of, a certain degree of access to the professor's private domicile. It was the attic floor of the highest house in the Wahngasse; and might truly be called the pinnacle of Weissnichtwo, for it rose sheer up above the contiguous roofs, themselves rising from elevated ground. Moreover, with its windows, it looked towards all the four *Orte*, or as the Scotch say, and we ought to say, *Airts:* The sitting room itself commanded three; another came to view in the *schlafgemach* (bed-room) at the opposite end; to say nothing of the kitchen, which offered two, as it were *duplicates*, and showing nothing new. So that it was in fact the speculum or watch-tower of Teufelsdrockh; wherefrom, sitting at ease, he might see the whole life-circulation of that considerable city; the streets and lanes of which, with all their doing and driving (*Thun und Treiben*), were for the most part visible there.

"I look down into all that wasp-nest or bee-hive, and witness their wax-laying and honey-making, and poison-brewing, and choking by sulphur. From the palace esplanade, where music plays while serene highness is pleased to eat his victuals, down the low lane, where in her door-sill the aged widow, knitting for a thin livelihood, sits to feel the afternoon sun, I see it all; for, except the Schlosskirche weathercock, no biped stands so high. Couriers arrive bestrapped and bebooted, bearing joy and sorrow bagged up in pouches of leather; there, topladen, and with four swift horses, rolls in the country baron and his household; here, on timber leg, the lamed soldier hops painfully along, begging alms: a thousand carriages, and wains, and cars, come tumbling in with food, with young rusticity and other raw produce, inanimate or animate, and go tumbling out again with produce, manufactured. That living

flood, pouring through these streets, of all qualities and ages, knowest thou whence it is coming, whither it is going? *Aus der ewigkeit, zu der ewigkeit hin:* From eternity, onward to eternity! These are apparitions: what else? Are they not souls rendered visible; in bodies, that took shape and will lose it, melting into air? Their solid pavement is a picture of the sense; they walk on the bosom of nothing, blank time is behind them and before them. Or fanciest thou, the red and yellow clothes-screen yonder, with spurs on its heels, and feather in its crown, is but of to-day, without a yesterday or a to-morrow; and had not rather its ancestor alive when Hengst and Horsa overran thy island? Friend, thou seest here a living link in that tissue of history, which inweaves all being: watch well, or it will be past thee, and seen no more."

"*Ach mein Lieber!*" said he once, at midnight, when he had returned from the coffee-house, in rather earnest talk, "it is a true sublimity to dwell here. These fringes of lamp-light, struggling up through smoke and thousand-fold exhalation, some fathoms into the ancient reign of night, what thinks boots of them, as he leads his hunting dogs over the zenith, in their leash of sidereal fire? That stifled hum of midnight, when traffic has lain down to rest; and the chariot-wheels of vanity, still rolling here and there through distant streets, are bearing her to halls roofed in, and lighted to the due pitch for her; and only vice and misery to prowl or to moan like nightbirds, are abroad; that hum, I say, like the stertorous, unquiet slumber of sick life, is heard in heaven! Oh, under that hideous coverlet of vapours, and putrefactions, and unimaginable gases, what a fermenting-vat lies simmering and hid! The joyful and the sorrowful are there; men are dying there, men are being born, men are praying,—on the other side of a brick partition, men are cursing; and around them all is the vast, void night. The proud grandee still lingers in his perfumed saloons, or reposes within damask curtains; wretchedness cowers into truckle-beds, or shivers hunger-stricken into its lair of straw: in obscure cellars, *Rouge-et-Noir* languidly emits its voice-of-destiny to haggard hungry villains; while councillors of state sit plotting, and playing their high chess-game, whereof the pawns are men. The lover whispers his mistress that the coach is ready; and she, full of hope and fear, glides down, to fly with him over the borders; the thief, still more silently, sets to his picklocks and crowbars, or lurks in wait till the watchmen first snore in their boxes. Gay mansions, with supper-rooms, and dancing-rooms, are full of light and music and high-swelling hearts; but in the condemned cells, the pulse of life beats tremulous and faint, and bloodshot eyes look out through the darkness, which is around and within, for the light of a stern last morning. Six men are to be hanged on the morrow: comes no hammering from the *Rabenstein?*—their gallows must even now be o'building. Upwards of five hundred thousand two-legged animals without feathers lie round us, in horizontal position; their heads all in nightcaps, and full of the foolishest dreams. Riot cries aloud, and staggers and swaggers in his rank dens of shame; and the mother, with streaming hair, kneels over her pallid dying infant, whose cracked lips only her tears now moisten.—All these heaped and huddled together, with nothing but a little carpentry and masonry between them;—crammed in, like salted fish, in their barrel;—or weltering, shall I say, like an Egyptian pitcher of tamed vipers, each struggling to get its *head above* the other: *such* work goes on under that smoke-counterpane!—But I, *mein Werther*, sit above it all; I am alone with the stars."

LOVE.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

Every soul is a celestial Venus to every other soul. The heart has its Sabbaths and jubilees in which the world appears as a hymeneal feast, and all natural sounds and the circle of the seasons are erotic odes and dances. Love is omnipresent in nature as motive and reward. Love is our highest word and the synonym of God.

Every promise of the soul has innumerable fulfilments; each of its joys ripens into new want. Nature, uncontainable, flowing, forelooking, in the first sentiment of kindness anticipates already a benevolence which shall lose all particular regards in its general light. The introduction to this felicity is in a private and tender relation of one to one, which is the enchantment of human life; which, like a certain divine rage and enthusiasm, seizes on man at one period and works a revolution in his mind and body; unites him to his race, pledges him to the domestic and civic relations, carries him with new sympathy into nature, enhances the power of the senses, opens the imagination, adds to his character heroic and sacred attributes, establishes marriage and gives permanence to human society.

The natural association of the sentiment of love with the heyday of the blood seems to require that in order to portray it in vivid tints, which every youth and maid should confess to be true to their throbbing experience, one must not be too old. The delicious fancies of youth reject the least savor of a mature philosophy, as chilling with age and pedantry their purple bloom. And therefore I know I incur the imputation of unnecessary hardness and stoicism from those who compose the court and parliament of love. But from these formidable censors I shall appeal to my seniors. For, it is to be considered that this passion of which we speak, though it begin with the young, yet forsakes not the old, or rather suffers no one who is truly its servant to grow old, but marks the aged participators of it not less than the tender maiden, though in a different and nobler sort. For it is a fire that, kindling its first embers in the

narrow nook of a private bosom, caught from a wandering spark out of another private heart, glows and enlarges until it warms and beams upon multitudes of men and women, upon the universal heart of all, and so lights up the whole world and all nature with its generous flames. It matters not therefore whether we attempt to describe the passion at twenty, at thirty, or at eighty years. He who paints it at the first period will lose some of its later, he who paints it at the last, some of its earlier traits. Only it is to be hoped that by patience and the muses' aid we may attain to that inward view of the law which shall describe a truth ever young, ever beautiful, so central that it shall commend itself to the eye at whatever angle beholden.

And the first condition is that we must leave a too close and lingering adherence to the actual, to facts, and study the sentiment as it appeared in hope, and not in history. For each man sees his own life defaced and disfigured, as the life of man is not to his imagination. Each man sees over his own experience a certain slime of error, whilst that of other men looks fair and ideal. Let any man go back to those delicious relations which make the beauty of his life, which have given him sincerest instruction and nourishment, he will shrink and shrink. Alas! I know not why, but infinite compunctions embitter in mature life all the remembrances of budding sentiment, and cover every beloved name. Every thing is beautiful seen from the point of the intellect, or as truth. But all is sour if seen as experience. Details are always melancholy; the plan is seemly and noble. It is strange how painful is the actual world—the painful kingdom of time and place. There dwells care and canker and fear. With thought, with the ideal, is immortal hilarity, the rose of joy. Round it all the muses sing. But with names and persons and the partial interests of to-day and yesterday is grief.

The strong bent of nature is seen in the proportion which this topic of personal relations usurps in the conversation of society. What do we wish to know of any worthy person so much as how he has sped in the history of this sentiment? What books in the circulating libraries circulate? How we glow over these novels of passion, when the story is told with any spark of truth and nature! And what fastens attention, in the intercourse of life, like any passage betraying affection between two parties? Perhaps we never saw them before and never shall meet them again. But we see them exchange a glance or betray a deep emotion, and we are no longer strangers. We understand them and take the warmest interest in the development of the romance. All mankind love a lover. The earliest demonstrations of complacency and kindness are nature's most winning pictures. It is the dawn of civility and grace in the coarse and rustic. The rude village boy teazes the girls about the school-house door;—but to-day he comes running into the entry and meets one fair child arranging her satchel: he holds her books to help her, and instantly it seems to him as if she removed herself from him infinitely, and was a sacred precinct. Among the throng of girls he runs rudely enough, but one alone distances him; and these two little neighbors, that were so close just now, have learned to respect each other's personality. Or who can avert his eyes from the engaging half-artful, half-artless ways of school girls who go into the country shops to buy a skein of silk or a sheet of paper, and talk half an hour about nothing with the broad-faced, good-natured shop-boy. In the village they are on a perfect equality, which love delights in, and without any coquetry the happy, affectionate nature of woman flows out in this pretty gossip. The girls may have little beauty, yet plainly do they establish between them and the good boy the most agreeable, confiding relations; what with their fun and their earnest, about Edgar and Jonas and Almira, and who was invited to the party, and who danced at the dancing-school, and when the singing-school would begin, and other nothings concerning which the parties cooed. By and by that boy wants a wife, and very truly and heartily will he know where to find a sincere and sweet mate, without any risk such as Milton deplores as incident to scholars and great men.

I have been told that my philosophy is unsocial, and that in public discourses my reverence for the intellect makes me unjustly cold to the personal relations. But now I almost shrink at the remembrance of such disparaging words. For persons are love's world, and the coldest philosopher cannot recount the debt of the young soul wandering here in the nature to the power of love, without being tempted to unsay, as treasonable to nature, aught derogatory to the social instincts. For, though the celestial rapture falling out of heaven selzes only upon those of tender age, and although a beauty overpowering all analysis or comparison and putting us quite beside ourselves we can seldom see after thirty years, yet the remembrance of these visions outlasts all other remembrances, and is a wreath of flowers on the oldest brows. But here is a strange fact; it may seem to many men, in revising their experience, that they have no fairer page in their life's book than the delicious memory of some passages wherein affection contrived to give a witchcraft, surpassing the deep attraction of its own truth, to a parcel of accidental and trivial circumstances. In looking backward they may find several things which were not the charm have more reality to this groping memory than the charm itself which embalmed them. But be our experience in particulars what it may, no man ever forgot the visitations of that power to his heart and brain, which created all things new; which was the dawn in him of music, poetry and art; which made the face of nature radiant with purple light, the morning and the night varied enchantments; when a single tone of one voice could make the heart

beat, and the most trivial circumstance associated with one form is put in the amber of memory; when he became all eye when one was present, and all memory when one was gone; when the youth becomes a watcher of windows and studious of a glove, a veil, a ribbon, or the wheels of a carriage; when no place is too solitary and none too silent for him who has richer company and sweeter conversation in his new thoughts than any old friends, though best and purest, can give him; for, the figures, the motions, the words of the beloved object are not, like other images, written in water, but, as Plutarch said, "enameled in fire," and make the study of midnight·

"Thou art not gone being gone, where'er
thou art,
Thou leav'st in him thy watchful eyes, in him
thy loving heart."

In the noon and the afternoon of life we still throb at the recollection of days when happiness was not happy enough, but must be drugged with the relish of pain and fear; for he touched the secret of the matter who said of love,

"All other pleasures are not worth its pains:"

and when the day was not long enough, but the night too must be consumed in keen recollections; when the head boiled all night on the pillow with the generous deed it resolved on; when the moonlight was as a pleasing fever, and the stars were letters and the flowers ciphers and the air was coined into song; when all business seemed an impertinence, and all men and women, running to and fro in the streets, mere pictures.

The passion re-makes the world for the youth. It makes all things alive and significant. Nature grows conscious. Every bird on the boughs of the tree sings now to his heart and soul. Almost the notes are articulate. The clouds have faces as he looks on them. The trees of the forest, the waving grass and the peeping flowers have grown intelligent; and almost he fears to trust them with the secret which they seem to invite. Yet nature soothes and sympathizes. In the green solitude he finds a dearer home than with men.

"Fountain-heads and pathless groves,
Places which pale passion loves,
Moonlight walks, when all the fowls
Are safely housed, save bats and owls,
A midnight bell, a passing groan,
These are the sounds we feed upon."

Behold there in the wood the fine madman! He is in a palace of sweet sounds and sights; he dilates; he is twice a man; he walks with arm akimbo; he soliloquizes; he accosts the grass and the trees; he feels the blood of the violet, the clover and the lily in his veins; and he talks with the brook that wets his foot.

The causes that have sharpened his perceptions of natural beauty have made him love music and verse. It is a fact often observed, that men have written good verses under the inspiration of passion, who cannot write well under any other circumstances.

The like force has the passion over all his nature. It expands the sentiment; it makes the clown gentle and gives the coward heart. Into the most pitiful and abject it will infuse a heart and courage to defy the world, so only it have the countenance of the beloved object. In giving him to another it still more gives him to himself. He is a new man, with new perceptions, new and keener purposes, and a religious solemnity of character and aims. He does not longer appertain to his family and society. *He* is somewhat. *He* is a person. *He* is a soul.

And here let us examine a little nearer the nature of that influence which is thus potent over the human youth. Let us approach and admire beauty, whose revelation to man we now celebrate,—beauty, welcome as the sun whenever it pleases to shine, which pleases everybody with it and with themselves. Wonderful is its charm. It seems sufficient to itself. The lover cannot paint his maiden to his fancy poor and solitary. Like a tree in flower, so much soft, budding, informing loveliness is society for itself; and she teaches his eye why beauty was ever painted with loves and graces attending her steps. Her existence makes the world rich. Though she extrudes all other persons from his attention as cheap and unworthy, she indemnifies him by carrying out her own being into somewhat impersonal, large, mundane, so that the maiden stands to him for a representative of all select things and virtues. For that reason the lover sees never personal resemblances in his mistress to her kindred or to others. His friends find in her a likeness to her mother, or her sisters, or to persons not of her blood. The lover sees no resemblance except to summer evenings and diamond mornings, to rainbows and the song of birds.

Beauty is ever that divine thing the ancients esteemed it. It is, they said, the flowering of virtue. Who can analyze the nameless charm which glances from one and another face and form? We are touched with emotion of tenderness and complacency, but we cannot find whereat this dainty emotion, this wandering gleam, points. It is destroyed for the imagination by any attempt to refer it to organization. Nor does it point to any relations of friendship or love that society knows and has, but, as it seems to me, to a quiet other and unattainable sphere, to relations of transcendent delicacy and sweetness, a true faerie land; to what roses and violets hint and foreshow. We cannot get at beauty. Its nature is like opaline doves' neck lustres, hovering and evanescent. Herein it resembles the most excellent things, which all have this rainbow character, defying all attempts at appropriation and use. What else did Jean Paul Richter signify, when he said to music, "Away! Away! Thou speakest to me of things which in all my endless life I have not found and shall not find." The same fact may be

observed in every work of the plastic arts. The statue is then beautiful when it begins to be incomprehensible, when it is passing out of criticism and can no longer be defined by compass and measuring wand, but demands an active imagination to go with it and to say what it is in the act of doing. The god or hero of the sculptor is always represented in a transition *from* that which is representable to the senses, *to* that which is not. Then first it ceases to be a stone. The same remark holds of painting. And of poetry the success is not attained when it lulls and satisfies, but when it astonishes and fires us with new endeavors after the unattainable. Concerning it Landor inquires "whether it is not to be referred to some purer state of sensation and existence."

So must it be with personal beauty which love worships. Then first it is charming and itself when it dissatisfies us with any end; when it becomes a story without an end; when it suggests gleams and visions and not earthly satisfactions; when it seems

"too bright and good,
For human nature's daily food;"

when it makes the beholder feel his unworthiness; when he cannot feel his right to it, though he were Cæsar; he cannot feel more right to it than to the firmament and the splendors of a sunset.

Hence arose the saying, "If I love you, what is that to you?" We say so, because we feel that what we love is not in your will, but above it. It is the radiance of you and not you. It is that which you know not in yourself and can never know.

This agrees well with that high philosophy of beauty which the ancient writers delight in; for they said that the soul of man, embodied here on earth, went roaming up and down in quest of that other world of his own, out of which it came into this, but was soon stupefied by the light of the natural sun, and unable to see any other objects than those of this world, which are but shadows of real things. Therefore the deity sends the glory of youth before the soul, that it may avail itself of beautiful bodies as alds to its recollection of the celestial good and fair; and the man beholding such a person in the female sex runs to her and finds the highest joy in contemplating the form, movement and intelligence of this person, because it suggests to him the presence of that which indeed is within the beauty, and the cause of the beauty.

If, however, from too much conversing with material objects, the soul was gross, and misplaced its satisfaction in the body, it reaped nothing but sorrow; body being unable to fulfil the promise which beauty holds out; but if, accepting the hint of these visions and suggestions which beauty makes to his mind, the soul passes through the body and fails to admire strokes of character, and the lovers contemplate one another in their discourses and their actions, then they pass to the true palace of beauty, more and more inflame their love of it, and by this love extinguishing the base affection, as the sun puts out the fire by shining on the hearth, they become pure and hallowed. By conversation with that which is itself excellent, magnanimous, lowly, and just, the lover comes to a warmer love of these nobilities, and a quicker apprehension of them. Then he passes from loving them in one to loving them in all, and so is the one beautiful soul only the door through which he enters to the society of all true and pure souls. In the particular society of his mate he attains a clearer sight of any spot, any taint which her beauty has contracted from this world, and is able to point it out, and this with mutual joy that they are now able, without offence, to indicate blemishes and hindrances in each other, and give to each all help and comfort in curing the same. And, beholding in many souls the traits of the divine beauty, and separating in each soul that which is divine from the taint which it has contracted in the world, the lover ascends to the highest beauty, to the love and knowledge of the Divinity, by steps on this ladder of created souls.

Somewhat like this have the truly wise told us of love in all ages. The doctrine is not old, nor is it new. If Plato, Plutarch and Apuleius taught it, so have Petrarch, Angelo and Milton. It awaits a truer unfolding in opposition and rebuke to that subterranean prudence which presides at marriages with words that take hold of the upper world, whilst one eye is eternally boring down into the cellar; so that its gravest discourse has ever a slight savor of hams and powdering-tubs. Worst, when the snout of this sensualism intrudes into the education of young women, and withers the hope and affection of human nature by teaching that marriage signifies nothing but a housewife's thrift, and that woman's life has no other aim.

But this dream of love, though beautiful, is only one scene in our play. In the procession of the soul from within outward, it enlarges its circles ever, like the pebble thrown into the pond, or the light proceeding from an orb. The rays of the soul alight first on things nearest, on every utensil and toy, on nurses and domestics, on the house and yard and passengers, on the circle of household acquaintance, on politics and geography and history. But by the necessity of our constitution things are ever grouping themselves according to higher or more interior laws. Neighborhood, size, numbers, habits, persons, lose by degrees their power over us. Cause and effect, real affinities, the longing for harmony between the soul and the circumstance, the high, progressive, idealizing instinct, these predominate later, and ever the step backward from the higher to the lower relations is impossible. Thus even love, which is the deification of persons, must become more impersonal every day. Of this at first it gives no hint. Little think the youth and maiden who are glancing at each other across crowded rooms with eyes so full of mutual intelligence,—of the precious fruit long

hereafter to proceed from this new, quite external stimulus. The work of vegetation begins first in the irritability of the bark and leaf-buds. From exchanging glances, they advance to acts of courtesy, of gallantry, then to fiery passion, to plighting troth and marriage. Passion beholds its object as a perfect unit. The soul is wholly embodied, and the body is wholly ensouled.

"Her pure and eloquent blood
Spoke in her cheeks, and so distinctly wrought,
That one might almost say her body thought."

Romeo, if dead, should be cut up into little stars to make the heavens fine. Life, with this pair, has no other aim, asks no more, than Juliet,—than Romeo. Night, day, studies, talents, kingdoms, religion, are all contained in this form full of soul, in this soul which is all form. The lovers delight in endearments, in avowals of love, in comparisons of their regards. When alone, they solace themselves with the remembered image of the other. Does that other see the same star; the same melting cloud, read the same book, feel the same emotion, that now delight me? They try and weigh their affections, and adding up all costly advantages, friends, opportunities, properties, exult in discovering that willingly, joyfully, they would give all as a ransom for the beautiful, the beloved head, not one hair of which shall be harmed. But the lot of humanity is on these children. Danger, sorrow and pain arrive to them as to all. Love prays. It makes covenants with Eternal Power in behalf of this dear mate. The union which is thus affected and which adds a new value to every atom in nature, for it transmutes every thread throughout the whole web of relation into a golden ray, and bathes the soul in a new and sweeter element, is yet a temporary state. Not always can flowers, pearls, poetry, protestations, nor even home in another heart, content the awful soul that dwells in clay. It arouses itself at last from these endearments, as toys, and puts on the harness and aspires to vast and universal aims. The soul which is in the soul of each, craving for a perfect beatitude, detects incongruities, defects and disproportion in the behavior of the other. Hence arise surprise, expostulation and pain. Yet that which drew them to each other was signs of loveliness, signs of virtue; and these virtues are there, however eclipsed. They appear and reappear and continue to attract; but the regard changes, quits the sign and attaches to the substance. This repairs the wounded affection. Meantime, as life wears on, it proves a game of permutation and combination of all possible positions of the parties, to extort all the resources of each and acquaint each with the whole strength and weakness of the other. For, it is the nature and end of this relation, that they should represent the human race to each other. All that is in the world, which is or ought to be known, is cunningly wrought into the texture of man, of woman.

"The person love does to us fit,
Like manna, has the taste of all in it."

The world rolls: The circumstances vary every hour. All the angels that inhabit this temple of the body appear at the windows, and all the gnomes and vices also. By all the virtues they are united. If there be virtue, all the vices are known as such; they confess and flee. Their once flaming regard is sobered by time in either breast, and losing in violence what it gains in extent, it becomes a thorough good understanding. They resign each other without complaint to the good offices which man and woman are severally appointed to discharge in time, and exchange the passion which once could not lose sight of its object, for a cheerful, disengaged furtherance, whether present or absent, of each other's designs. At last they discover that all which at first drew them together,—those once sacred features, that magical play of charms,—was deciduous, had a prospective end, like the scaffolding by which the house was built; and the purification of the intellect and the heart from year to year is the real marriage, foreseen and prepared from the first, and wholly above their consciousness. Looking at these aims with which two persons, a man and a woman, so variously and correlatively gifted, are shut up in one house to spend in the nuptial society forty or fifty years, I do not wonder at the emphasis with which the heart prophesies this crisis from early infancy, at the profuse beauty with which the instincts deck the nuptial bower, and nature and intellect and art emulate each other in the gifts and the melody they bring to the epithalamium.

Thus are we put in training for a love which knows not sex, nor person, nor partiality, but which seeketh virtue and wisdom everywhere, to the end of increasing virtue and wisdom. We are by nature observers, and thereby learners. That is our permanent state. But we are often made to feel that our affections are but tents of a night. Though slowly and with pain, the objects of the affections change, as the objects of thought do. There are moments when the affections rule and absorb the man and make his happiness dependent on a person or persons. But in health the mind is presently seen again,—its overarching vault, bright with galaxies of immutable lights, and the warm loves and fears that swept over us as clouds must lose their finite character and blend with God, to attain their own perfection. But we need not fear that we can lose anything by the progress of the soul. The soul may be trusted to the end. That which is so beautiful and attractive as these relations, must be succeeded and supplanted only by what is more beautiful, and so on forever.

TEMPTATION.—Arbitrary power is the natural object of temptation to a prince; as wine or women to a young fellow, or a bribe to a judge, or avarice to old age, or vanity to a woman.—*Swift.*

THANATOPSIS.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

To him who in the love of nature holds,
Communion with her visible forms, she speaks
A various language; for his gayer hours
She has a voice of gladness, and a smile
And eloquence of beauty, and she glides
Into his darker musings, with a mild
And healing sympathy, that steals away
Their sharpness, ere he is aware. When thoughts
Of the last bitter hour come like a blight
Over thy spirit, and sad images
Of the stern agony, and shroud, and pall,
And breathless darkness, and the narrow house,
Make thee to shudder, and grow sick at heart;—
Go forth, under the open sky, and list
To nature's teachings, while from all around—
Earth and her waters, and the depths of air,—
Comes a still voice—Yet a few days, and thee
The all-beholding sun shall see no more
In all his course; nor yet in the cold ground,
Where thy pale form was laid, with many tears,
Nor in the embrace of ocean, shall exist
Thy image. Earth, that nourished thee, shall claim
Thy growth, to be resolved to earth again,
And, lost each human trace, surrendering up
Thine individual being, shalt thou go
To mix forever with the elements,
To be a brother to the insensible rock
And to the sluggish clod, which the rude swain
Turns with his share, and treads upon. The oak
Shall send his roots abroad, and pierce thy mould.
Yet not to thine eternal resting-place
Shalt thou retire alone—nor couldst thou wish
Couch more magnificent. Thou shalt lie down
With patriarchs of the infant world—with kings,
The powerful of the earth—the wise, the good,
Fair forms, and hoary seers of ages past,
All in one mighty sepulchre. The hills
Rock-ribbed and ancient as the sun,—the vales
Stretching in pensive quietness between;
The venerable woods—rivers that move
In majesty, and the complaining brooks
That make the meadows green; and, poured round all,
Old ocean's gray and melancholy waste,—
Are but the solemn decorations all
Of the great tomb of man. The golden sun,
The planets, all the infinite host of heaven,
Are shining on the sad abodes of death,
Through the still lapse of ages. All that tread
The globe are but a handful to the tribes
That slumber in its bosom. Take the wings
Of morning—and the Barcan desert pierce,
Or lose thyself in the continuous woods
Where rolls the Oregon, and hears no sound,
Save his own dashings—yet—the dead are there;
And millions in those solitudes, since first
The flight of years began, have laid them down
In their last sleep—the dead reign there alone.
So shalt thou rest—and what if thou withdraw
Unheeded by the living—and no friend
Take note of thy departure? All that breathe
Will share thy destiny. The gay will laugh
When thou art gone, the solemn brood of care
Plod on, and each one as before will chase
His favorite phantom: yet all these shall leave
Their mirth and their enjoyments, and shall come,
And make their bed with thee. As the long train
Of ages glide away, the sons of men,
The youth in life's green spring, and he who goes
In the full strength of years, matron, and maid,
And the sweet babe, and the gray-headed man,—
Shall one by one be gathered to thy side,
By those, who in their turn shall follow them.
So live, that when thy summons comes to join
The innumerable caravan, that moves
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take
His chamber in the silent halls of death,
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,
Scourged to the dungeon, but sustained and soothed
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave,
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

TO A WATERFOWL

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Whither, 'midst falling dew,
While glow the heavens with the last steps of day,
Far, through their rosy depths, dost thou pursue
Thy solitary way!

Vainly the fowler's eye
Might mark thy distant flight to do thee wrong,
As, darkly painted on the crimson sky,
Thy figure floats along.

Seek'st thou the plashy brink
Of weedy lake, or marge of river wide,
Or where the rocking billows rise and sink
On the chafed ocean side?

There is a power whose care
Teaches thy way along that pathless coast,—
The desert and illimitable air,—
Lone wandering, but not lost.

All day thy wings have fanned,
At that far height, the cold thin atmosphere,
Yet stoop not, weary, to the welcome land,
Though the dark night is near.

And soon that toil shall end;
Soon shalt thou find a summer home, and rest,
And scream among thy fellows; reeds shall bend,
Soon, o'er thy sheltered nest.

Thou'rt gone, the abyss of heaven
Hath swallowed up thy form; yet, on my heart
Deeply hath sunk the lesson thou hast given,
And shall not soon depart.

SONNET—MIDSUMMER.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

A power is on the earth and in the air,
From which the vital spirit shrinks afraid,
And shelters him, in nooks of deepest shade,
From the hot steam and from the fiery glare.
Look forth upon the earth—her thousand plants
Are smitten, even the dark sun-loving maize
Faints in the field beneath the torrid blaze;
The herd beside the shaded fountain pants;
For life is driven from all the landscape brown;
The bird has sought his tree, the snake his den,
The trout floats dead in the hot stream and men
Drop by the sun-stroke in the populous town;
As if the Day of Fire had dawned and sent
Its deadly breath into the firmanent.

JOHN GILPIN,

WM. COWPER.

John Gilpin was a citizen
Of credit and renown,
A train-band captain eke was he
Of famous London town.

John Gilpin's spouse said to her dear:
'Though wedded we have been
These twice ten tedious years, yet we
No holiday have seen.

'To-morrow is our wedding-day,
And we will then repair
Unto the Bell at Edmonton
All in a chaise and pair.

'My sister, and my sister's child,
Myself and children three,
Will fill the chaise; so you must ride
On horseback after we.'

He soon replied: 'I do admire
Of womankind but one,
And you are she, my dearest dear;
Therefore it shall be done.

'I am a linen-draper bold,
As all the world doth know,
And my good friend the calender
Will lend his horse to go.'

Quoth Mrs. Gilpin: 'That's well said;
And for that wine is dear,
We will be furnished with our own,
Which is both bright and clear.'

John Gilpin kissed his loving wife;
O'erjoyed was he to find
That, though on pleasure she was bent,
She had a frugal mind.

The morning came, the chaise was brought,
But yet was not allowed
To drive up to the door, lest all
Should say that she was proud.

So three doors off the chaise was stayed,
Where they did all get in;
Six precious souls, and all agog
To dash through thick and thin.

Smack went the whip, 'round went the wheels,
Were never folks so glad;
The stones did rattle underneath,
As if Cheapside were mad.

John Gilpin at his horse's side
Seized fast the flowing mane,
And up he got, in haste to ride,
But soon came down again;

For saddle-tree scarce reached had he,
His journey to begin,
When, turning round his head, he saw
Three customers come in.

So down he came; for loss of time,
Although it grieved him sore,
Yet loss of pence, full well he knew,
Would trouble him much more.

'Twas long before the customers
Were suited to their mind,
When Betty screaming came down-stairs:
'The wine is left behind!'

'Good lack!' quoth he—'yet bring it me,
My leathern belt likewise,
In which I bear my trusty sword
When I do exercise.'

Now Mrs. Gilpin—careful soul!—
Had two stone bottles found,
To hold the liquor that she loved,
And keep it safe and sound.

Each bottle had a curling ear,
Through which the belt he drew,
And hung a bottle on each side,
To make his balance true.

Then over all, that he might be
Equipped from top to toe,
His long red cloak, well brushed and neat,
He manfully did throw.

Now see him mounted once again
Upon his nimble steed,
Full slowly pacing o'er the stones
With caution and good heed.

But finding soon a smoother road
Beneath his well shod feet,
The snorting beast began to trot,
Which galled him in his seat.

So, 'Fair and softly,' John he cried,
But John he cried in vain;
That trot became a galop soon,
In spite of curb and rein.

So stooping down, as needs he must
Who cannot stoop upright,
He grasps the mane with both his hands,
And eke with all his might.

His horse, which never in that sort
Had handled been before,
What thing upon his back had got
Did wonder more and more.

Away went Gilpin, neck or nought;
Away went hat and wig;
He little dreamt, when he set out,
Of running such a rig.

The wind did blow, the cloak did fly,
Like streamer long and gay,
Till, loop and button failing both,
At last it flew away.

Then might all people well discern
The bottles he had slung;
A bottle swinging at each side,
As hath been said or sung.

The dogs did bark, the children screamed,
Up flew the windows all;
And every soul cried out: 'Well done!'
As loud as he could bawl.

Away went Gilpin—who but he?
His fame soon spread around;
He carries weight! he rides a race!
'Tis for a thousand pound!

And still, as fast as he drew near,
'Twas wonderful to view
How in a trice the turnpike-men
Their gates wide open threw.

And now, as he went bowing down
His reeking head full low,
The bottles twain behind his back
Were shattered at a blow.

Down ran the wine into the road,
Most piteous to be seen,
Which made his horse's flanks to smoke,
As they had basted been.

But still he seemed to carry weight,
With leathern girdle braced;
For all might see the bottle necks
Still dangling at his waist.

Thus all through merry Islington
These gambols he did play,
Until he came unto the wash
Of Edmonton so gay.

And there he threw the wash about
On both sides of the way,
Just like unto a trundling mop,
Or a wild goose at play.

At Edmonton, his loving wife
From the balcony spied
Her tender husband, wondering much
To see how he did ride.

'Stop, stop, John Gilpin—Here's the house!'
They all at once did cry;
'The dinner waits, and we are tired!'
Said Gilpin: 'So am I!'

But yet his horse was not a whit
Inclined to tarry there;
For why?—his owner had a house
Full ten miles off, at Ware.

So like an arrow swift he flew,
Shot by an archer strong;
So did he fly—which brings me to
The middle of my song.

Away went Gilpin out of breath,
And sore against his will,
Till at his friend's the calender's
His horse at last stood still.

The calender, amazed to see
His neighbor in such trim,
Laid down his pipe, flew to the gate,
And thus accosted him:

'What news? what news? your tidings tell;
Tell me you must and shall—
Say, why bareheaded you are come,
Or why you come at all?'

Now Gilpin had a pleasant wit,
And loved a timely joke;
And thus unto the calender
In merry guise he spoke:

'I came because your horse would come;
And, if I well forebode,
My hat and wig will soon be here—
They are upon the road.'

The calender, right glad to find
His friend in merry pin,
Returned him not a single word,
But to the house went in;

Whence straight he came with hat and wig,
A wig that flowed behind,
A hat not much the worse for wear,
Each comely in its kind.

He held them up, and in his turn
Thus shewed his ready wit:
'My head is twice as big as yours,
They therefore need must fit.

'But let me scrape the dirt away
That hangs upon your face;
And stop and eat, for well you may
Be in a hungry case.'

Said John: 'It is my wedding day,
And all the world would stare,
If wife should dine at Edmonton,
And I soould dine at Ware.

So turning to his horse, he said:
'I am in haste to dine;
'Twas for your pleasure you came here,
You shall go back for mine.'

Ah, luckless speech, and bootless boast!
For which he paid full dear;
For, while he spake, a braying ass
Did sing most loud and clear;

Whereat his horse did snort, as he
Had heard a lion roar,
And galloped off with all his might,
As he had done before.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went Gilpin's hat and wig:
He lost them sooner than at first;
For why?—they were too big.

Now Mrs. Gilpin, when she saw
Her husband posting down
Into the country far away,
She pulled out half-a-crown;

And thus unto the youth she said,
That drove them to the Bell:
'This shall be yours, when you bring back
My husband safe and well.'

The youth did ride, and soon did meet
John coming back amain!
Whom in a trice he tried to stop,
By catching at his rein;

But, not performing what he meant,
And gladly would have done,
The frighted steed he frighted more,
And made him faster run.

Away went Gilpin, and away
Went post-boy at his heels,
The post-boy's horse right glad to miss
The lumbering of the wheels.

Six gentlemen upon the road
Thus seeing Gilpin fly,
With post-boy scampering in the rear,
They raised the hue and cry:

"Stop thief! stop thief! a highwayman!'
Not one of them was mute;
And all and each that passed that way
Did join in the pursuit.

And now the turnpike gates again
Flew open in short space;
The tollmen thinking as before,
That Gilpin rode a race.

And so he did, and won it too,
For he got first to town;
Nor stopped till where he had got up
He did again get down.

Now let us sing, long live the king,
And Gilpin, long live he;
And when he next doth ride abroad,
May I be there to see!

ALEXANDER'S FEAST;

OR, THE POWER OF MUSIC.

JOHN DRYDEN.

'Twas at the royal feast, for Persia won
By Philip's warlike son:
Aloft in awful state
The God-like hero sate
On his imperial throne:
His valiant peers were placed around,
Their brows with roses and with myrtles bound;
(So should desert in arms be crown'd.)

The lovely Thais, by his side,
Sate like a blooming Eastern bride
In flower of youth and beauty's pride.
Happy, happy, happy pair!
None but the brave,
None but the brave,
None but the brave deserves the fair.

Timotheus, placed on high
Amid the tuneful choir,
With flying fingers touch'd the lyre:
The trembling notes ascend the sky,
And heavenly joys inspire.

The song began from Jove,
Who left his blissful seats above,
(Such is the power of mighty love.)
A dragon's fiery form belied the god:
Sublime on radiant spires he rode,
When he to fair Olympia pressed:
And while he sought her snowy breast:
Then round her slender waist he curl'd,
And stamp'd an image of himself, a sovereign of the world.

The listening crowd admire the lofty sound,
A present deity! They shout around:
A present deity! The vaulted roofs rebound.
With ravished ears
The monarch hears,
Assumes the god,
Affects to nod,
And seems to shakes the spheres.

The praise of Bacchus then the sweet musician sung,
Of Bacchus—ever fair and ever young:
The jolly god in triumph comes:
Sound the trumpets; beat the drums:
Flush'd with a purple grace
He shows his honest face.

Now give the hautboys breath. He comes! he comes!
Bacchus, ever fair and young,
Drinking joys did first ordain;
Bacchus' blessings are a treasure,
Drinking is the soldier's pleasure:
Rich the treasure,
Sweet the pleasure.
Sweet is pleasure after pain.

Soothed with the sound, the king grew vain;
Fought all his battles o'er again;
And thrice he routed all his foes; and thrice he slew the slain.

The master saw the madness rise;
His glowing cheeks, his ardent eyes;
And, while he heaven and earth defied,
Changed his hand, and check'd his pride.

He chose a mournful muse
Soft pity to infuse:
He sung Darius, great and good;
By too severe a fate,
Fallen, fallen, fallen, fallen,
Fallen from his high estate,
And welt'ring in his blood;
Deserted, at his utmost need,
By those his former bounty fed;
On the bare earth exposed he lies,
With not a friend to close his eyes.

With downcast looks the joyless victor sate,
Revolving in his alter'd soul
The various turns of chance below;
And, now and then, a sigh he stole;
And tears began to flow.

The mighty master smiled, to see
That love was in the next degree;
'Twas but a kindred-sound to move,
For pity melts the mind to love.

Softly sweet, in Lydian measures,
Soon he soothed his soul to pleasures,
War, he sung, is toil and trouble;
Honour, but an empty bubble;
Never ending, still beginning,
Fighting still, and still destroying:
If the world be worth thy winning,
Think, oh! think it worth enjoying:
Lovely Thais sits beside thee,
Take the good the gods provide thee.

The many rend the skies with loud applause;
So love was crown'd, but music won the cause.

The prince, unable to conceal his pain,
Gazed on the fair
Who caused his care,
And sigh'd and look'd, sigh'd and look'd,
Sigh'd and look'd, and sigh'd again:
At length, with love and wine at once oppress'd,
The vanquish'd victor sunk upon her breast.

Now strike the golden lyre again:
A louder yet, and yet a louder strain,
Break his bands of sleep asunder,
And rouse him, like a rattling peal of thunder.

Hark, hark! the horrid sound
Has raised up his head:
As awaked from the dead,
And amazed, he stares around.

Revenge! revenge! Timotheus cries,
See the furies arise!
See the snakes that they rear,
How they hiss in their hair!
And the sparkles that flash from their eyes!
Behold a ghastly band,
Each a torch in his hand!

Those are Grecian ghosts, that in battle were slain,
And unburied remain,
Inglorious on the plain:
Give the vengeance due
To the valiant crew.
Behold how they toss their torches on high,
How they point to the Persian abodes,
And glittering temples of their hostile gods.

The princes applaud with a furious joy;
And the king seized a flambeau with zeal to destroy;
Thais led the way,
To light him to his prey,
And, like another Helen, fired another Troy!
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, ye more than dead!

Then cold, and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their stations leap,
And music's power obey.
From harmony, from heavenly harmony,
This universal frame began:
From harmony to harmony,
Through all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

What passion cannot music raise and quell!
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wondering, on their faces fell
To worship that celestial sound.
Less than a god they thought there could not dwell
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.
What passion cannot music raise and quell!

The trumpet's loud clangor
Excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger,
And mortal alarms.
The double, double, double beat
Of the thundering drum
Cries, Hark! the foes come;
Charge, charge! 'tis too late to retreat.

The soft complaining flute
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whisper'd by the warbling lute.

Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs, and desperation,
Fury, frantic indignation,

Depths of pains and height of passion,
For the fair, disdainful, dame,
But, oh! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach.

Thus long ago,
Ere heaving bellows learn'd to blow,
While organs yet were mute;
Timotheus, to his breathing flute,
And sounding lyre,
Could swell the soul to rage, or kindle soft desire.

At last divine Cecilia came,
Inventress of the vocal frame;
The sweet enthusiast, from her sacred store,
Enlarged the former narrow bounds,
And added length to solemn sounds,
With nature's mother-wit, and arts unknown before.

Let old Timotheus yield the prize,
Or both divide the crown;
He raised a mortal to the skies;
She drew an angel down.

ODE TO THE NIGHTINGALE.

JOHN KEATS.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,
But being too happy in thy happiness,—
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,
In some melodious plot
Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.

O, for a draught of vintage! That hath been
Cooled a long age in the deep-delved earth,
Tasting of Flora and the country green,
Dance, and Provencal song, and sun-burnt mirth.
O for a beaker full of the warm South,
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,
And purple-stained mouth,
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen.
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:

Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget
What thou among the leaves hast never known,
The weariness, the fever, and the fret
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow
And leaden-eyed despairs;
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.

Away! Away! For I will fly to thee,
Not charioted by Bacchus and his pards,
But on the viewless wings of Poesy,
Though the dull brain preplexes and retards.
Already with thee! tender is the night,
And haply the Queen-Moon is on her throne,
Cluster'd around by all her starry Fays;
But here there is no light,
Save what from heaven is with the breezes blown
Through verdurous glooms and winding mossy ways.

I cannot see what flowers are at my feet,
Nor what soft incense hangs upon the boughs;
But, in embalmed darkness, guess each sweet
Wherewith the seasonable month endows
The grass, the thicket, and the fruit-tree wild;
White hawthorn, and the pastoral eglantine;
Fast fading violets covered up in leaves;
And mid-May's eldest child,
The coming musk-rose, full of dewy wine,
The murmurous haunts of flies on summer eves.

Darkling, I listen; and, for many a time
I have been half in love with easeful Death.
Call'd him soft names in many a mused rhyme,
To take into the air my quiet breath;
Now more than ever seems it rich to die,
To cease upon the midnight with no pain,
While thou art pouring forth thy soul abroad
In such an ecstacy!
Still would'st thou sing, and I have ears in vain,
To thy high requiem become a sod.

Thou wast not borne for death, immortal bird!
No hungry generations tread thee down;
The voice I hear this passing night, was heard
In ancient days by emperor and clown;
Perhaps the self-same song that found a path
Through the sad heart of Ruth, when sick for home,
She stood in tears amid the alien corn;
The same that oft-times hath
Charm'd magic casements, opening on her form
Of perilous seas, in fairy lands forlorn.

Forlorn! the very word is like a bell
To toll me back from thee to my sole self!
Adieu! the fancy cannot cheat so well
As she is famed to do, deceiving elf.
Adieu! adieu! thy plaintive anthem fades
Past the near meadows, over the still stream,
Up the hillside; and now 'tis buried deep
In the next valley-glades:
Was it a vision, or a waking dream?
Fled is that music:—Do I wake or sleep?

PARADISE AND THE PERI.

THOMAS MOORE—"LALLA ROOKH."

One morn a Peri at the gate
Of Eden stood, disconsolate;
And as she listened to the Springs
  Of Life within, like music flowing,
And caught the light upon her wings
  Through the half-open portal glowing,
She wept to think her recreant race
Should e'er have lost that glorious place!

"How happy!" exclaim'd this child of air,
"Are the holy spirits who wander there,
  'Mid flowers that never shall fade or fall;
Though mine are the gardens of earth and sea,
And the stars themselves have flowers for me,
  One blossom of heaven out-blooms them all!

Though sunny the Lake of cool Cashmere,
With its plane-tree isle reflected clear,[1]
  And sweetly the founts of that valley fall:
Though bright are the waters of Sing-su-hay,
And the golden floods, that thitherward stray,[2]
Yet—oh, 'tis only the blest can say
  How the waters of heaven outshine them all!

"Go, wing thy flight from star to star,
From world to luminous world, as far
  As the universe spreads its flaming wall;
Take all the pleasures of all the spheres,
And multiply each through endless years,
  One minute of heaven is worth them all!"

The glorious Angel, who was keeping
The gates of Light, beheld her weeping;
And as he nearer drew and listen'd
To her sad song, a tear-drop glisten'd
Within his eyelids, like the spray
  From Eden's fountain, when it lies
On the blue flowers, which—Brahmins say—
  Blooms nowhere but in Paradise![3]

"Nymph of a fair, but erring line!"
Gently he said—"One hope is thine,
'Tis written in the Book of Fate,
  The Peri yet may be forgiven
Who brings to this Eternal Gate
  The Gift that is most dear to Heaven!
Go, seek it, and redeem thy sin;—
'Tis sweet to let the Pardon'd in!"

[1] "Numerous small islands emerge from the Lake of Cashmere. One is called Char Chenaur, from the plane-trees upon it."

[2] "The Altan Kol, or Golden River of Tibet, which runs into the Lakes of Sing-su-hay, has abundance of gold in its sands."

[3] "The Brahmins of this province insist that the blue Campac flowers only in Paradise."

Rapidly as comets run
To th' embraces of the sun:—
Fleeter than the starry brands,
Flung at night from angel hands[1]
At those dark and daring sprites,
Who would climb th' empyreal heights,
Down the blue vault the Peri flies,
  And lighted earthward by a glance
That just then broke from morning's eyes,
  Hung hovering o're our world's expanse.

But whither shall the Spirit go
To find this gift for heaven?—"I know
The wealth," she cries, "of every urn,
In which unnumber'd rubies burn,
Beneath the pillars of Chilminar;[2]—
I know where the Isles of Perfume are[3]
Many a fathom down in the sea,
To the south of sun-bright Araby;—

I know too where the Genii hid
The jewell'd cup of their king Jamshid,[4]
With life's elixir sparkling high—
But gifts like these are not for the sky.
Where was there ever a gem that shone
Like the steps of Alla's wonderful Throne?
And the Drops of Life—oh! what would they be
In the boundless Deep of Eternity?

While thus she mused, her pinions fann'd
The air of that sweet India land,
Whose air is balm, whose ocean spreads
O'er coral rocks and amber beds;
Whose mountains, pregnant by the beam
Of the warm sun, with diamonds teem;
Whose rivulets are like rich brides,
Lovely, with gold beneath their tides;
Whose sandal groves and bowers of spice
Might be a Peri's Paradise?

But crimson now her rivers ran
  With human blood—the smell of death
Came reeking from their spicy bowers,
And man, the sacrifice of man,
  Mingled his taint with every breath
Upwafted from the innocent flowers!
Land of the Sun! what foot invades
Thy pagods and thy pillar'd shades—
Thy cavern shrines, and idol stones,
Thy monarchs and their thousand thrones?

[1] "The Mahometans suppose that falling stars are the firebrands wherewith the good angels drive away the bad, when they approach too near the verge of the heavens."

[2] The Forty Pillars; so the Persians call the ruins of Persepolis. It is imagined by them that this palace, and the edifices at Baalbec, were built by genii, for the purpose of hiding in their subterraneous caverns immense treasures, which still remain there.

[3] The Isles of Panchaia.

[4] "The cup of Jamshid, discovered, they say, when digging for the foundations of Persepolis."

'Tis he of Gazna[1]—fierce in wrath
He comes, and India's diadems
Lie scatter'd in his ruinous path.—
His bloodhounds he adorns with gems,
Torn from the violated necks
Of many a young and loved Sultana;[2]—
Maidens, within their pure Zenana,
Priests in the very fane he slaughters,
And chokes up with the glittering wrecks
Of golden shrines the sacred waters!

Downward the Peri turns her gaze,
And through the war-field's bloody haze
Beholds a youthful warrior stand,
Alone, beside his native river,—
The red blade broken in his hand
And the last arrow in his quiver.
"Live," said the conqueror, "live to share
The trophies and the crowns I bear!"

Silent that youthful warrior stood—
Silent he pointed to the flood
All crimson with his country's blood,
Then sent his last remaining dart,
For answer, to th' invader's heart.
False flew the shaft, though pointed well;
The tyrant lived, the hero fell!—
Yet marked the Peri where he lay,
And when the rush of war was past,
Swiftly descending on a ray
Of morning light, she caught the last—
Last glorious drop his heart had shed,
Before its free-born spirit fled!

"Be this," she cried, as she wing'd her flight,
"My welcome gift at the Gates of Light,
Though foul are the drops that oft distill
On the field of warfare, blood like this,
For liberty shed, so holy is,
It would not stain the purest rill,
That sparkles among the bowers of bliss!
Oh! if there be, on this earthly sphere,
A boon, and offering Heaven holds dear,
'Tis the last libation Liberty draws
From the heart that bleeds and breaks in her cause!"

"Sweet," said the Angel, as she gave
The gift into his radiant hand,
"Sweet is our welcome of the brave
Who die thus for their native land.—
But see—alas!—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than e'en this drop the boon must be,
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee!"

[1] Mahmood of Gazna, or Ghizni, who conquered India in the beginning of the eleventh century.

[2] "It is reported that the hunting equipage of the Sultan Mahmound was so magnificent, that he kept 400 greyhounds and bloodhounds each of which wore a collar set with jewels.

Her first fond hope of Eden blighted,
Now among Afric's Lunar Mountains,
Far to the south, the Peri lighted;
And sleek'd her plumage at the fountains
Of that Egyptian tide, whose birth
Is hidden from the sons of earth,
Deep in those solitary woods,
Where oft the Genii of the Floods
Dance round the cradle of their Nile,
And hail the new-born Giant's smile!

Thence, over Egypt's palmy groves,
Her grots, and sepulchres of kings,
The exiled Spirit sighing roves;
And now hangs listening to the doves
In warm Rosetta's vale![2]—now loves
To watch the moonlight on the wings
Of the white pelicans that break
The azure calm of Mœris' Lake.[3]
'Twas a fair scene—a land more bright
Never did mortal eye behold!

Who could have thought, that saw this night
Those valleys and their fruits of gold
Basking in heaven's serenest light;—
Those groups of lovely date-trees bending
Languidly their leaf-crown'd heads'
Like youthful maids, when sleep descending
Warns them to their silken beds;—
Those virgin lilies, all the night
Bathing their beauties in the lake,
That they may rise more fresh and bright,
When their beloved sun's awake;—

Those ruin'd shrines and towers that seem
The relics of a splendid dream;
Amid whose fairy loneliness
Naught but the lapwing's cry is heard,
Naught seen but (when the shadows, flitting
Fast from the moon, unsheath its gleam)
Some purple-wing'd sultana[4] sitting
Upon a column, motionless
And glittering, like an idol bird!—

Who could have thought, that there, e'en there,
Amid those scenes so still and fair,
The Demon of the Plague hath cast
From his hot wing a deadlier blast,
More mortal far than ever came
From the red desert's sands of flame!
So quick, that every living thing
Of human shape, touch'd by his wing,
Like plants, where the simoom hath past,
At once falls black and withering!

[1] "The Mountains of the Moon, or the Montes Lunæ of antiquity, at the foot of which the Nile is supposed to rise."

[2] "The orchards of Rosetta are filled with turtle-doves."

[3] Savary mentions the pelicans upon Lake Mœris.

[4] A rare and beautiful bird.

The sun went down on many a brow,
  Which, full of bloom and freshness then,
Is rankling in the pest-house now,
  And ne'er will feel that sun again!
And oh! to see th' unburied heaps
On which the lonely midnight sleeps—
The very vultures turn away,
And sicken at so foul a prey!
Only the fiercer hyæna stalks
Throughout the city's desolate walks
At midnight, and his carnage plies—
  Woe to the half-dead wretch, who meets
The glaring of those large blue eyes
  Amid the darkness of the streets!

"Poor race of Men!" said the pitying Spirit,
  "Dearly ye pay for your primal fall—
Some flowerets of Eden ye still inherit,
  But the trail of the Serpent is over them all!"
She wept—the air grew pure and clear
  Around her, as the bright drops ran;
For there's a magic in each tear,
Such kindly spirits weep for man!
Just then, beneath some orange-trees,
Whose fruit and blossoms in the breeze
Were wantoning together, free,
Like age at play with infancy—
Beneath that fresh and springing bower,
  Close by the lake, she heard the moan
Of one who, at this silent hour,
Had thither stolen to die alone.

One who in life, where'er he moved,
  Drew after him the hearts of many;
Yet now, as though he ne'er were loved,
  Dies here, unseen, unwept by any!
None to watch near him—none to slake
  The fire that in his bosom lies,
With e'en a sprinkle from that lake,
  Which shines so cool before his eyes.
No voice, will know through many a day,
  To speak the last, the parting word,
Which, when all other sounds decay,
  Is still like distant music heard.
That tender farewell on the shore
Of this rude world, when all is o'er,
Which cheers the spirit, ere its bark
Puts off into the unknown dark.

Deserted youth! one thought alone
  Shed joy around his soul in death—
That she, whom he for years had known,
And loved, and might have call'd his own,
  Was safe from this foul midnight's breath;—
Safe in her father's princely halls,
Where the cool airs from fountain falls,
Freshly perfumed by many a brand
Of the sweet wood from India's land,
Were pure as she whose brow they fann'd.

But see,—who yonder comes by stealth,
  This melancholy bower to seek,
Like a young envoy, sent by Health,
  With rosy gifts upon her cheek?
'Tis she—far off through moonlight dim,
  He knew his own betrothed bride,
She, who would rather die with him,
  Than live to gain the world beside!—

Her arms are round her lover now,
  His livid cheek to hers she presses,
And dips, to bind his burning brow,
  In the cool lake her loosen'd tresses.
Ah! once, how little did he think
An hour would come, when he should shrink
With horror from that dear embrace,
  Those gentle arms, that were to him
Holy as is the cradling place
  Of Eden's infant cherubim!
And now he yields—now turns away,
Shuddering as if the venom lay
All in those proffer'd lips alone—
Those lips that, then so fearless grown,
Never until that instant came
Near his unask'd or without shame.

"Oh! let me only breathe the air,
  The blessed air, that's breathed by thee,
And, whether on its wings it bear
  Healing or death, 'tis sweet to me!
There—drink my tears, while yet they fall,—
  Would that my bosom's blood were balm,
And, well thou know'st, I'd shed it all,
  To give thy brow one minute's calm.
Nay, turn not from me that dear face—
  Am I not thine—thy own loved bride—
The one, the chosen one, whose place
  In life or death is by thy side!
Think'st thou that she, whose only light,
  In this dim world, from thee hath shone,
Could bear the long, the cheerless night,
  That must be hers, when thou art gone?

That I can live, and let thee go,
Who art my life itself?—No, no—
When the stem dies, the leaf that grew
Out of its heart must perish too!
Then turn to me, my own love, turn,
Before like thee I fade and burn;
Cling to these yet cool lips, and share
The last pure life that lingers there!"
She fails—she sinks—as dies the lamp
In charnel airs or cavern-damp,
So quickly do his baleful sighs
Quench all the sweet light of her eyes!
One struggle—and his pain is past—
  Her lover is no longer living!
One kiss this maiden gives, one last,
  Long kiss, which she expires in giving!

"Sleep," said the Peri, as softly she stole
The farewell sigh of that vanishing soul,
As true as e'er warm'd a woman's breast—
"Sleep on, in visions of odor rest,
In balmier airs than ever yet stirr'd
Th' enchanted pile of that holy bird,
Who sings at the last his own death lay,[1]
And in music and perfume dies away!"

Thus saying, from her lips she spread
Unearthly breathings through the place,
And shook her sparkling wreath and shed
Such luster o'er each paly face,
That like two lovely saints they seem'd
Upon the eve of doomsday taken
From their dim graves, in odor sleeping;—
While that benevolent Peri beam'd
Like their good angel, calmly keeping
Watch o'er them, till their souls would waken.

But morn is blushing in the sky;
Again the Peri soars above,
Bearing to heaven that precious sigh
Of pure, self-sacrificing love.
High throbb'd her heart, with hope elate,
The Elysian palm she soon shall win,
For the bright Spirit at the gate
Smiled as she gave that offering in;

And she already hears the trees
Of Eden, with their crystal bells
Ringing in that ambrosial breeze
That from the Throne of Alla swells;
And she can see the starry bowls
That lie around that lucid lake,
Upon whose banks admitted souls
Their first sweet draught of glory take!

But ah! even Peris' hopes are vain—
Again the Fates forbade, again
The immortal barrier closed—"not yet,"
The Angel said, as with regret,
He shut from her that glimpse of glory—
"True was the maiden, and her story,
Written in light o'er Alla's head,
By seraph eyes shall long be read.
But, Peri, see—the crystal bar
Of Eden moves not—holier far
Than even this sigh the boon must be
That opes the Gates of Heaven for thee."

Now, upon Syria's land of roses
Softly the light of eve reposes,
And, like a glory, the broad sun
Hangs over sainted Lebanon;
Whose head in wintry grandeur towers,
And whitens with eternal sleet,
While summer, in a vale of flowers,
Is sleeping rosy at his feet.

[1] "In the East, they suppose the Phœnix, after living one thousand years, builds himself a funeral pile, sings a melodious air of different harmonies, flaps his wings with a velocity which sets fire to the wood, and consumes himself."

To one, who look'd from upper air
O'er all th' enchanted regions there,
How beauteous must have been the glow,
The life, the spark'ling from below!
Fair gardens, shining streams, with ranks
Of golden melons on their banks,
More golden where the sunlight falls;—
Gay lizards, glittering on the walls
Of ruin'd shrines, busy and bright,
As they were all alive with light;—

And, yet more splendid, numerous flocks
Of pigeons, settling on the rocks,
With their rich restless wings, that gleam
Variously in the crimson beam
Of the warm west,—as if inlaid
With brilliants from the mine, or made

Of tearless rainbows, such as span
Th' unclouded skies of Peristan!
And then, the mingling sounds that come,
Of shepherd's ancient reed, with hum
Of the wild bees of Palestine
Banqueting through the flowery vales;—
And, Jordan, those sweet banks of thine,
And woods, so full of nightingales!

But naught can charm the luckless Peri;
Her soul is sad—her wings are weary—
Joyless she sees the sun look down
On that great Temple, once his own,[1]
Whose lonely columns stand sublime,
Flinging their shadows from on high,
Like dials, which the wizard, Time,
Had raised to count his ages by!

Yet haply there may lie conceal'd
Beneath those chambers of the sun,
Some amulet of gems, anneal'd
In upper fires, some tablet seal'd
With the great name of Solomon,
Which, spell'd by her illumined eyes,
May teach her where, beneath the moon,
In earth or ocean lies the boon,
The charm, that can restore so soon,
An erring Spirit to the skies!

Cheer'd by this hope, she bends her thither;—
Still laughs the radiant eye of heaven,
Nor have the golden bowers of even
In the rich west begun to wither;—
When, o'er the vale of Baalbec winging
Slowly, she sees a child at play,
Among the rosy wild-flowers singing,
As rosy and as wild as they;
Chasing, with eager hands and eyes,
The beautiful blue damsel-flies,
That flutter'd round the jasmine stems,
Like winged flowers or flying gems:—

[1] The Temple of the Sun at Baalbec.

And, near the boy, who tired with play,
Now nestling 'mid the roses lay,
She saw a wearied man dismount
From his hot steed, and on the brink
Of a small imaret's rustic fount
Impatient fling him down to drink.
Then swift his haggard brow he turn'd
To the fair child, who fearless sat,
Though never yet hath daybeam burn'd
Upon a brow more fierce than that,—
Sullenly fierce—a mixture dire,
Like thunder-clouds, of gloom and fire;
In which the Peri's eye could read
Dark tales of many a ruthless deed;
The ruin'd maid—the shrine profaned—
Oaths broken—and the threshold stain'd
With blood of guests!—*there* written, all,
Black as the damning drops that fall
From the denouncing angel's pen,
Ere Mercy weeps them out again!

Yet tranquil now that man of crime
(As if the balmy evening time
Soften'd his spirit) look'd and lay,
Watching the rosy infant's play:—
Though still, whene'er his eye by chance
Fell on the boy's, its lurid glance
Met that unclouded joyous gaze
As torches that have burnt all night
Through some impure and godless rite,
Encounter morning's glorious rays.

But hark! the vesper call to prayer,
As slow the orb of daylight sets,
Is rising sweetly on the air,
From Syria's thousand minarets!
The boy has started from the bed
Of flowers, where he had laid his head,
And down upon the fragrant sod
Kneels, with his forehead to the south,
Lisping th' eternal name of God
From purity's own cherub mouth,
And looking, while his hands and eyes
Are lifted to the glowing skies,
Like a stray babe of Paradise,
Just lighted on that flowery plain,
And seeking for its home again!
Oh, 'twas a sight—that heaven—that child—
A scene, which might have well beguiled
E'en haughty Eblis of a sigh
For glories lost and peace gone by!

And how felt *he*, the wretched man
Reclining there—while memory ran
O'er many a year of guilt and strife,
Flew o'er the dark flood of his life,
Nor found one sunny resting-place,
Nor brought him back one branch of grace.

"There *was* a time," he said, in mild,
Heart-humbled tones—"thou blessed child!
When, young and haply pure as thou,
I look'd and pray'd like thee—but now—"
He hung his head—each nobler aim
And hope and feeling, which had slept
From boyhood's hour, that instant came
Fresh o'er him, and he wept—he wept!

Blest tears of soul-felt penitence!
In whose benign, redeeming flow
Is felt the first, the only sense
Of guiltless joy that guilt can know.

"There's a drop," said the Peri, "that down from the moon
Falls through the withering airs of June
Upon Egypt's land,[1] of so healing a power,
So balmy a virtue, that e'en in the hour
That drop descends, contagion dies,
And health reanimates earth and skies!—
Oh! is it not thus, thou man of sin,
The precious tears of repentance fall?
Though foul thy fiery plagues within,
One heavenly drop hath dispell'd them all!"
And now—behold him kneeling there
By the child's side, in humble prayer,
While the same sunbeam shines upon
The guilty and the guiltless one,
And hymns of joy proclaim through heaven
The triumph of a soul forgiven!

'Twas when the golden orb had set,
While on their knees they linger'd yet,
There fell a light, more lovely far
Than ever came from sun or star,
Upon the tear that, warm and meek
Dew'd that repentant sinner's cheek:
To mortal eye this light might seem
A northern flash of meteor beam—
But well th' enraptured Peri knew
'Twas a bright smile the angel threw
From heaven's gate, to hail that tear
Her harbinger of glory near!

"Joy, joy forever! my task is done—
The gates are pass'd, and heaven is won!
Oh! am I not happy? I am, I am—
To thee, sweet Eden! how dark and sad
Are the diamond turrets of Shadukiam,[2]
And the fragrant bowers of Amberabad!

"Farewell, ye odors of earth, that die,
Passing away like a lover's sigh!
My feast is now of the tooba tree,[3]
Whose scent is the breath of eternity!

[1] The miraculous drop, which is said to fall in Egypt precisely on St. John's day, is supposed to have the effect of stopping the plague.

[2] The Country of Delight—the name of a province in Fairy Land, the capital of which is called the City of Jewels. Amberabad is another of the cities of Jinnistan.

[3] The tree Tooba, stands in Paradise in the palace of Mahomet.

"Farwell, ye vanishing flowers, that shone
In my fairy wreath, so bright and brief,—
Oh! what are the brightest that e'er have blown,
To the lote-tree, springing by Alla's Throne,
Whose flowers have a soul in every leaf!
Joy, joy forever!—my task is done—
The Gates are pass'd, and Heaven is won!"

THE VILLAGE BLACKSMITH.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Under a spreading chestnut tree
The village smithy stands;
The smith, a mighty man is he,
With large and sinewy hands;
And the muscles of his brawny arms
Are strong as iron bands.

His hair is crisp, and black, and long,
His face is like the tan;
His brow is wet with honest sweat,
He earns whate'er he can,
And looks the whole world in the face,
For he owes not any man.

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
You can hear his bellows blow;
You can hear him swing his heavy sledge,
With measured beat and slow,
Like a sexton ringing the village bell,
When the evening sun is low.

And children coming home from school
Look in at the open door;
They love to see the flaming forge,
And hear the bellows roar,
And catch the burning sparks that fly
Like chaff from a threshing floor.

He goes on Sunday to the church,
And sits among his boys;
He hears the parson pray and preach,
He hears his daughter's voice,
Singing in the village choir,
And it makes his heart rejoice.

It sounds to him like her mother's voice,
Singing in Paradise!
He needs must think of her once more,
How in the grave she lies;
And with his hard, rough hand he wipes
A tear out of his eyes.

Toiling,—rejoicing,—sorrowing,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morning sees some task begun,
Each evening sees it close;
Something attempted, something done,
Has earned a night's repose.

Thanks, thanks to thee, my worthy friend,
For the lesson thou hast taught!
Thus at the flaming forge of life
Our fortunes must be wrought;
Thus on its sounding anvil shaped
Each burning deed and thought!

GOD'S-ACRE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

I like that ancient Saxon phrase, which calls
The burial-ground God's-Acre! It is just;
It consecrates each grave within its walls,
And breathes a benison o'er the sleeping dust.

God's-Acre! Yes, that blessed name imparts
Comfort to those, who in the grave have sown
The seed, that they had garnered in their hearts,
Their bread of life, alas! no more their own.

Into its furrows shall we all be cast,
In the sure faith that we shall rise again
At the great harvest, when the arch-angel's blast
Shall winnow, like a fan, the chaff and grain.

Then shall the good stand in immortal bloom,
In the fair gardens of that second birth;
And each bright blossom, mingle its perfume
With that of flowers, which never bloomed on earth.

With thy rude ploughshare, Death, turn up the sod,
And spread the furrow for the seed we sow;
This is the field and Acre of our God.
This is the place, where human harvests grow!

A PSALM OF LIFE.

HENRY WADSWORTH LONGFELLOW.

Tell me not, in mournful numbers,
"Life is but an empty dream!"
For the soul is dead that slumbers,
And things are not what they seem.

Life is real! Life is earnest!
And the grave is not its goal;
"Dust thou art, to dust returnest,"
Was not spoken of the soul.

Not enjoyment, and not sorrow,
Is our destined end or way;
But to act, that each to-morrow
Find us farther than to-day.

Art is long and time is fleeting,
And our hearts, though stout and brave,
Still, like muffled drums, are beating
Funeral marches to the grave.

In the world's broad field of battle,
In the bivouac of Life,
Be not like bumb, driven cattle!
Be a hero in the strife!

Trust no Future, howe'er pleasant!
Let the dead Past bury its dead!
Act,—act in the living Present!
Heart within, and God o'er head!

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime,
And, departing, leave behind us
Footsteps on the sands of time:—

Footsteps, that perhaps another,
Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
A forlorn and shipwrecked brother,
Seeing, shall take heart again.

Let us, then, be up and doing,
With a heart for any fate;
Still achieving, still pursuing,
Learn to labor and to wait.

ODE.

INTIMATIONS OF IMMORTALITY FROM RECOLLECTIONS OF EARLY CHILDHOOD.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

I.

There was a time when meadow, grove and stream,
The earth and every common sight
To me did seem
Apparell'd in celestial light,
The glory and the freshness of a dream.
It is not now as it hath been of yore;
Turn wheresoe'er I may,
By night or day,
The things which I have seen I now can see no more.

II.

The rainbow comes and goes,
And lovely is the rose,
The moon doth with delight
Look round her when the heavens are bare,
Waters on a starry night
Are beautiful and fair;
The sunshine is a glorious birth;
But yet I know, where'er I go,
That these hath passed away a glory from the earth.

III.

Now, while the birds thus sing a joyous song,
And while the young lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound,
To me alone there came a thought of grief:
A timely utterance gave that thought relief,
And I again am strong:
The cataracts blow their trumpets from the steep;
No more shall grief of mine the season wrong;
I hear the echoes through the mountain throng,
The winds come to me from the fields of sleep,
And all the earth is gay;
Land and sea
Give themselves up to jollity,
And with the heart of May
Doth every beast keep holiday;—
Thou Child of Joy,
Shout round me, let me hear thy shouts,
Thou happy Shepherd boy!

IV.

Ye blessed Creatures, I have heard the call
Ye to each other make; I see
The heavens laugh with you in your jubilee;
My heart is at your festival,
My head hath its coronal,
The fullness of your bliss I feel—I feel it all.
O evil day! if I were sullen
While earth herself is adorning,
This sweet May morning,
And the children are culling
On every side,
In a thousand valleys far and wide,
Fresh flowers; while the sun shines warm,
And the Babe leaps up on his mother's arm:—
I hear, I hear, with joy I hear!—
But there's a Tree, of many, one,
A single Field which I have looked upon,
Both of them speak of something that is gone:
The pansy at my feet
Doth the same tale repeat:
Whither is fled the visionary gleam?
Where is it now, the glory and the dream?

V.

Our birth is but a sleep and a forgetting:
The soul that rises with us, our life's Star,
Hath had elsewhere its setting,
And cometh from afar:
Not in entire forgetfulness,
And not in utter nakedness,
But trailing clouds of glory do we come
From God, who is our home:
Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
Shades of the prison-house begin to close
Upon the growing boy,
But he beholds the light, and whence it flows,
He sees it in his joy;
The Youth, who daily farther from the east
Must travel, still is Nature's Priest,
And by the vision splendid
Is on his way attended;
At length the man perceives it die away,
And fade into the light of common day.

VI.

Earth fills her lap with pleasures of her own;
Yearnings she hath in her old natural kind,
And even with something of a mother's mind,
And no unworthy aim,
The homely nurse doth all she can
To make her Foster-child, her Inmate Man,
Forget the glories he hath known,
And that imperial palace whence he came.

VII.

Behold the child among his new-born blisses,
A six years' Darling of a pigmy size!
See where 'mid work of his own hand he lies,
Fretted by sallies of his mother's kisses,
With light upon him from his father's eyes!
See at his feet, some little plan or chart,
Some fragment from his dream of human life,
Shaped by himself with newly learned art;
A wedding or a festival,
A mourning or a funeral;
And this hath now his heart,
And unto this he frames his song.
Then will he fit his tongue
To dialogues of business, love or strife;
But it will not be long
Ere this be thrown aside,
And with new joy and pride
The little actor cons another part;
Filling from time to time his "humorous stage"
With all the persons, down to palsied Age,
That life brings with her in her equipage;
As if his whole vocation
Were endless imitation.

VIII.

Thou, whose exterior semblance doth belie
Thy Soul's immensity;
Thou best Philosopher, who yet dost keep
Thy heritage, thou Eye among the blind,
That deaf and silent, read'st the eternal deep,
Haunted forever by the eternal mind,—
Mighty Prophet! Seer blest!
On whom those truths do rest,
Which we are toiling all our lives to find.
In darkness lost, the darkness of the grave;
Thou, over whom thy Immortality
Broods like the day, a Master or a Slave,
A presence which is not to be put by;
Thou little Child, yet glorious in the might
Of heaven-born freedom on thy being's height,
Why with such earnest pains dost thou provoke
The years to bring the inevitable yoke,
Thus blindly with thy blessedness at strife?
Full soon thy Soul shall have her earthly freight,
And custom lie upon thee with a weight,
Heavy as frost, and deep almost as life!

IX.

Oh joy! that in our embers
Is something that doth like,
That Nature yet remembers
What was so fugitive!
The thought of our past years in me doth breed
Perpetual benediction; not indeed
For that which is most worthy to be blest,
Delight and liberty, the simple creed
Of Childhood, whether busy or at rest,
With new-fledged hope still fluttering in his breast;
Not for these I raise
The songs of thanks and praise;
But for those obstinate questionings
Of sense and outward things
Fallings from us, vanishings;
Blank misgivings of a Creature
Moving about in worlds not realized,
High instincts before which our mortal nature
Did tremble like a guilty thing surprised:
But for those first affections
Those shadowy recollections,
Which, be they what they may
Are yet the fountain—light of all our day,
Are yet a master light of all our seeing;
Uphold us, cherish, and have power to make
Our noisy years seem moments in the being
Of the eternal Silence: truths that wake,
To perish never;
Which neither listlessness, nor mad endeavor,
Nor Man nor Boy,
Nor all that is at enmity with joy,
Can utterly abolish or destroy!
Hence is a season of calm weather;
Though inland far we be,
Our souls have sight of that immortal sea
Which brought us hither,
Can in a moment travel thither,
And see the Children sport upon the shore,
And hear the mighty waters rolling evermore.

X.

Then sing, ye Birds, sing, sing a joyous song!
And let the young Lambs bound
As to the tabor's sound;
We in thought will join your throng,
Ye that pipe and ye that play,
Ye that through your hearts to-day
Feel the gladness of the May!
What though the radiance which was once so bright
Be now forever taken from my sight,
Though nothing can bring back the hour
Of splendor in the grass, of glory in the flower,
We will grieve not, rather find
Strength in what remains behind;
In the primal sympathy
Which having been must ever be;
In the soothing thoughts that spring

Out of human suffering;
In the faith that looks through death,
In years that bring the philosophic mind.

XI.

And O ye Fountains, Meadows, Hills and Groves,
Forbode not any severing of our loves?
Yet in my heart of hearts I feel your might;
I only have relinquish'd one delight
To live beneath your more habitual sway.
I love the Brooks, which down their channels fret,
Even more than when I tripp'd lightly as they;
The innocent brightness of a new born day
Is lovely yet;
The clouds that gather round the setting sun
Do make a sober coloring from an eye
That hath kept watch o'er man's mortality;
Another race hath been, and other palms are won.
Thanks to the human heart by which we live,
Thanks to its tenderness, its joys and fears,
To me the meanest flower that blows can give
Thoughts that do often lie too deep for tears.

THE SABBATH.

HENRY KIRK WHITE.

How still the morning of the hallowed day!
Mute is the voice of rural labour, hushed
The ploughboy's whistle and the milkmaid's song.
The scythe lies glittering in the dewy wreath
Of tedded grass, mingled with fading flowers,
That yester-morn bloomed waving in the breeze.
Sounds the most faint attract the ear—the hum
Of early bee, the trickling of the dew,
The distant beating midway up the hill.
Calmness seems thronged on yon unmoving cloud.
To him who wanders o'er the upland leas,
The blackbird's note comes mellower from the dale;
And sweeter from the sky the gladsome lark
Warbles his heaven-tuned song; the lulling brook
Murmurs more gently down the deep-sunk glen;
While from yon lowly roof, whose curling smoke
O'ermounts the mist, is heard at intervals
The voice of psalms, the simple song of praise.
With dove-like wings Peace o'er yon village broods:
The dizzying mill-wheel rests; the anvil's din
Hath ceased; all, all around is quietness.
Less fearful on this day, the limping hare
Stops, and looks back, and stops, and looks on man,
Her deadliest foe. The toil-worn horse set free,
Unheedful of the pasture, roams at large;
And, as his stiff unwieldy bulk he rolls,
His iron-armed hoofs gleam in the morning ray.
But chiefly man the day of rest enjoys.
Hail, Sabbath! Thee I hail, the poor man's day.
On other days, the man of toil is doomed
To eat his joyless bread, lonely, the ground
Both seat and board, screened from the winter's cold
And summer's heat by neighboring hedge or tree;
But on this day, embosomed in his home,
He shares a frugal meal with those he loves;
With those he loves he shares the heartfelt joy
Of giving thanks to God—not thanks of form,
A word and a grimace, but reverently,
With covered face and upward earnest eye,
Hail, Sabbath! Thee I hail, the poor man's day:
The pale mechanic now has leave to breathe
The morning air, pure from the city's smoke;
While wandering slowly up the river side,
He meditates on Him whose power he marks
In each green tree that proudly spreads the bough,
As in the tiny dew-bent flowers that bloom
Around the roots, and while he thus surveys
With elevated joy each rural charm,
He hopes—yet fears presumption in the hope—
To reach those realms where Sabbath never ends.
But now his steps a welcome sound recalls:
Solemn the knell, from yonder ancient pile,
Fills all the air, inspiring joyful awe;
Slowly the throng moves o'er the tomb-paved ground;
The aged man, the bowed down, the blind,
Led by the thoughtless boy, and he who breathes
With pain, and eyes the new-made grave well pleased;
These, mingled with the young, the gay, approach
The house of God—these, spite all their ills,
A glow of gladness feel; with silent praise
They enter in; a placid stillness reigns,
Until the man of God, worthy the name,
Opens the book, and reverentially
The stated portion reads. A pause ensues.
The organ breathes its distinct thunder-notes,
Then swells into a diapason full;
The people rising sing, "with harp, with harp,
And voice of psalms;" harmoniously attuned
The various voices blend; the long-drawn aisles,
At every close, the lingering strain prolong. . . .
Nor yet less pleasing at the heavenly throne,
The Sabbath service of the shepherd-boy!
In some lone glen, where every sound is lulled
To slumber, save the tinkling of the rill,
Or bleat of lamb, or hovering falcon's cry,
Stretched on the sward, he reads of Jesse's son;
Or sheds a tear o'er him to Egypt sold,
And wonders why he weeps: the volume closed,
With thyme-sprig laid between the leaves, he sings
The sacred lays, his weekly lesson conned
With meikle care beneath the lowly roof,
Where humble lore is learnt, where humble worth
Pines unrewarded by a thankless state.
Thus reading, hymning, all alone, unseen,
The shepherd-boy the Sabbath holy keeps,
Till on the heights he marks the straggling bands
Returning homeward from the house of prayer.
In peace they home resort. Oh, blissful days!
When all men worship God as conscience wills.
Far other times our fathers' grandsires knew,
A virtuous race to godliness devote.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

WHICH FURNISH A THEME FOR REFLECTION, AND A TEXT FOR MENTAL DISCOURSE.

Adversity:

Sweet are the uses of adversity,
Which, like the toad, ugly and venomous,
Wears yet a precious jewel in his head.
—*Shakespeare.*

Adversity is a trial of principle. Without it a man hardly knows whether he is honest or not.—*Fielding.*

"See a sight worthy of God:"—a good man struggling with adversity, and superior to it.—*John Wesley.*

Anxiety:

Anxiety is the poison of life, the parent of many sins, and of more miseries. Why then allow it when we know that all the future is guided by a Father's hand?—*Blair.*

Ambition:

Ambition is a spirit in the world
That causes all the ebbs and flows of nations,
Keeps mankind sweet by action; without that
The world would be a filthy, settled mud.—*Crown.*

Ambition, ruled by reason and religion, is a virtue; unchecked and maddened by vanity and covetousness, it is a vice. Without ambition, no great deed was ever accomplished. It is a guiding star to the wise and good; only a snare to the vain and foolish. Ambition is the strongest incentive to perseverance, and difficulties will sink before it, where they had appeared mountain high. It is ambition which keeps alive hope and courage. Without it man would be content to be a poor, debased creature, allowing the powers of his brain to rest for want of energy to cultivate and apply them. He could never rise in his profession, having no ambition to reach its highest point. Ambition appears to me the pure, honest desire to excel in whatever we undertake, provided, always, that we do not suffer our selfish desire to rise, to lead us into doing wrong to our fellow men or violating the commands of God. Like every other good gift, it is the abuse and not the use of ambition's fire that leads to sin. Kept within the proper bounds, and it is a noble quality, leading to perfection.—*Sterne.*

Anger:

Anger is the most impotent passion that accompanies the mind of man. It affects nothing it sets about, and hurts the man who is possessed by it more than the other against whom it is directed.—*Stultz.*

To be angry about trifles is low and childish; to rage and be furious is brutish; and to maintain perpetual wrath is akin to the practice and temper of devils.—*Barrow.*

There is many a man whose tongue might govern multitudes if he could govern his tongue.—*Anon.*

Anger and jealousy can no more bear to lose sight of their objects than love.—*George Eliot.*

Affability:

Affability is a real ornament—the most beautiful dress that man or woman can wear, and worth far more as a means of winning favor than the finest clothes and jewels ever were. It is incumbent on us as members of society to cultivate a spirit of affability, to strive to make all within our influence happy by our kind solicitude for their welfare.—*Stultz.*

Affliction:

As some herbs need to be crushed to give forth their sweetest odors, so some natures need to be tried by suffering to evoke the excellence that is in them. Grief is a common bond that unites hearts. It can knit hearts closer than happiness can, and common sufferings are far stronger links than common joys. The visitations of sorrow are universal. There beats not a heart that has not felt the force of affliction. There is not an eye but has witnessed many scenes of sorrow.—*Bulwer.*

Why not accept all your misfortune as the discipline of a paternal hand, in love prescribed, to lead you to your place, and whiten you for Christian service.—*J. G. Holland.*

Let us be patient! These severe afflictions
Not from the ground arise,
But oftentimes celestial benedictions
Assume this dark disguise. —*Longfellow.*

Art:

Yet we have said all our fine things about the arts, we must confess that the arts, as we know them, are but initial. Our best praise is given to what they aimed and promised, not to the actual result. * * * Art has not come to its maturity if it do not put itself abreast with the most potent influences of the world, if it is not practical and moral, if it do not stand in connection with the conscience, if it do not make the poor and uncultivated feel that it addresses them with a voice of lofty cheer. There is a higher work for art than the arts. They are abortive births of an imperfect or vitiated instinct. Art is the need to create; but in its essence, immense and universal, it is impatient of working with lame or tired hands, and of making cripples and monsters, such as all pictures and statues are. Nothing less than the creation of man and nature is its end. A man should find in it an outlet for his whole energy. He may paint and carve only as long as he can do that. Art should exhilarate, and throw down the walls of circumstance on every side, awakening in the beholder the same sense of universal relation and power which the work evinced in the artist, and its highest effect is to make new artists.—*Ralph Waldo Emerson.*

Avarice:

Avarice is an uniform and tractable vice: other intellectual distempers are different in different constitutions of mind; that which soothes the pride of one will offend the pride of another; but to the favor of the covetous there is a ready way; bring money and nothing is denied.—*Samuel Johnson.*

TO BLOSSOMS.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Fair pledges of a fruitful tree,
Why do you fall so fast?
Your date is not so past,
But you may stay yet here awhile,
To blush and gently smile,
And go at last.

What! were ye born to be
An hour or half 's delight,
And so to bid good-night?
'Twas pity nature brought ye forth
Merely to shew your worth,
And lose you quite.

But you are lovely leaves, where we
May read how soon things have
Their end, though ne'er so brave:
And after they have shewn their pride,
Like you awhile, they glide
Into the grave.

DREAM CHILDREN.

CHARLES LAMB.

Children love to listen to stories about their elders when *they* were children; to stretch their imagination to the conception of a traditionary great-uncle, or grandame, whom they never saw. It was in this spirit that my little ones crept about me the other evening to hear about their great-grandmother Field, who lived in a great house in Norfolk (a hundred times bigger than that in which they and papa lived), which had been the scene—so at least it was generally believed in that part of the country—of the tragic incidents which they had lately become familiar with from the ballad of the *Children in the Wood*. Certain it is, that the whole story of the children and their cruel uncle was to be seen fairly carved out in the wood upon the chimney piece of the great hall—the whole story down to the Robin Red-breasts—till a foolish rich person pulled it down to set up a marble one of modern invention in its stead, with no story upon it. Here Alice put out one of her dear mother's looks, too tender to be called upbraiding. Then I went on to say how religious and how good their great-grandmother Field was, how beloved and respected by everybody, though she was not, indeed, the mistress of this great house, but had only the charge of it (and yet in some respects she might be said to be the mistress of it too) committed to her by the owner, who preferred living in a newer and more fashionable mansion, which he had purchased somewhere in the adjoining county; but still she lived in it in a manner as if it had been her own, and kept up the dignity of the great house in a sort while she lived, which afterwards came to decay, and was nearly pulled down, and all its old ornaments stripped and carried away to the owner's other house, where they were set up, and looked as awkward as if some one were to carry away the old tombs they had seen lately at the Abbey, and stick them up in Lady C.'s tawdry gilt drawing-room. Here John smiled as much as to say, "That would be foolish indeed." And then I told how, when she came to die, her funeral was attended by a concourse of all the poor, and some of the gentry too, of the neighborhood, for many miles around, to show their respect for her memory, because she had been such a good and religious woman—so good, indeed, that she knew all the Psalter by heart, aye, and a great part of the Testament besides. Here little Alice spread her hands. Then I told what a tall, upright, graceful person their great-grandmother Field once was; and how in her youth she was esteemed the best dancer—here Alice's little right foot played an involuntary movement, till, upon my looking grave, it desisted—the best dancer, I was saying, in the county, till a cruel disease, called a cancer, came, and bowed her down with pain; but it could never bend her good spirits, or make them stoop; but they were still upright, because she was so good and religious. Then I told how she was used to sleep by herself in a lone chamber of the great lone house; and how she believed that an apparition of two infants was to be seen at midnight gliding up and down the great starecase near where she slept; but she said, "Those innocents would do her no harm;" and how frightened I used to be, though in those days I had my maid to sleep with me, because I was never half so good or religious as she, and yet I never saw the infants. Here John expanded all his eyebrows, and tried to look courageous. Then I told how good she was to all her grandchildren, having us to the great house in the holidays, where I in particular used to spend many hours by myself in gazing upon the old busts of the twelve Cæsars, that had been emperors of Rome, till the old marble heads would seem to live again, or I to be turned into marble with them; how I never could be tired with roaming about that huge mansion, with its vast empty rooms, with their worn-out hangings, fluttering tapestry, and carved oaken panels, with the gilding almost rubbed out—sometimes in the spacious old-fashioned gardens, which I had almost to myself, unless when now and then a solitary gardening man would cross me—and how the nectarines and peaches hung upon the walls without my ever offering to pluck them, because they were forbidden fruit, unless now and then,—and because I had more pleasure in strolling about among the old melancholy-looking yew-trees, or the firs, and picking up the red berries, and the fir-apples, which were good for nothing but to look at—or in lying about upon the fresh grass, with all the fine garden smells around me—or basking in the orangery, till I could almost fancy myself ripening too, along with the oranges and the limes, in that grateful warmth—or in watching the dace that darted to and fro in the fish-pond, at the bottom of the garden, with here and there a great sulky pike hanging midway down the

water in silent state, as if it mocked at their impertinent friskings,—I had more pleasure in these busy-idle diversions than in all the sweet flavours of peaches, nectarines, oranges, and such like common baits of children. Here John slily deposited back upon the plate a bunch of grapes, which, not unobserved by Alice, he had meditated dividing with her, and both seemed willing to relinquish them for the present as irrelevant. Then, in somewhat a more heightened tone, I told how, though their great-grandmother Field loved all her grandchildren, yet, in an especial manner, she might be said to love their uncle, John L——, because he was so handsome and spirited a youth, and a king to the rest of us; and, instead of moping about in solitary corners like some of us, he would mount the most mettlesome horse he could get, when but an imp no bigger than themselves, and make it carry him half over the county in a morning, and join the hunters when there were any out—and yet he loved the old great house and gardens too, but had too much spirit to be always pent up within their boundaries—and how their uncle grew up to man's estate as brave as he was handsome, to the admiration of everybody, but of their great-grandmother Field most especially; and how he used to carry me upon his back when I was a lame-footed boy—for he was a good bit older than me—many a mile when I could not walk for pain;—and how, in after-life, he became lame-footed too, and I did not always (I fear) make allowances enough for him when he was impatient, and in pain, nor remember sufficiently how considerate he had been to me when I was lame-footed; and how, when he died, though he had not been dead an hour, it seemed as if he had died a great while ago, such a distance there is betwixt life and death; and how I bore his death, as I thought, pretty well at first, but afterwards it haunted and haunted me; and though I did not cry or take it to heart as some do, and as I think he would have done if I had died, yet I missed him all day long, and I knew not till then how much I had loved him. I missed his kindness, and I missed his crossness, and wished him to be alive again, to be quarrelling with him (for we quarrelled sometimes), rather than not have him again, and was as uneasy without him as he, their poor uncle, must have been when the doctor took off his limb. Here the children fell a crying, and asked if their little mourning which they had on was not for uncle John, and they looked up, and prayed me not to go on about their uncle, but to tell them some stories about their pretty dead mother. Then I told how, for seven long years, in hope sometimes, sometimes in despair, yet persisting ever, I courted the fair Alice W—n; and, as much as children could understand, I explained to them what coyness, and difficulty, and denial meant in maidens, when suddenly turning to Alice, the soul of the first Alice looked out at her eyes, with such a reality of representment that I became in doubt which of them stood there before me, or whose that bright hair was; and while I stood gazing, both the children gradually grew fainter to my view, receding, and still receding, till nothing at last but two mournful features were seen in the uttermost distance, which, without speech, strangely impressed upon me the effects of speech: "We are not of Alice, nor of thee, nor are we children at all. The children of Alice call Bartrum father. We are nothing; less than nothing, and dreams. We are only what might have been, and must wait upon the tedious shores of Lethe millions of ages before we have existence and a name"——and immediately awaking, I found myself quietly seated in my bachelor arm-chair, where I had fallen asleep with the faithful Bridget unchanged by my side.

THE STRULDBRUGS OR IMMORTALS.

JONATHAN SWIFT—"GULLIVER'S TRAVELS."

Luggnaggians are polite and generous; and although they are not without some share of that pride which is peculiar to all Eastern countries, yet they show themselves courteous to strangers, especially such who are countenanced by the court. I had many acquaintances, and among persons of the best fashion; and being always attended by my interpreter, the conversation we had was not disagreeable.

One day, in much good company, I was asked by a person of quality, "whether I had seen any of their *struldburgs*, or immortals?" I said, "I had not;" and desired he would explain to me what he meant by such an appellation, applied to a mortal creature. He told me "that sometimes, though very rarely, a child happened to be born in a family, with a red circular spot in his forehead, directly over the left eyebrow, which was an infallible mark that it should never die. The spot," as he described it, "was about the compass of a silver three pence, but in the course of time grew larger, and changed its color; for at twelve years old it became green, so continued till five-and-twenty, then turned to a deep blue; at five-and-forty it grew coal-black, and as large as an English shilling; but never admitted any farther alteration." He said, "these births were so rare, that he did not believe there could be above eleven hundred *struldburgs*, of both sexes, in the whole kingdom; of which he computed about fifty in the metropolis, and among the rest, a young girl born about three years ago; that these productions were not peculiar to any family, but a mere effect of chance; and the children of the *struldburgs* themselves were equally mortal with the rest of the people."

I freely own myself to have been struck with inexpressible delight upon hearing this account; and the person who gave it to me happening to understand the Balnibarbian language, which I spoke very well, I could not forbear breaking out into expressions perhaps a little too extravagant. I cried out, as in a rapture, "Happy nation, where every child has at least a chance for being immortal!

Happy people, who enjoy so many living examples of ancient virtue, and have masters ready to instruct them in the wisdom of all former ages! But happiest, beyond all comprehension, are those excellent *struldburgs*, who, being born exempt from that universal calamity of human nature, have their minds free and disengaged, without the weight and depression of spirits caused by the continual apprehension of death." I discovered my admiration, "that I had not observed any of these illustrious persons at court; the black spot on their forehead being so remarkable a distinction, that I could not have easily overlooked it; and it was impossible that his majesty, a most judicious prince, should not provide himself with a good number of such wise and able councellors. Yet perhaps the virtue of those reverend sages, was too strict for the corrupt and libertine manner of a court; and we often find by experience, that young men are too opinionated and volatile to be guided by the sober dictates of their seniors. However, since the king was pleased to allow me access to his royal person, I was resolved upon the first occasion, to deliver my opinion to him on this matter freely and at large, by the help of my interpreter; and whether he would please to take my advice or not, yet in one thing I was determined, that his majesty having frequently offered me an establishment in this country, I would, with great thankfulness accept the favor, and pass my life here in the conversation of those superior beings, the *struldburgs*, if they would please to admit me."

The gentleman to whom I addressed my discourse, because (as I have already observed) he spoke the language of Balnibarbi, said to me with a sort of smile which usually arises from pity to the ignorant, "that he was glad of any occasion to keep me among them, and desired my permission to explain to the company what I had spoke." He did so, and they talked together for some time in their own language, whereof I understood not a syllable, neither could I observe by their countenances, what impression my discourse had made on them. After a short silence, the same person told me, "that his friends and mine (so he thought fit to express himself) were very much pleased with the judicious remarks I had made on the great happiness and advantages of immortal life, and they were desirous to know, in a particular manner, what scheme of living I should have formed to myself, if it had fallen to my lot to have been born a *struldburg?* "

I answered, "that it was easy to be eloquent on so copious and delightful a subject, especially to me, who had been often apt to amuse myself with visions of what I should do, if I were a king, a general, or a great lord; and upon this very case, I had frequently run over the whole system how I should employ myself, and pass the time, if I were sure to live forever.

"That if it had been my good fortune to come into the world a *struldburg*, as soon as I could discover my own happiness, by understanding the difference between life and death, I would first resolve, by all arts and methods whatsoever, to procure myself riches; in the pursuit of which, by thrift and management, I might reasonably expect, in about two hundred years, to be the wealthiest man in the kingdom. In the second place, I would, from my earliest youth, apply myself to the study of arts and sciences, by which I would arrive in time to excel all others in learning. Lastly, I would carefully record every action and event of consequence, that happened in the public, impartially draw the character of the several successions of princes and great ministers of the State, with my own observations on every point. I would exactly set down the several changes in customs, language, fashions of dress, diet, and diversions, by which acquirement, I should be a living treasurer of knowledge and wisdom, and certainly become the oracle of the nation.

"I would never marry after threescore, but live in a hospitable manner, yet still on the saving side. I would entertain myself in forming and directing the minds of hopeful young men, by convincing them, from my own remembrance, experience and observation, fortified by numerous examples, of the usefulness of virtue in public and private life. But my choice and constant companions should be a set of my own immortal brotherhood; among whom I would elect a dozen from the most ancient, down to my own contemporaries. Where any of these wanted fortunes I would provide them with convenient lodges around my estate, and have some of them always at my table; only mingling a few of the most valuable among you mortals, whom length of time would harden me to lose with little or no reluctance, and entreat your posterity after the same manner; just as a man diverts himself with annual succession of pinks and tulips in his garden, without regarding the loss of those which withered the preceding year.

"These *struldbrugs*, and I, would mutually communicate our observations and memorials, through the course of time; remark the several gradations by which corruption steals into the world, and oppose it in every step, by giving perpetual warning and instruction to mankind; which, added to the strong influence of our own example, would probably prevent that continual degeneracy of human nature, so justly complained of in all ages.

"Add to this, the pleasure of seeing the various revolutions of states and empires; the changes in the lower and upper world; ancient cities in ruins, and obscure villages become the seats of kings; famous rivers lessening into shallow brooks; the ocean leaving one coast dry, and overwhelming another; the discovery of many countries yet unknown; of barbarity over-running the politest nations, and the most barbarous become civilized. I should then see the discovery of the longitude, the perpetual motion,

the universal medicine, and many other great inventions, brought to the utmost perfection.

"What wonderful discoveries should we make in astronomy, by outliving and confirming our own predictions; by observing the progress and returns of comets, with the changes of motion in the sun, moon and stars!"

I enlarged upon many other topics, which the natural desire of endless life, and sublunary happiness, could easily furnish me with. When I had ended, and the sum of my discourse had been interpreted, as before, to the rest of the company, there was a good deal of talk among them in the language of the country, not without some laughter at my expense. At last, the same gentleman who had been my interpreter, said, "he was desired by the rest to set me right in a few mistakes, which I had fallen into through the common imbecility of human nature, and upon that allowance was less answerable for them. That this breed of *struldbrugs* was peculiar to their country, for there were no such people either in Balnibarbi or Japan, where he had the honor to be ambassador from his majesty, and found the natives in both those kingdoms very hard to believe that the fact was possible; and it appeared from my astonishment when he first mentioned the matter to me, that I received it as a thing wholly new, and scarcely to be credited. That in the two kingdoms above mentioned, where during his residence he had conversed very much, he observed long life to be the universal desire and wish of mankind. That whoever had one foot in the grave was sure to hold back the other as strongly as he could. That the oldest had still hopes of living one day longer, and looked on death as the greatest evil, from which nature always prompted him to retreat. Only in this island of Luggnagg the appetite for living was not so eager from the continual example of the *struldbrugs* before their eyes.

"That the system of living contrived by me, was unreasonable and unjust; because it supposed a perpetuity of youth, health, and vigor, which no man could be so foolish to hope, however extravagant he may be in his wishes. That the question therefore was not, whether a man would choose to be always in the prime of youth, attended with prosperity and health; but how he would pass a perpetual life under all the usual disadvantages which old age brings along with it; for although few men will avow their desires of being immortal, upon such hard conditions, yet in the two kingdoms before mentioned, of Balnibarbi and Japan, he observed that every man desired to put off death some time longer, let it approach ever so late; and he rarely heard of any man who died willingly, except he were incited by the extremity of grief or torture. And he appealed to me, whether in those countries I had traveled, as well as my own, I had not observed the same general disposition."

After this preface, he gave a particular account of the *struldbrugs* among them. He said "they commonly acted like mortals till about thirty years old; after which, by degrees, they grew melancholy and dejected, increasing in both till they came to fourscore. This he learned from their own confession; for otherwise, there not being above two or three of that species born in an age, they were too few to form a general observation by. When they came to fourscore years, which is reckoned the extremity of living in this country, they had not only all the follies and infirmities of other old men, but many more, which arose from the dreadful prospect of never dying. They were not only opinionative, peevish, covetous, morose, vain, talkative; but incapable of friendship, and dead to all natural affection, which never descended below their grandchildren.

Envy and impotent desires, are their prevailing passions. But those objects against which their envy seems principally directed, are the vices of the younger sort, and the deaths of the old. By reflecting on the former, they find themselves cut off from all possibility of pleasure: and whenever they see a funeral they lament and repine that others have gone to a harbor of rest,, to which they themselves never can hope to arrive. They have no remembrance of anything but what they learned and observed in their youth and middle age, and even that is very imperfect; and for the truth or particulars of any fact it is safer to depend on common tradition, than upon the best recollections. The least miserable among them appear to be those who turn to dotage, and entirely lose their memories; these meet with more pity and assistance, because they want many bad qualities which abound in others.

"If a *struldbrug* happens to marry one of his own kind, the marriage is dissolved of course, by the courtesy of the kingdom, as soon as the younger of the two comes to be fourscore; for the law thinks it a reasonable indulgence, that those who are condemned without any fault of their own to a perpetual continuance in the world, should not have their misery doubled by the load of a wife.

As soon as they have completed the term of eighty years they are looked on as dead in law; their heirs immediately succeed to their estates; only a small pittance is reserved for their support; and the poor ones are maintained at the public charge. After that period they are held incapable of any employment of trust or profit; they cannot purchase lands, or take leases; neither are they allowed to be witnesses in any cause, either civil or criminal, not even for the decision of meers and bonds.

At ninety they lose their teeth and hair; they have at that age no distinction of taste, but eat and drink whatever they can get, without relish or appetite. The diseases they were subject to still continue, without increasing or diminishing. In talking they forget the common appellation of things and the names of persons, even those who are their nearest friends and relations. For the same reason, they

never can amuse themselves with reading, because their memory will not serve to carry them from the beginning of a sentence to the end, and by this defect, they are deprived of the only entertainment whereof they might otherwise be capable.

"The language of this country being always upon the flux, the *struldbrugs* of one age do not understand those of another; neither are they able, after two hundred years, to hold any conversation (farther than by a few general words) with their neighbors the mortals; and thus they lie under the disadvantage of living like foreigners in their own country."

This was the account given me of the *struldbrugs* as near as I can remember. I afterwards saw five or six of different ages, the youngest not above two hundred years old, who were brought to me at several times by my friends; but although they were told "that I was a traveler and had seen all the world," they had not the least curiosity to ask me a question; only desired "I would give them *slumskudask*, or a token of remembrance, which is a modest way of begging, to avoid the law, that strictly forbids it, because they are provided for by the public, although indeed with a very scanty allowance.

They are despised and hated by all sorts of people. When one of them is born it is reckoned ominous, and their birth is recorded very particularly; so that you may know their age by consulting the register, which, however, has not been kept above a thousand years past, or at least has been destroyed by time or public disturbances. But the usual way of computing how old they are, is by asking them what kings or great person they can remember, and then consulting history; for infallibly the last prince in their mind did not begin his reign after they were four-score years old.

They were the most mortifying sights I ever beheld; and the women were more horrible than the men. Besides the usual deformities in extreme old age, they acquired an additional ghastliness, in proportion to their number of years, which is not to be described; and among half a dozen, I soon distinguished which was the eldest, although there was not above a century or two between them.

The reader will easily believe, that from what I had heard and seen, my keen appetite for perpetuity of life was much abated. I grew heartily ashamed of the pleasing visions I had formed; and thought no tyrant could invent a death, into which I would not run with pleasure from such a life.

The king heard of all that had passed between me and my friends upon this occasion, and rallied me very pleasantly; wishing I could send a couple of *struldbrugs* to my own country, to arm our people against the fear of death, but this, it seems, is forbidden by the fundamental laws of the kingdom, or else I should have been well content with the trouble and expense of transporting them.

I could not but agree, that the laws of this kingdom relative to the *struldbrugs* were founded upon the strongest reasons, and such as any other country would be under the necessity of enacting, in the like circumstances. Otherwise, as avarice is the necessary consequent of old age, those immortals would in time become proprietors of the whole nation and engross the civil power, which, for want of abilities to manage, must end in the ruin of the public.

THE CHILD WIFE.

CHARLES DICKENS—"DAVID COPPERFIELD."

It was a strange condition of things, the honey-moon being over, and the bridemaids gone home, when I found myself sitting down in my own small house with Dora; quite thrown out of employment, as I may say, in respect of the delicious old occupation of making love.

It seemed such an extraordinary thing to have Dora always there. It was so unaccountable not to be obliged to go out to see her, not to have any occasion to be tormenting myself about her, not to have to write to her, not to be scheming and devising opportunities of being alone with her. Sometimes of an evening, when I looked up from my writing, and saw her seated opposite, I would lean back in my chair, and think how queer it was that there we were, alone together as a matter of course—nobody's business any more—all the romance of our engagement put away upon a shelf, to rust—no one to please but one another—one another to please, for life.

When there was a debate, and I was kept out very late, it seemed so strange to me, as I was walking home, to think that Dora was at home! It was such a wonderful thing, at first, to have her coming softly down to talk to me as I ate my supper. It was such a stupendous thing to know for certain that she put her hair in papers. It was altogether such an astonishing event to see her do it!

I doubt whether two young birds could have known less about keeping house, than I and my pretty Dora did. We had a servant, of course. She kept house for us. I have still a latent belief that she must have been Mrs. Crupp's daughter in disguise, we had such an awful time of it with Mary Anne.

Her name was Paragon. Her nature was represented to us, when we engaged her, as being feebly expressed in her name. She had a written character as large as a proclamation; and, according to this document, could do everything of a domestic nature that ever I heard of, and a great many things that I never did hear of. She was a woman in the prime of life; of a severe countenance; and subject (particularly in the arms) to a sort of perpetual measles or fiery rash. She had a cousin in the Life Guards, with such long legs that he looked like the afternoon shadow of somebody else. His shell-jacket was as much too little for him as he was too big for the premises. He made the cottage smaller than it need have been, by being so very much out of proportion to it. Besides which, the walls were not thick, and

whenever he passed the evening at our house, we always knew of it by hearing one continual growl in the kitchen.

Our treasure was warranted sober and honest. I am therefore willing to believe that she was in a fit when we found her under the boiler; and that the deficient teaspoons were attributable to the dustman.

But she preyed upon our minds dreadfully. We felt our inexperience, and were unable to help ourselves. We should have been at her mercy, if she had had any; but she was a remorseless woman, and had none. She was the cause of our first little quarrel.

"My dearest life," I said one day to Dora, "do you think Mary Anne has any idea of time?"

"Why, Doady?" inquired Dora, looking up, innocently, from her drawing.

"My love, because it's five, and we were to have dined at four."

Dora glanced wistfully at the clock, and hinted that she thought it was too fast.

"On the contrary, my love," said I, referring to my watch, "it's a few minutes too slow."

My little wife came and sat upon my knee, to coax me to be quiet, and drew a line with her pencil down the middle of my nose; but I couldn't dine off that, though it was very agreeable.

"Don't you think, my dear," said I, "it would be better for you to remonstrate with Mary Anne?"

"Oh, no, please! I couldn't, Doady!" said Dora.

"Why not, my love?" I gently asked.

"Oh, because I am such a little goose," said Dora, "and she knows I am!"

I thought this sentiment so incompatible with the establishment of any system of check on Mary Anne, that I frowned a little.

"Oh, what ugly wrinkles in my bad boy's forehead!" said Dora, and still being on my knee, she traced them with her pencil; and putting it to her rosy lips to make it mark blacker, and working at my forehead with a quaint little mockery of being industrious, that it quite delighted me in spite of myself.

"There's a good child," said Dora. "It makes its face so much prettier to laugh."

"But my love," said I.

"No, no! please!" cried Dora, with a kiss, "don't be a naughty Blue Beard! Don't be serious!"

"My precious wife," said I, "we must be serious sometimes. Come! Sit down on this chair, close beside me! Give me the pencil. There! Now let us talk sensibly. You know, dear;" what a little hand it was to hold, and what a tiny wedding-ring it was to see! "You know, my love, it is not exactly comfortable to have to go out without one's dinner. Now, is it?"

"N—n—no!" replied Dora, faintly.

"My love, how you tremble!"

"Because I KNOW you're going to scold me," exclaimed Dora, in a piteous voice.

"My sweet, I am only going to reason."

"Oh, but reasoning is worse than scolding," exclaimed Dora, in despair. "I didn't marry to be reasoned with. If you meant to reason with such a poor little thing as I am, you ought to have told me so, you cruel boy!"

I tried to pacify Dora, but she turned away her face, and shook her curls from side to side, and said, "You cruel, cruel boy!" so many times, that I really did not exactly know what to do; so I took a few turns up and down the room in my uncertainty, and came back again.

"Dora, my darling!"

"No, I am not your darling. Because you *must* be sorry that you married me, or else you wouldn't reason with me!" returned Dora.

I felt so injured by the inconsequential nature of this charge, that it gave me courage to be grave.

"Now, my own Dora," said I, "you are very childish, and are talking nonsense. You must remember, I am sure, that I was obliged to go out yesterday when dinner was half over; and that, the day before, I was made quite unwell by being obliged to eat underdone veal in a hurry, to-day I don't dine at all—and I am afraid to say how long we waited for breakfast—and *then* the water didn't boil. I don't mean to reproach you, my dear, but this is not comfortable."

"Oh, you cruel, cruel boy, to say I am a disagreeable wife!" cried Dora.

"Now, my dear Dora, you must know that I never said that!"

"You said I wasn't comfortable!"

"I said the housekeeping was not comfortable."

"It's exactly the same thing!" cried Dora. And she evidently thought so, for she wept most grievously.

I took another turn across the room, full of love for my pretty wife, and distracted my self-accusatory inclinations to knock my head against the door. I sat down again, and said:

"I am not blaming you, Dora. We have both a great deal to learn. I am only trying to show you, my dear, that you must—you really must" (I was resolved not to give this up) "accustom yourself to look after Mary Anne. Likewise to act a little for yourself, and me."

"I wonder, I do, at your making such ungrateful speeches," sobbed Dora. "When you know that the other day, when you said you would like a little bit of fish, I went out myself, miles and miles, and ordered it, to surprise you."

"And it was very kind of you, my own darling," said I. "I felt it so much that I wouldn't on any account have ever mentioned that you bought a Salmon—which was too much for two. Or that it cost one pound six—which was more than we can afford."

"You enjoyed it very much," sobbed Dora. "And you said I was a Mouse."

"And I'll say so again, my love," I returned, "a thousand times!"

But I had wounded Dora's soft little heart, and she was not to be comforted. She was so pathetic in her sobbing and bewailing that I felt as if I had said I

don't know what to hurt her. I was obliged to hurry away; I was kept out late; and I felt all night such pangs of remorse as made me miserable. I had the conscience of an assassin, and was haunted by a vague sense of enormous wickedness.

It was two or three hours past midnight when I got home.

Dora came stealing down in her slippers to meet me, and cried upon my shoulder, and said I had been hard-hearted and she had been naughty, and I said much the same thing in effect, I believe; and we made it up and agreed that our first little difference was to be our last, and that we were never to have another if we lived a hundred years.

The next domestic trial we went through was the Ordeal of Servants. Mary Anne's cousin deserted into our coal-hole, and was brought out, to our great amazement, by a piquet of his companions in arms, who took him away handcuffed in a procession that covered our front garden with ignominy. This nerved me to get rid of Mary Anne, who went so mildly, on receipt of wages, that I was surprised, until I found out about the teaspoons, and also about the little sums she had borrowed in my name of the tradespeople without authority. After an interval of Mrs. Kidgerbury—the oldest inhabitant of Kentish Town, I believe, who went out charing, but was too feeble to execute her conceptions of that art—we found another treasure, who was one of the most amiable of women, but who generally made a point of falling either up or down the kitchen stairs with the tray, and almost plunged into the parlor, as into a bath, with the tea-things. The ravages committed by this unfortunate rendering her dismissal necessary, she was succeeded (with intervals of Mrs. Kidgerbury) by a long line of Incapables; terminating in a young person of genteel appearance, who went to Greenwich Fair in Dora's bonnet. After whom I remember nothing but an average equality of failure.

Everybody we had anything to do with seemed to cheat us. Our appearance in a shop was a signal for the damaged goods to be brought out immediately. If we bought a lobster, it was full of water. All our meat turned out to be tough, and there was hardly any crust to our loaves. In search of the principle on which joints ought to be roasted, to be roasted enough, and not too much, I myself referred to the Cookery Book, and found it there established as the allowance of a quarter of an hour to every pound, and say a quarter over. But the principle always failed us by some curious fatality, and we never could hit any medium between redness and cinders.

One of our first feats in the housekeeping way was a little dinner to Traddles. I met him in town and asked him to walk out with me that afternoon. He readily consenting, I wrote to Dora, saying I would bring him home. It was pleasant weather, and on the road we made my domestic happiness the theme of conversation. Traddles was very full of it; and said, that, picturing himself with such a home, and Sophy waiting and preparing for him, he could think of nothing wanting to complete his bliss.

I could not have wished for a prettier little wife at the opposite end of the table, but I certainly could have wished, when we sat down, for a little more room. I did not know how it was, but though there were only two of us, we were at once always cramped for room, and yet had always room enough to lose everything in. I suspect it may have been because nothing had a place of its own, except Jip's pagoda, which invariably blocked the main thoroughfare. On the present occasion, Traddles was so hemmed in by the pagoda and the guitar-case, and Dora's flower-painting and my writing-table, that I had serious doubts of the possibility of his using his knife and fork; but he protested, with his own good humor, "Oceans of room, Copperfield! I assure you, Oceans!"

There was another thing I could have wished; namely, that Jip had never been encouraged to walk about the table-cloth during dinner. I began to think there was something disorderly in his being there at all, even if he had not been in the habit of putting his foot in the salt or the melted butter. On this occasion he seemed to think he was introduced expressly to keep Traddles at bay; and he barked at my old friend, and made short runs at his plate, with such undaunted pertinacity, that he may be said to have engrossed the conversation.

However, as I knew how tender-hearted my dear Dora was, and how sensitive she would be to any slight upon her favorite, I hinted no objection. For similar reasons I made no allusion to the skirmishing-plates upon the floor, or to the disreputable appearance of the casters, which were all at sixes and sevens, and looked drunk; or to the further blockade of Traddles by wandering vegetable dishes and jugs. I could not help wondering in my own mind, as I contemplated the boiled leg of mutton before me previous to carving it, how it came to pass that our joints of meat were of such extraordinary shapes—and whether our butcher contracted for all the deformed sheep that came into the world; but I kept my reflections to myself.

"My love," said I to Dora, "what have you got in that dish?"

I could not imagine why Dora had been making tempting little faces at me, as if she wanted to kiss me.

"Oysters, dear," said Dora, timidly.

"Was that *your* thought?" said I, delighted.

"Ye-yes, Doady," said Dora.

"There never was a happier one!" I exclaimed, laying down the carving-knife and fork. "There is nothing Traddles likes so much!"

"Ye-yes, Doady," said Dora, "and so I bought a beautiful little barrel of them, and the man said they were very good. But I—I am afraid there's something the matter with them. They don't seem right." Here Dora shook her head, and diamonds twinkled in her eyes.

"They are only opened in both shells," said I. "Take the top one off, my love."

"But it won't come off," said Dora, trying very hard, and looking very much distressed.

"Do you know, Copperfield," said Traddles, cheerfully, examining the dish, "I think it is in consequence—they are capital oysters, but I *think* it is in consequence of their never having been opened."

They never had been opened and we had no oyster-knives—and couldn't have used them if we had; so we looked at the oysters and ate the mutton. At least we ate as much of it as was done, and made up with capers. If I had permitted him, I am satisfied that Traddles would have made a perfect savage of himself and eaten a plateful of raw meat to express enjoyment of the repast; but I would hear of no such immolation on the altar of friendship; and we had a course of bacon instead, there happening, by good fortune, to be cold bacon in the larder

My poor little wife was in such affliction when she thought I should be annoyed, and in such a state of joy when she found that I was not, that the discomfiture I had subdued very soon vanished, and we passed a happy evening, Dora sitting with her arm on my chair while Traddles and I discussed a glass of wine, and taking every opportunity of whispering in my ear that it was so good of me not to be a cruel, cross boy. By-and-by she made tea for us, which it was so pretty to see her do, as if she was busying herself with a set of doll's tea things, that I was not particular about the quality of the beverage. Then Traddles and I played a game or two at cribbage; and Dora singing to the guitar the while, it seemed to me as if our courtship and marriage were a tender dream of mine and the night when I first listened to her voice were not yet over.

When Traddles went away, and I came back into the parlor from seeing him out, my wife planted her chair close to mine and sat down by my side.

"I am very sorry," she said. "Will you try to teach me, Doady?"

"I must teach myself first, Dora," said I. "I am as bad as you, love."

"Ah! But you can learn," she returned; "and you are a clever, clever man!"

"Nonsense, mouse!" said I.

"I wish," resumed my wife, after a long silence, "that I could have gone down into the country for a whole year, and lived with Agnes!"

Her hands were clasped upon my shoulder, and her chin rested on them, and her blue eyes looked quietly into mine.

"Why so?" I asked.

"I think she might have improved me, and I think I might have learned from *her*," said Dora.

"All in good time, my love. Agnes has had her father to take care of for these many years, you should remember. Even when she was quite a child, she was the Agnes whom we know," said I.

"Will you call me a name I want you to call me?" inquired Dora, without moving.

"What is it?" I asked with a smile.

"It's a stupid name," she said, shaking her curls for a moment. "Child-wife."

I laughingly asked my child-wife what her fancy was in desiring to be so called. She answered without moving, otherwise than as the arm I twined about her may have brought her blue eyes nearer to me.

"I don't mean, you silly fellow, that you should use the name instead of Dora. I only mean that you should think of me that way. When you are going to be angry with me, say to yourself, 'it's only my child-wife!' When I am very disappointing, say, 'I knew, a long time ago, that she would make but a child-wife.' When you miss what I should like to be, and I think can never be, say, 'still my foolish child-wife loves me!' For indeed I do."

I had not been serious with her, having no idea, until now, that she was serious herself. But her affectionate nature was so happy in what I now said to her with my whole heart, that her face became a laughing one before her glittering eyes were dry. She was soon my child-wife, indeed; sitting down on the floor outside the Chinese House, ringing all the little bells one after another, to punish Jip for his recent bad behavior; while Jip lay blinking in the doorway with his head out, even too lazy to be teased.

This appeal of Dora's made a strong impression on me. I look back on the time I write of; I invoke the innocent figure that I dearly loved, to come out from the mists and shadows of the past, and turn its gentle head toward me once again; and I can still declare that this one little speech was constantly in my memory. I may not have used it to the best account; I was young and inexperienced, but I never turned a deaf ear to its artless pleading.

Dora told me, shortly afterward, that she was going to be a wonderful housekeeper. Accordingly, she polished the tablets, pointed the pencil, bought an immense account-book, carefully stitched up with a needle and thread all the leaves of the Cookery Book which Jip had torn, and made quite a desperate little attempt "to be good" as she called it. But the figures had the old obstinate propensity—they *would not* add up. When she had entered two or three laborious items in the account-book, Jip would walk over the page, wagging his tail, and smear them all out. Her own little right-hand middle finger got steeped to the very bone in ink; and I think that was the only decided result obtained.

Sometimes, of an evening, when I was at home and at work—for I wrote a good deal now, and was beginning in a small way to be known as a writer—I would lay down my pen, and watch my child-wife trying to be good. First of all, she would bring out the immense account-book, and lay it down upon the table, with a deep sigh. Then she would open it at

the place where Jip had made it illegible last night, and call Jip to look at his misdeeds. This would occasion a diversion in Jip's favor, and some inking of his nose, perhaps, as a penalty. Then she would tell Jip to lie down on the table instantly, "like a lion"—which was one of his tricks, though I cannot say the likeness was striking—and, if he were in an obedient humor, he would obey. Then she would take up a pen and begin to write, and find a hair in it. Then she would take up another pen, and begin to write, and find that it spluttered. Then she would take up another pen, and begin to write, and say in a low voice, "Oh, it's a talking pen, and will disturb Doady!" And then she would give it up as a bad job, and put the account-book away, after pretending to crush the lion with it.

Or, if she were in a very sedate and serious state of mind, she would sit down with the tablets, and a little basket of bills and other documents, which looked more like curl-paper than anything else, and endeavor to get some result out of them. After severely comparing one with another, and making entries on the tablets and blotting them out, and counting all the fingers of her left hand over and over again, backward and forward, she would be so vexed and discouraged, and would look so unhappy, that it gave me pain to see her bright face clouded—and for me!—and I would go softly to her, and say:

"What's the matter, Dora?"

Dora would look up hopelessly and reply, "They won't come right. They make my head ache so. And they won't do anything I want!"

Then I would say, "Now let us try together. Let me show you, Dora."

Then I would commence a practical demonstration to which Dora would pay profound attention, perhaps for five minutes; when she would begin to get dreadfully tired, and would lighten the subject by curling my hair, or trying the effect of my face with my shirt collar turned down. If I tacitly checked this playfulness, and persisted, she would look so scared and disconsolate, as she became more and more bewildered, that the remembrance of her natural gayety when I first strayed into her path, and of her being my child-wife, would come reproachfully upon me; and I would lay the pencil down, and call for the guitar.

I had a great deal of work to do, and had many anxieties, but the same considerations made me keep them to myself. I am far from sure, now, that it was right to do this, but I did it for my child-wife's sake. I search my breast and I commit its secrets, if I know them, without any reservation to this paper. The old unhappy loss or want of something had, I am conscious, some place in my heart; but not to the embitterment of my life. When I walked alone in fine weather, and thought of the summer days when all the air had been filled with my boyish enchantment, I did miss something of the realization of my dreams, but I thought it was a softened glory of the past, which nothing could have thrown upon the present time. I did feel, sometimes, for a little while that I could have wished my wife had been my counselor; had had more character and purpose, to sustain me, and improve me by; had been endowed with power to fill up the void which somewhere seemed to be about me; but I felt as if this were an unearthly consummation of my happiness, that never had been meant to be, and never could have been.

I was a boyish husband as to years. I had known the softening influences of no other sorrows or experiences than those recorded in these leaves. If I did any wrong, as I may have done much, I did it in mistaken love, and in my want of wisdom. I write the exact truth. It would avail me nothing to extenuate it.

Thus it was that I took upon myself the toils and cares of our life, and had no partner in them. We lived much as before, in reference to our scrambling household arrangements; but I had got used to those, and Dora, I was pleased to see, was seldom vexed now. She was bright and cheerful in the old childish way, loved me dearly, and was happy with her old trifles.

When the debates were heavy—I mean as to length, not quality, for in the last respect they were not often otherwise—and I went home late, Dora would never rest when she heard my footsteps, but would always come down-stairs to meet me. When my evenings were unoccupied by the pursuit for which I had qualified myself with so much pains, and I was engaged in writing at home, she would sit quietly near me, however late the hour, and be so mute, that I would often think she had dropped asleep. But generally, when I raised my head, I saw her blue eyes looking at me with the quiet attention of which I have already spoken.

"Oh, what a weary boy!" said Dora one night, when I met her eyes as I was shutting up my desk.

"What a weary girl!" said I. "That's more to the purpose. You must go to bed another time, my love. It's far too late for you."

"No, don't send me to bed!" pleaded Dora, coming to my side. "Pray don't do that!"

"Dora!"

To my amazement she was sobbing on my neck.

"Not well, my dear! not happy!"

"Yes! quite well, and very happy!" said Dora. "But say you'll let me stop, and see you write."

"Why, what a sight for such bright eyes at midnight!" I replied.

"Are they bright, though?" returned Dora, laughing. "I'm so glad they're bright."

"Little Vanity!" said I.

But it was not vanity; it was only harmless delight in my admiration. I knew that very well, before she told me so.

"If you think them pretty, say I may always stop and see you write!" said Dora. "*Do* you think them pretty?"

"Very pretty."

"Then let me always stop and see you write."

"I am afraid that won't improve their brightness, Dora."

"Yes it will! Because, you clever boy, you'll not forget me then, while you are full of silent fancies. Will you mind it, if I say something very, very silly —more than usual?" inquired Dora, peeping over my shoulder into my face.

"What wonderful thing is that?" said I.

"Please let me hold the pens," said Dora. "I want to have something to do with all those many hours when you are so industrious. Mav I hold the pens?"

The remembrance of her pretty joy when I said Yes, bring tears into my eyes. The next time I sat down to write, and regularly afterward, she sat in her old place, with a spare bundle of pens at her side. Her triumph in this connection with my work, and her delight when I wanted a new pen—which I very often feigned to do—suggested to me a new way of pleasing my child-wife. I occasionally made a pretense of wanting a page or two of manuscript copied. Then Dora was in her glory. The preparations she made for the great work, the aprons she put on, the bibs she borrowed from the kitchen to keep off the ink, the time she took, the innumerable stoppages she made to have a laugh with Jip as if he understood it all, her conviction that her work was incomplete unless she signed her name at the end, and the way in which she would bring it to me, like a school-copy, and then, when I praised it, clasp me round the neck, are touching recollections to me, simple as they might appear to other men.

She took possession of the keys soon after this, and went jingling about the house with the whole bunch in a little basket tied to her slender waist. I seldom found that the places to which they belonged were locked, or that they were of any use except as a plaything for Jip—but Dora was pleased, and that pleased me. She was quite satisfied that a good deal was effected by this make-belief of housekeeping, and was as merry as if we had been keeping a baby-house for a joke.

I now write of the time when I had been married, I suppose, about a year and a half. After several varieties of experiment, we had given up the housekeeping as a bad job. The house kept itself, and we kept a page. The principal function of this retainer was to quarrel with the cook; in which respect he was a perfect Whittington, without his cat, or the remotest chance of being made Lord Mayor.

He appears to me to have lived in a hail of saucepan-lids. His whole existence was a scuffle. He would shriek for help on the most improper occasions—as when we had a little dinner party, or a few friends in the evening—and would come tumbling out of the kitchen, with iron missiles flying after him. We wanted to get rid of him, but he was very much attached to us, and wouldn't go. He was a tearful boy, and broke into such deplorable lamentations when a cessation of our connection was hinted at, that we were obliged to keep him. He had no mother—no anything in the way of a relative, that I could discover, except a sister, who fled to America the moment we had taken him off her hands; and he became quartered on us like a horrible young changeling. He had a lively perception of his own unfortunate state, and was always rubbing his eyes with the sleeve of his jacket, or stooping to blow his nose on the extreme corner of a little pocket-handkerchief, which he never *would* take completely out of his pocket, but alway economized and secreted.

This unlucky page, engaged in an evil hour at six pounds ten per annum, was a source of continual trouble to me. I watched him as he grew—and he grew like scarlet beans—with painful apprehensions of the time when he would begin to shave; even of the days when he would be bald or gray. I saw no prospect of ever getting rid of him; and, projecting myself into the future, used to think what an inconvenience he would be when he was an old man.

I never expected anything less than this unfortunate's manner of getting me out of my difficulty. He stole Dora's watch, which, like everything else belonging to us, had no particular place of its own; and, converting it into money, spent the produce (he was always a weak-minded boy), in incessantly riding up and down between London and Uxbridge outside the coach. He was taken to Bow Street, as well as I remember, on the completion of his fifteenth journey; when four-and-sixpence, and a second-hand fife which he couldn't play, were found upon his person.

All this led me into some serious reflections, and presented our mistakes in a new aspect; as I could not help communicating to Dora one evening, in spite of my tenderness for her.

"My love," said I, "it is very painful for me to think that our want of system and management involves not only ourselves (which we have got used to), but other people."

"You have been silent for a long time, and now you are going to be cross!" said Dora.

"No, my dear, indeed! Let me explain to you what I mean."

"I think I don't want to know," said Dora.

"But I want you to know, my love. Put Jip down."

Dora put his nose to mine, and said, "Boh!" to drive my seriousness away; but, not succeeding, ordered him into his Pagoda, and sat looking at me, with her hands folded, and a most resigned little expression of countenance.

"The fact is, my dear," I began, "there is contagion in us. We infect every one about us."

I might have gone on in this figurative manner, if Dora's face had not admonished me that she was wondering whether I was going to propose any new kind of vaccination, or other medical remedy, for this unwholesome state of ours. Therefore I checked myself, and made my meaning plainer.

"It is not merely, my pet," said I, "that we lose money and comfort, and even temper sometimes, by not learning to be more careful; but that we incur the serious responsibility of spoiling every one who comes into our service, or has any dealings with us. I begin to be afraid that the fault is not entirely on one side, but that these people all turn out ill because we don't turn out very well ourselves."

"Oh, what an accusation!" exclaimed Dora, opening her eyes wide; "to say that you ever saw me take gold watches! Oh!"

"My dearest," I remonstrated, "don't talk preposterous nonsense! Who has made the least allusion to gold watches?"

"You did," returned Dora. "You know you did. You said I hadn't turned out well, and compared me to him."

"To whom?" I asked.

"To the page," sobbed Dora. "Oh, you cruel fellow, to compare your affectionate wife to a transported page! Why didn't you tell me your opinion of me before we were married? Why didn't you say, you hard-hearted thing, that you were convinced I was worse than a transported page? Oh, what a dreadful opinion to have of me! Oh, my goodness!"

"Now, Dora, my love," I returned, gently trying to remove the handkerchief she pressed to her eyes, "this is not only very ridiculous of you, but very wrong. In the first place, it's not true."

"You always said he was a story-teller," sobbed Dora. "And now you say the same of me! Oh, what shall I do? What shall I do?"

"My darling girl," I retorted, "I really must entreat you to be reasonable, and listen to what I did say and do say. My dear Dora, unless we learn to do our duty to those whom we employ, they will never learn to do their duty to us. I am afraid we present opportunities to people to do wrong, that never ought to be presented. Even if we were as lax as we are in all our arrangements by choice—which we are not; even if we liked it, and I found it agreeable to be so—which we don't—I am persuaded we should have no right to go on in this way. We are positively corrupting people. We are bound to think of that. I can't help thinking of it, Dora. It is a reflection I am unable to dismiss, and it sometimes makes me very uneasy. There, dear, that's all. Come, now; don't be foolish."

Dora would not allow me for a long time to remove the handkerchief. She sat sobbing and murmuring behind it, that, if I was uneasy, why had I ever married? Why hadn't I said, even the day before we went to church, that I knew I should be uneasy, and I would rather not? If I couldn't bear it, why didn't I send her away to her aunt's at Putney, or to Julia Mills in India? Julia would be glad to see her, and would not call her a transported page; Julia never had called her anything of the sort. In short, Dora was so afflicted, and so afflicted me by being in that condition, that I felt it was of no use repeating this kind of effort, though never so mildly, and I must take some other course.

What other course was left to take? To "form her mind?" This was a common phrase of words which had a fair and promising sound, and I resolved to form Dora's mind.

I began immediately. When Dora was very childish, and I would have infinitely preferred to humor her, I tried to be grave—and disconcerted her, and myself too. I talked to her on the subjects which occupied my thoughts; and I read Shakespeare to her—and fatigued her to the last degree. I accustomed myself to giving her, as it were, quite casually, little scraps of useful information, or sound opinion—and she started from them when I let them off, as if they had been crackers. No matter how incidentally or naturally I endeavored to form my little wife's mind, I could not help seeing that she always had an instinctive perception of what I was about, and became a prey to the keenest apprehensions. In particular, it was clear to me, that she thought Shakespeare a terrible fellow. The formation went on very slowly.

I pressed Traddles into the service without his knowledge; and whenever he came to see us, exploded my mines upon him for the edification of Dora at second hand. The amount of practical wisdom I bestowed upon Traddles in this manner was immense, and of the best quality; but it had no other effect upon Dora than to depress her spirits, and make her always nervous with the dread that it would be her turn next. I found myself in the condition of a schoolmaster, a trap, a pitfall; of always playing spider to Dora's fly, and always pouncing out of my hole to her infinite disturbance.

Still, looking forward through this intermediate stage, to the time when there should be a perfect sympathy between Dora and me, and when I should have "formed her mind" to my entire satisfaction, I persevered, even for months. Finding at last, however, that, although I had been all this time a very porcupine or hedgehog, bristling all over with determination, I had effected nothing, it began to occur to me that perhaps Dora's mind was already formed.

On further consideration this appeared so likely, that I abandoned my scheme, which had a more promising appearance in words than in action; resolving henceforth to be satisfied with my child-wife, and try to change her into nothing else by any process. I was heartily tired of being sagacious and prudent by myself, and of seeing my darling under restraint; so, I bought a pretty pair of ear-rings for her, and a collar for Jip, and went home one day to make myself agreeable.

Dora was delighted with the little presents, and kissed me joyfully; but there was a shadow between us, however slight, and I made up my mind that it should not be there. If there must be such a shadow anywhere, I would keep it for the future in my own breast.

I sat down by my wife on the sofa, and put the ear-rings in her ears; and then I told her that I feared we had not been quite as good company lately as we used to be, and that the fault was mine. Which I sincerely felt, and which indeed it was.

"The truth is, Dora, my life," I said, "I have been trying to be wise."

"And to make me wise, too," said Dora, timidly. "Haven't you, Doady?"

I nodded assent to the pretty inquiry of the raised eyebrows, and kissed the parted lips.

"It's of not a bit of use," said Dora, shaking her head until the ear-rings rang again. "You know what a little thing I am, and what I wanted you to call me from the first. If you can't do so, I am afraid you'll never like me. Are you sure you don't think, sometimes, it would have been better to have—"

"Done what, my dear?" for she made no effort to proceed.

"Nothing!" said Dora.

"Nothing?" I repeated.

She put her arms round my neck, and laughed, and called herself by her favorite name of goose, and hid her face on my shoulder in such a profusion of curls that it was quite a task to clear them away and see it.

"Don't I think it would have been better to have done nothing, than to have tried to form my little wife's mind?" said I, laughing at myself. "Is that the question. Yes, indeed I do."

"Is that what you have been trying?" cried Dora. "Oh, what a shocking boy!"

"But I shall never try any more," said I. "For I love her dearly as she is."

"Without a story—really?" inquired Dora, creeping closer to me.

"Why should I seek to change," said I, "what has been so precious to me for so long? You never can show better than as your own natural self, my sweet Dora; and we'll try no conceited experiments, but go back to our old way, and be happy."

"And be happy!" returned Dora. "Yes! All day! And you won't mind things going a tiny morsel wrong, sometimes?"

"No, no," said I. "We must do the best we can."

"And you won't tell me any more that we make other people bad," coaxed Dora; "will you? Because you know it's so dreadfully cross!"

"No, no," said I.

"It's better for me to be stupid than uncomfortable, isn't it?" said Dora.

"Better to be naturally Dora than anything else in the world."

"In the world. Ah, Doady, it's a large place!"

She shook her head, turned her delighted bright eyes up to mine, kissed me, broke into a merry laugh, and sprang away to put on Jip's new collar.

So ended my last attempt to make any change in Dora. I had been unhappy in trying it; I could not endure my own solitary wisdom; I could not reconcile it with her former appeal to me as my child-wife. I resolved to do what I could, in a quiet way, to improve our proceedings myself; but, I foresaw that my utmost would be very little, or I must degenerate into the spider again, and be forever lying in wait.

But, as that year wore on, Dora was not strong. I had hoped that lighter hands than mine would help to mold her character, and that a baby-smile upon her breast might change my child-wife to a woman. It was not to be. The spirit fluttered for a moment on the threshold of its little prison, and, unconscious of captivity, took wing.

"When I can run about again, as I used to do, aunt," said Dora, "I shall make Jip race. He is getting quite slow and lazy."

"I suspect, my dear," said my aunt, quietly working by her side, "he has a worse disorder than that. Age, Dora."

"Do you think he is old?" said Dora, astonished. "Oh, how strange it seems that Jip should be old!"

"It's a complaint we are all liable to, Little One, as we get on in life," said my aunt, cheerfully; "I don't feel more free from it than I used to be, I assure you."

"But Jip," said Dora, looking at him with compassion, "even little Jip! Oh, poor fellow!"

"I dare say he'll last a long time yet, Blossom," said my aunt, patting Dora on the cheek, as she leaned out of her couch to look at Jip, who responded by standing on his hind legs, and balking himself in various asthmatic attempts to scramble up by the head and shoulders. "He must have a piece of flannel in the house this winter, and I shouldn't wonder if he came out quite fresh again, with the flowers in the spring. Bless the little dog!" exclaimed my aunt. "If he had as many lives as a cat, and was on the point of losing 'em all, he'd bark at me with his last breath, I believe!"

Dora had helped him up on the sofa, where he really was defying my aunt to such a furious extent that he couldn't keep straight, but barked himself sideways. The more my aunt looked at him, the more he reproached her; for, she had lately taken to spectacles, and for some inscrutable reason he considered the glasses personal.

Dora made him lie down by her, with a good deal of persuasion; and when he was quiet, drew one of his long ears through and through her hand, repeating thoughtfully, "Even little Jip! Oh, poor fellow."

"His lungs are good enough," said my aunt, gayly, "and his dislikes are not all feeble. He has a good many years before him, no doubt. But if you want a dog to race with, Little Blossom, he has lived too well for that, and I'll give you one."

"Thank you, Aunt," said Dora, faintly, "but don't, please!"

"No?" said my aunt, taking off her spectacles.

"I couldn't have any other dog but Jip," said Dora. "It would be so unkind to Jip! Besides, I couldn't be such friends with any other dog but Jip; because

he wouldn't have known me before I was married, and wouldn't have barked at Doady when he first came to our house. I couldn't care for any other dog but Jip, I am afraid, aunt."

"To be sure!" said my aunt, patting her cheek again. "You are right."

"You are not offended," said Dora, "are you?"

"Why, what a sensitive pet it is!" cried my aunt, bending over her affectionately. "To think that I could be offended!"

"No, no, I didn't really think so," returned Dora; "but I am a little tired, and it made me silly for a moment—I am always a silly little thing, you know; but it has made me more silly—to talk about Jip. He has known me in all that has happened to me—haven't you, Jip? And I couldn't bear to slight him, because he was a little altered—could I, Jip?"

Jip nestled closer to his mistress, and lazily licked her hand.

"You are not so old, Jip, are you, that you'll leave your mistress yet?" said Dora. "We may keep one another company a little longer!"

My pretty Dora! When she came down to dinner on the ensuing Sunday, and was so glad to see old Traddles (who always dined with us on Sunday), we thought she would be "running about as she used to do," in a few days. But they said, wait a few days and then, wait a few days more; and still she neither ran nor walked. She looked very pretty, and was very merry; but the little feet that used to be so nimble when they danced round Jip were dull and motionless.

I began to carry her down-stairs every morning, and up-stairs every night. She would clasp me round the neck and laugh, the while, as if I did it for a wager. Jip would bark and caper round us, and go on before, and look back on the landing, breathing short, to see if we were coming. My aunt, the best and most cheerful of nurses, would trudge after us, a moving mass of shawls and pillows. Mr. Dick would not have relinquished his post of candle-bearer to any one alive. Traddles would be often at the bottom of the staircase, looking on, and taking charge of sportive messages from Dora to the dearest girl in the world. We made quite a gay procession of it, and my child-wife was the gayest there.

But sometimes, when I took her up, and felt that she was lighter in my arms, a dead, blank feeling came upon me, as if I were approaching to some frozen region yet unseen, that numbed my life. I avoided the recognition of this feeling by any name, or by any communing with myself; until one night, when it was very strong upon me, and my aunt had left her with a parting cry of: "Good-night, Little Blossom," I sat down at my desk, alone, and cried to think, oh, what a fatal name it was, and how the blossom withered in its bloom upon the tree!

I must pause yet once again. Oh, my child-wife, there is a figure in the moving crowd before my memory, quiet and still, saying in its innocent love and childish beauty, Stop to think of me—turn to look upon the Little Blossom, as it flutters to the ground!

I do. All else grows dim, and fades away. I am again with Dora, in our cottage. I do not know how long she has been ill. I am so used to it in feeling, that I cannot count the time. It is not really long, in weeks or months; but, in my usage and experience, it is a weary, weary while.

They have left off telling me to "wait a few days more." I have begun to fear, remotely, that the day may never shine when I shall see my child-wife running in the sunlight with her old friend Jip.

He is, as it were, suddenly grown very old. It may be that he misses in his mistress something that enlivened him and made him younger; but he mopes, and his sight is weak, and his limbs are feeble, and my aunt is sorry that he objects to her no more, but creeps near her as he lies on Dora's bed—she sitting at the bedside—and mildly licks her hand.

Dora lies smiling on us, and is beautiful, and utters no hasty or complaining word. She says that we are very good to her; that her dear old careful boy is tiring himself out, she knows; that my aunt has no sleep, yet is always wakeful, active, and kind. Sometimes, the little bird-like ladies come to see her; and then we talk about our wedding-day, and all that happy time.

What a strange rest and pause in my life there seems to be—and in all life, within doors, and without—when I sit in the quiet, shaded, orderly room, with the blue eyes of my child-wife turned toward me, and her little fingers twining round my hand! Many and many an hour I sit thus; but, of all those times, three times come the freshest on my mind.

It is morning; and Dora, made so trim by my aunt's hands, shows me how her pretty hair *will* curl upon the pillow yet, and how long and bright it is, and how she likes to have it loosely gathered in that net she wears.

"Not that I am vain of it, now, you mocking boy," she says, when I smile; "but because you used to say you thought it so beautiful; and because, when I first began to think about you, I used to peep in the glass, and wonder whether you would like very much to have a lock of it. Oh, what a foolish fellow you were, Doady, when I gave you one!"

"That was on the day when you were painting the flowers I had given you, Dora, and when I told you how much in love I was."

"Ah! but I didn't like to tell *you*," says Dora, *then*, how I had cried over them, because I believed you really liked me! When I can run about again as I used to do, Doady, let us go and see those places where we were such a silly couple, shall we? And take some of the old walks? And not forget poor papa?"

"Yes, we will, and have some happy days. So you must make haste to get well, my dear."

"Oh, I shall soon do that! I am so much better, you don't know!"

It is evening; and I sit in the same chair, by the same bed, with the same face turned toward me. We have been silent, and there is a smile upon her face. I have ceased to carry my light burden up and down stairs now. She lies here all the day.

"Doady!"

"My dear Dora!"

"You won't think what I am going to say unreasonable, after what you told me, such a little while ago, of Mr. Wickfield's not being well? I want to see Agnes. Very much I want to see her."

"I will write to her, my dear."

"Will you?"

"Directly."

"What a good, kind boy! Doady, take me on your arm. Indeed, my dear, it's not a whim. It's not a foolish fancy. I want, very much indeed, to see her."

"I am certain of it. I have only to tell her so, and she is sure to come."

"You are very lonely when you go down stairs, now?" Dora whispers, with her arm about my neck.

"How can I be otherwise, my own love, when I see your empty chair?"

"My empty chair!" She clings to me for a little while, in silence. "And you really miss me, Doady!" looking up, and brightly smiling. "Even poor, giddy, stupid me?"

"My heart, who is there upon earth that I could miss so much?"

"Oh, husband! I am so glad, yet so sorry!" creeping closer to me, and folding me in both her arms. She laughs and sobs, and then is quiet, and quite happy.

"Quite!" she says. "Only give Agnes my dear love, and tell her that I want very much to see her; and I have nothing left to wish for."

"Except to get well again, Dora."

"Ah, Doady! Sometimes I think—you know I always was a silly little thing!—that that will never be!"

"Don't say so, Dora! Dearest love, don't think so!"

"I won't, if I can help it, Doady. But I am very happy; though my dear boy is so lonely by himself, before his child-wife's empty chair!"

It is night; and I am with her still. Agnes has arrived, has been among us for a whole day and an evening. She, my aunt, and I, have sat with Dora since the morning, all together. We have not talked much, but Dora has been perfectly contented and cheerful. We are now alone.

Do I know, now, that my child-wife will soon leave me? They have told me so; they have told me nothing new to my thoughts; but I am far from sure that I have taken that truth to heart. I cannot master it. I have withdrawn by myself, many times today, to weep. I have remembered Who wept for a parting between the living and the dead. I have bethought me of all that gracious and compassionate history. I have tried to resign myself, and to console myself; and that, I hope, I may have done imperfectly; but what I cannot firmly settle in my mind is, that the end will absolutely come. I hold her hand in mine, I hold her heart in mine, I see her love for me alive in all its strength. I cannot shut out a pale lingering shadow of belief that she will be spared.

"I am going to speak to you, Doady. I am going so say something I have often thought of saying, lately. You won't mind?" with a gentle look.

"Mind, my darling?"

"Because I don't know what you will think, or what you may have thought sometimes. Perhaps you have often thought the same. Doady, dear, I am afraid I was too young."

I lay my face upon the pillow by her, and she looks into my eyes, and speaks very softly. Gradually, as she goes on, I feel, with a stricken heart, that she is speaking of herself as past.

"I am afraid, dear, I was too young. I don't mean in years only, but in experience, and thoughts, and everything. I was such a silly little creature! I am afraid it would have been better, if we had only loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it. I have begun to think I was not fit to be a wife."

I try to stay my tears, and to reply, "Oh, Dora, love, as fit as I to be a husband!"

"I don't know," with the old shake of her curls. "Perhaps! But, if I had been more fit to be married, I might have made you more so, too. Besides, you are very clever, and I never was."

"We have been very happy, my sweet Dora."

"I was very happy, very. But, as years went on, my dear boy would have wearied of his child-wife. She would have been less and less a companion for him. He would have been more and more sensible of what was wanting in his home. She wouldn't have improved. It is better as it is."

"Oh, Dora, dearest, dearest, do not speak to me so. Every word seems a reproach!"

"No, not a syllable!" she answers, kissing me.

"Oh, my dear, you never deserved it, and I loved you far too well to say a reproachful word to you, in earnest—it was all the merit I had, except being pretty—or you thought me so. Is it lonely down-stairs, Doady?"

"Very! very!"

"Don't cry! Is my chair there?"

"In its old place."

"Oh, how my poor boy cries! Hush, hush! Now make me one promise. I want to speak to Agnes. When you go down stairs, tell Agnes so, and send her up to me; and while I speak to her, let no one come—not even aunt. I want to speak to Agnes by herself. I want to speak to Agnes, quite alone."

I promise that she shall immediately; but I cannot leave her, for my grief.

"I said that it was better as it is!" she whispers, as

she holds me in her arms. "Oh, Doady, after more years, you never could have loved your child-wife better than you do; and, after more years, she would so have tried and disappointed you, that you might not have been able to love her half so well! I know I was too young and foolish. It is much better as it is!"

Agnes is down-stairs, when I go into the parlor; and I give her the message. She disappears, leaving me alone with Jip.

His Chinese house is by the fire; and he lies within it, on his bed of flannel, querulously trying to sleep. The bright moon is high and clear. As I look out on the night, my tears fall fast, and my undisciplined heart is chastened heavily—heavily.

I sit down by the fire, thinking with a blind remorse of all those secret feelings I have nourished since my marriage. I think of every little trifle between me and Dora, and feel the truth, that trifles make the sum of life. Ever rising from the sea of my remembrance, is the image of the dear child as I knew her first, graced by my young love, and by her own, with every fascination wherein such love is rich. Would it, indeed, have been better if we had loved each other as a boy and girl, and forgotten it? Undisciplined heart, reply!

How the time wears, I know not, until I am recalled by my child-wife's old companion. More restless than he was, he crawls out of his house, and looks at me, and wanders to the door, and whines to go up-stairs.

"Not to-night, Jip! Not to-night!"

He comes very slowly back to me, licks my hand, and lifts his dim eyes to my face.

"Oh, Jip! It may be, never again!"

He lies down at my feet, stretches himself out, as if to sleep, and, with a plaintive cry, is dead.

"Oh, Agnes! Look, look, here!"

That face, so full of pity and grief, that rain of tears, that awful mute appeal to me, that solemn hand upraised to Heaven!

"Agnes!"

It is over. Darkness comes before my eyes, and, for a time, all things are blotted out of my remembrance.

OF MYSELF.

ABRAHAM COWLEY.

It is a hard and nice subject for a man to write of himself; it grates his own heart to say anything of disparagement, and the reader's ears to hear anything of praise from him. There is no danger from me of offending him in this kind; neither my mind, nor my body, nor my fortune allow me any materials for that vanity. It is sufficient for my own contentment, that they have preserved me from being scandalous, or remarkable on the defective side. But besides that, I shall here speak of myself only in relation to the subject of these precedent discourses, and shall be likelier thereby to fall into the contempt, than rise up to the estimation of most people. As far as my memory can return back into my past life, before I knew or was capable of guessing what the world, or glories, or business of it were, the natural affections of my soul gave a secret bent of aversion from them, as some plants are said to turn away from others, by an antipathy imperceptible to themselves, and inscrutable to man's understanding. Even when I was a very young boy at school, instead of running about on holidays, and playing with my fellows, I was wont to steal from them, and walk into the fields, either alone with a book, or with some one companion, if I could find any of the same temper. I was then, too, so much an enemy to constraint, that my masters could never prevail on me, by any persuasions or encouragements, to learn, without book, the common rules of grammar, in which they dispensed with me alone, because they found I made a shift to do the usual exercise out of my own reading and observation. That I was then of the same mind as I am now—which, I confess, I wonder at myself—may appear at the latter end of an ode which I made when I was but thirteen years old, and which was then printed, with many other verses. The beginning of it is boyish; but of this part which I here set down, if a very little were corrected, I should hardly now be much ashamed.

This only grant me, that my means may lie
Too low for envy, for contempt too high.
Some honour I would have,
Not from great deeds, but good alone;
Th' unknown are better than ill-known.
Rumour can ope the grave;
Acquaintance I would have; but when 't depends
Not on the number, but the choice of friends.

Books should, not business, entertain the light,
And sleep, as undisturbed as death, the night.
My house a cottage, more
Than palace, and should fitting be
For all my use, no luxury.
My garden painted o'er
With Nature's hand, not Art's; and pleasures yield,
Horace might envy in his Sabine field.

Thus would I double my life's fading space,
For he that runs it well, twice runs his race.
And in this true delight,
These unbought sports, that happy state,
I would not fear nor wish my fate,
But boldly say each night,
To-morrow let my sun his beams display,
Or in clouds hide them; I have lived to-day.

You may see by it I was even then acquainted with the poets, for the conclusion is taken out of Horace; and perhaps it was the immature and immoderate love of them which stamped first, or rather engraved,

the characters in me. They were like letters cut in the bark of a young tree, which, with the tree, still grow proportionably. But how this love came to be produced in me so early, is a hard question; I believe I can tell the particular little chance that filled my head first with such chimes of verse, as have never since left ringing there; for I remember when I began to read, and take some pleasure in it, there was wont to lie in my mother's parlour—I know not by what accident, for she herself never in her life read any book but of devotion—but there was wont to lie Spencer's works; this I happened to fall upon, and was infinitely delighted with the stories of the knights, and giants, and monsters, and brave houses which I found everywhere there—though my understanding had little to do with all this—and by degrees, with the tinkling of the rhyme, and dance of the numbers; so that I think I had read him all over before I was twelve years old. With these affections of mind, and my heart wholly set upon letters, I went to the university; but was soon torn from thence by that public violent storm, which would suffer nothing to stand where it did, but rootod up every plant even from the princely cedars, to me, the hyssop. Yet I had as good fortune as could have befallen me in such a tempest; for I was cast by it into the family of one of the best persons, and into the court of one of the best princesses in the world. Now, though I was here engaged in ways most contrary to the original design of my life; that is, into much company, and no small business, and into a daily sight of greatness—both militant and triumphant—for that was the state then of the English and the French courts—yet all this was so far from altering my opinion, that it only added the confirmation of reason to that which was before but natural inclination. I saw plainly all the paint of that kind of life the nearer I came to it; and that beauty which I did not fall in love with, when, for aught I knew, it was real, was not like to bewitch or entice me when I saw it was adulterate. I met with several great persons, whom I liked very well, but could not perceive that any part of their greatness was to be liked or desired, no more than I would be glad or content to be in a storm, though I saw many ships which rid safely and bravely in it. A storm would not agree with my stomach, if it did with my courage; though I was in a crowd of as good company as could be found anywhere, though I was in business of great and honorable trust, though I eat at the best table, and enjoyed the best conveniences for present subsistence that ought to be desired by a man of my condition, in banishment and public distresses; yet I could not abstain from renewing my old schoolboy's wish, in a copy of verses to the same effect:

Well, then, I now do plainly see
This busy world and I shall ne'er agree, &c.

And I never then proposed to myself any other advantage from his majesty's happy restoration, but the getting into some moderately convenient retreat in the country, which I thought in that case I might easily have compassed, as well as some others, who, with no greater probabilities or pretences, have arrived to extraordinary fortunes. But I had before written a shrewd prophecy against myself, and I think Apollo inspired me in the truth, though not in the elegance of it:

Thou neither great at court nor in the war,
Nor at the Exchange shalt be, nor at the wrangling bar;
Content thyself with the small barren praise
Which thy neglected verse does raise, &c.

However, by the falling of the forces which I had expected, I did not quit the design which I had resolved on; I cast myself into a *corpus perditum*, without making capitulations, or taking counsel of fortune. But God laughs at man, who says to his soul, 'Take thy ease;' I met presently not only with many little incumbrances and impediments, but with so much sickness—a new misfortune to me—as would have spoiled the happiness of an emperor as well as mine. Yet I do neither repent nor alter my course; *Non ego perfidum dixi sacramentum* [I have not falsely sworn]. Nothing shall separate me from a mistress which I have loved so long, and have now at last married; though she neither has brought me a rich portion, nor lived yet so quietly with me as I hoped from her.

Nor by me e'er shall you,
You of all names the sweetest and the best,
You muses, books, and liberty, and rest;
You gardens, fields, and woods forsaken be,
As long as life itself forsakes not me.

AN ELOQUENT PASSAGE.

GEORGE D. PRENTISS.

It cannot be that earth is man's only abiding place. It cannot be that our life is a mere bubble cast up by eternity to float a moment on the waves and sink into nothingness. Else why is it that the glorious aspirations which leap like angels from the temple of our hearts are forever wandering unsatisfied? Why is it that the stars that hold their festival around the midnight throne are set above the grasp of our limited faculties, forever mocking us with their unapproachable glory? And finally, why is it that bright forms of human beauty presented to our view are taken from us, leaving the thousand streams of our affections to flow back in Alpine torrents upon our hearts? There is a realm where the rainbow never fades; where the stars will spread out before us like the islands that slumber in the ocean; and where the beautiful beings which pass before us like shadows will stay in our presence forever.

CAUGHT.

ELEGY WRITTEN IN A COUNTRY CHURCH-YARD.

THOMAS GRAY.

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day,
  The lowing herd winds slowly o'er the lea,
The ploughman homeward plods his weary way,
  And leaves the world to darkness and to me.

Now fades the glimmering landscape on the sight,
  And all the air a solemn stillness holds,
Save where the beetle wheels his droning flight,
  And drowsy tinklings lull the distant folds;

Save that from yonder ivy-mantled tower,
  The moping owl does to the moon complain
Of such as, wandering near her secret bower,
  Molest her ancient solitary reign.

Beneath those rugged elms, that yew-tree's shade,
  Where heaves the turf in many a mouldering heap,
Each in his narrow cell for ever laid,
  The rude forefathers of the hamlet sleep.

The breezy call of incense-breathing morn,
  The swallow twittering from the straw-built shed,
The cock's shrill clarion, or the echoing horn,
  No more shall rouse them from their lowly bed.

For them no more the blazing hearth shall burn,
  Or busy housewife ply her evening care;
No children run to lisp their sire's return,
  Or climb his knees the envied kiss to share.

Oft did the harvest to their sickle yield,
  Their furrow oft the stubborn glebe has broke;
How jocund did they drive their team a-field!
  How bowed the woods beneath their sturdy stroke!

Let not ambition mock their useful toil,
  Their homely joys, and destiny obscure;
Nor Grandeur hear with a disdainful smile
  The short and simple annals of the poor.

The boast of heraldy, the pomp of power,
  And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
Await alike the inevitable hour:—
  The paths of glory lead but to the grave.

Nor you, ye Proud, impute to these a fault,
  If Memory o'er their tomb no trophies raise,
Where through the long-drawn aisle and fretted vault
  The pealing anthem swells the note of praise.

Can storied urn or animated bust
  Back to its mansion call the fleeting breath?
Can Honour's voice provoke the silent dust,
  Or Flattery soothe the dull cold ear of Death?

Perhaps in this neglected spot is laid
  Some heart once pregnant with cetestial fire;
Hands that the rod of empire might have swayed
  Or waked to ecstacy the living lyre:

But Knowledge to their eyes her ample page,
  Rich with the spoils of time, did ne'er unroll;
Chill Penury repressed their noble rage,
  And froze the genial current of the soul.

Full many a gem of purest ray serene,
  The dark unfathomed caves of ocean bear;
Full many a flower is born to blush unseen
  And waste its sweetness on the desert air.

Some village Hampden, that with dauntless breast
  The little tyrant of his fields withstood;
Some mute inglorious Milton here may rest,
  Some Cromwell guiltless of his country's blood.

The applause of listening senates to command,
  The threats of pain and ruin to despise,
To scatter plenty o'er a smiling land,
  And read their history in a nation's eyes,

Their lot forbade: nor circumscribed alone
  Their growing virtues, but their crimes confined;
Forbade to wade through slaughter to a throne,
  And shut the gates of mercy on mankind.

The struggling pangs of conscious truth to hide,
  To quench the blushes of ingenuous shame,
Or heap the shrine of Luxury and Pride
  With incense kindled at the Muse's flame.

Far from the madding crowd's ignoble strife,
  Their sober wishes never learned to stray;
Along the cool sequestered vale of life
  They kept the noiseless tenor of their way.

Yet even these bones from insult to protect,
  Some frail memorial still erected nigh,
With uncouth rhymes and shapeless sculpture decked,
  Implores the passing tribute of a sigh.

Their name, their years, spelt by the unlettered Muse,
  The place of fame and elegy supply:
And many a holy text around she strews,
  That teach the rustic moralist to die.

For who, to dumb Forgetfulness a prey,
  This pleasing anxious being e'er resigned,
Left the warm precincts of the cheerful day,
  Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind?

On some fond breast the parting soul relies,
  Some pious drops the closing eye requires;
E'en from the tomb the voice of Nature cries,
  E'en in our ashes live their wonted fires.

For thee, who, mindful of the unhonoured dead,
Dost in these lines their artless tale relate;
If chance, by lonely Contemplation led,
Some kindred spirit shall inquire thy fate;

Haply some hoary-headed swain may say;
'Oft have we seen him at the peep of dawn
Brushing with hasty steps the dews away,
To meet the sun upon the upland lawn.

'There at the foot of yonder nodding beech,
That wreathes its old fantastic roots so high,
His listless length at noontide would he stretch,
And pore upon the brook that babbles by.

'Hard by yon wood, now smiling as in scorn,
Muttering his wayward fancies he would rove;
Now drooping, woful, wan, like one forlorn,
Or crazed with care, or crossed in hopeless love.

'One morn I missed him on the customed hill,
Along the heath and near his favourite tree;
Another came; nor yet beside the rill,
Nor up the lawn, nor at the wood was he;

'The next, with dirges due, in sad array,
Slow through the churchway path we saw him borne;
Approach and read—for thou canst read—the lay
Graved on the stone beneath yon aged thorn.'

THE EPITAPH.

Here rests his head upon the lap of Earth,
A Youth to fortune and to Fame unknown:
Fair Science frowned not on his humble birth,
And Melancholy marked him for her own.

Large was his bounty, and his soul sincere,
Heaven did a recompense as largely send:
He gave to Misery all he had—a tear;
He gained from Heaven—'twas all he wished—a friend.

No further seek his merits to disclose,
Or draw his frailties from their dread abode—
There they alike in trembling hope repose—
The bosom of his Father and his God.

PLEASURES OF MEMORY.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

Twilight's soft dews steal o'er the village green,
With magic tints to harmonize the scene.
Stilled in the hum that through the hamlet broke,
When round the ruins of their ancient oak
The peasants flocked to hear the minstrel play,
And games and carols closed the busy day.
Her wheel at rest, the matron thrills no more
With treasured tales and legendary lore.
All, all are fled; nor mirth nor music flows
To chase the dreams of innocent repose.
All, all are fled; yet still I linger here!
What secret charms this silent spot endear?
Mark yon old mansion frowning through the trees,
Whose hollow turret woos the whistling breeze.
That casement, arched with ivy's brownest shade,
First to these eyes the light of heaven conveyed.
The mouldering gateway strews the grass-grown court,
Once the calm scene of many a simple sport;
When nature pleased, for life itself was new,
And the heart promised what the fancy drew,
Childhood's loved group revisits every scene,
The tangled wood-walk and the tufted green!
Indulgent Memory wakes, and lo, they live!
Clothed with far softer hues than light can give.
Thou first, best friend that Heaven assigns below,
To soothe and sweeten all the cares we know;
Whose glad suggestions still each vain alarm,
When nature fades and life forgets to charm;
Thee would the Muse invoke!—to thee belong
The sage's precept and the poet's song.
What softened views thy magic glass reveals,
When o'er the landscape Time's meek twilight steals!
As when in ocean sinks the orb of day,
Long on the wave reflected lustres play;
Thy tempered gleams of happiness resigned,
Glance on the darkened mirror of the mind.
The school's lone porch, with reverend mosses gray,
Just tells the pensive pilgrim where it lay.
Mute is the bell that rung at peep of dawn,
Quickening my truant feet across the lawn;
Unheard the shout that rent the noontide air
When the slow dial gave a pause to care.
Up springs, at every step, to claim a tear,
Some little friendship formed and cherished here;
And not the lightest leaf, but trembling teems
With golden visions and romantic dreams.
Down by yon hazel copse, at evening, blazed
The gipsy's fagot—there we stood and gazed;
Gazed on her sunburnt face with silent awe,
Her tattered mantle and her hood of straw;
Her moving lips, her caldron brimming o'er;
The drowsy brood that on her back she bore,
Imps in the barn with mousing owlets bred,
From rifled roost at nightly revel fed;
Whose dark eyes flashed through locks of blackest shade,
When in the breeze the distant watch-dog brayed;
And heroes fled the sibyl's muttered call,
Whose elfin prowess scaled the orchard wall.
As o'er my palm the silver piece she drew,
And traced the line of life with searching view,
How throbbed my fluttering pulse with hopes and fears,
To learn the color of my future years!
Ah, then, what honest triumph flushed my breast;

This truth once known—to bless is to be blest!
We led the bending beggar on his way—
Bare were his feet, his tresses silver gray—
Soothed the keen pangs his aged spirit felt,
And on his tale with mute attention dwelt;
As in his scrip we dropt our little store,
And sighed to think that little was no more,
He breathed his prayer, 'Long may such goodness live!'
'Twas all he gave—'twas all he had to give . . .
The adventurous boy that asks his little share,
And hies from home with many a gossip's prayer,
Turns on the neighboring hill, once more to see
The dear abode of peace and privacy;
And as he turns, the thatch among the trees,
The smoke's blue wreaths ascending with the breeze,
The village-common spotted white with sheep,
The churchyard yews round with his fathers sleep;
All rouse Reflection's sadly pleasing train,
And oft he looks and weeps, and looks again.
So, when the mild Tupia dared explore
Arts yet untaught, and worlds unknown before,
And, with the sons of Science, wooed the gale
That, rising, swelled their strange expanse of sail·
So, when he breathed his firm, yet fond adieu,
Borne from his leafy hut, his carved canoe,
And all his soul best loved—such tears he shed,
While each soft scene of summer-beauty fled.
Long o'er the wave a wistful look he cast,
Long watched the streaming signal from the mast;
Till twilight's dewy tints deceived his eye,
And fairy forests fringed the evening sky,
So Scotia's queen, as slowly dawned the day,
Rose on her couch, and gazed her soul away.
Her eyes had blessed the beacon's glimmering height,
That faintly tipped the feathery surge with light:
But now the morn with orient hues portrayed
Each castled cliff and brown monastic shade:
All touched the talisman's resistless spring,
And lo, what busy tribes were instant on the wing!
Thus kindred objects kindred thoughts inspire
As summer-clouds flash forth electric fire.
And hence this spot gives back the joys of youth.
Warm as the life, and with the mirror's truth.
Hence home-felt pleasure prompt's the patriot's sigh;
This makes him wish to live, and dare to die.
For this young Foscari, whose hapless fate
Venice should blush to hear the Muse relate,
When exile wore his blooming years away,
To sorrow's long soliloquies a prey,
When reason, justice, vainly urged his cause,
For this he roused her sanguinary laws;
Glad to return, though hope could grant no more,
And chains and torture hailed him to the shore.
And hence the charm historic scenes impart;
Hence Tiber awes, and Avon melts the heart.
Aërial forms in Tempe's classic vale
Glance through the gloom and whisper in the gale;
In wild Vaucluse with love and Laura dwell,
And watch and weep in Eloisa's cell.
'Twas ever thus. Young Ammon, when he sought
Where Ilium stood, and where Pelides fought,
Sat at the helm himself. No meaner hand
Steered, through the waves, and when he struck the land,
Such in his soul the ardor to explore,
Pelides-like, he leaped the first ashore.
'Twas ever thus. As now at Virgil's tomb
We bless the shade, and bid the verdure bloom:
So Tully paused, amid the wrecks of Time.
On the rude stone to trace the truth sublime;
When at his feet in honoured dust disclosed,
The immortal sage of Syracuse reposed.
And as he long in sweet delusion hung
Where once a Plato taught, a Pindar sung;
Who now but meets him musing, when he roves
His ruined Tusculan's romantic groves?
In Rome's great Forum, who but hears him roll
His moral thunders o'er the subject soul? . . . .
Hail, Memory, hail! in thy exhaustless mine
From age to age unnumbered treasures shine!
Thought and her shadowy brood thy call obey,
And Place and Time are subject to thy sway!
Thy pleasures most we feel when most alone;
The only pleasures we can call our own.
Lighter than air, Hope's summer visions die,
If but a fleeting cloud obscure the sky;
If but a beam of sober Reason play,
Lo, Fancy's fairy frost-work melts away!
But can the wiles of Art, the grasp of Power,
Snatch the rich relics of a well-spent hour?
These, when the trembling spirit wings her flight,
Pour round her path a stream of living light;
And gild those pure and perfect realms of rest,
Where Virtue triumphs, and her sons are blest!

THE TRAVELLER.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Remote, unfriended, melancholy, slow,
Or by the lazy Sheld, or wandering Po,
Or onward, where the rude Carinthian boor
Against the houseless stranger shuts the door;
Or where Campania's plain forsaken lies,
A weary waste expanding to the skies:
Where'er I roam, whatever realms to see,
My heart untravell'd fondly turns to thee;
Still to my brother turns, with ceaseless pain,
And drags at each remove a lengthening chain.
Eternal blessings crown my earliest friend,
And round his dwelling guardian saints attend!
Blest be that spot, where cheerful guests retire
To pause from toil, and trim their evening fire!
Blest that abode, where want and pain repair,
And every stranger finds a ready chair!
Blest be those feasts with simple plenty crown'd,
Where all the ruddy family around
Laugh at the jests or pranks that never fail,
Or sigh with pity at some mournful tale;

Or press the bashful stranger to his food,
And learn the luxury of doing good!
But me, not destined such delights to share,
My prime of life in wandering spent, and care;
Impell'd, with steps unceasing, to pursue
Some fleeting good, that mocks me with the view
That like the circle bounding earth and skies,
Allures from far, yet, as I follow, flies:
My fortune leads to traverse realms alone,
And find no spot of all the world my own.
E'en now, where Alpine solitudes ascend,
I sit me down a pensive hour to spend;
And, placed on high above the storm's career,
Look downward where a hundred realms appear
Lakes, forests, cities, plains extending wide,
The pomp of kings, the shepherd's humbler pride.
When thus Creation's charms around combine,
Amidst the store should thankless pride repine?
Say, should the philosophic mind disdain
That good which makes each humbler bosom vain?
Let school-taught pride dissemble all it can,
These little things are great to little man;
And wiser he, whose sympathetic mind
Exults in all the good of all mankind.
Ye glittering towns, with wealth and splendor crown'd;
Ye fields, where summer spreads profusion round;
Ye lakes, whose vessels catch the busy gale;
Ye bending swains, that dress the flowery vale;
For me your tributary stores combine,
Creation's heir, the world—the world is mine!
As some lone miser, visiting his store,
Bends at his treasure, counts, recounts it o'er,
Hoards after hoards his rising raptures fill,
Yet still he sighs, for hoards are wanting still.
Thus to my breast alternate passions rise,
Pleased with each good that Heaven to man supplies
Yet oft a sigh prevails, and sorrows fall,
To see the sum of human bliss so small:
And oft I wish, amidst the scene to find
Some spot to real happiness consign'd,
Where my worn soul, each wandering hope at rest,
May gather bliss to see my fellows blest.
But where to find that happiest spot below
Who can direct, when all pretend to know?
The shuddering tenant of the frigid zone
Boldly proclaims that happiest spot his own;
Extols the treasures of his stormy seas,
And his long nights of revelry and ease:
The naked negro, panting at the Line,
Boasts of his golden sands and palmy wine,
Basks in the glare, or stems the tepid wave,
And thanks his gods for all the good they gave.
Such is the patriot's boast where'er we roam,
His first, best country, ever is at home.
And yet, perhaps, if countries we compare,
And estimate the blessings which they share,
Though patriots flatter, still shall wisdom find
An equal portion dealt to all mankind;
As different good, by art or nature given,
To different nations makes their blessings even.

Nature, a mother kind alike to all,
Still grants her bliss at labor's earnest call;
With food as well the peasant is supplied
On Idra's cliffs as Arno's shelvy side
And though the rocky-crested summits frown,
These rocks by custom turn to beds of down.
From art more various are the blessings sent,—
Wealth, commerce, honor, liberty, content.
Yet these each other's power so strong contest,
That either seems destructive of the rest.
Where wealth and freedom reign, contentment fails,
And honor sinks, where commerce long prevails.
Hence every state, to one loved blessing prone,
Conforms and models life to that alone.
Each to the favorite happiness attends,
And spurns the plan that aims at other ends;
Till carried to excess in each domain,
This Favorite good begets peculiar pain.
But let us try these truths with closer eyes,
And trace them through the prospect as it lies:
Here, for a while, my proper cares resigne'd,
Here let me sit in sorrow for mankind;
Like yon neglected shrub at random cast,
That shades the steep, and sighs at every blast.
Far to the right, where Apennine ascends,
Bright as the summer, Italy extends;
Its uplands sloping deck the mountain's side,
Woods over woods in gay theatric pride,
While oft some temple's mouldering tops between,
With venerable grandeur mark the scene.
Could Nature's bounty satisfy the breast,
The sons of Italy were surely blest:
Whatever fruits in different climes are found,
That proudly rise, or humbly court the ground;
Whatever blooms in torrid tracts appear,
Whose bright succession decks the varied year
Whatever sweets salute the northern sky
With vernal lives that blossom but to die;
These here disporting own the kindred soil,
Nor ask luxuriance for the planter's toil;
While sea-born gales their gilded wings expand,
To winnow fragrance round the smiling land.
But small the bliss that sense alone bestows,
And sensual bliss is all this nation knows.
In florid beauty groves and fields appear,
Man seems the only growth that dwindles here.
Contrasted faults through all his manners reign:
Though poor, luxurious; though submissive, vain
Though grave, yet trifling; zealous, yet untrue!
And e'en in penance planning sins anew.
All evils here contaminate the mind,
That opulence departed leaves behind:
For wealth was theirs; not far removed the date,
When commerce proudly flourish'd through the state
At her command the palace learn'd to rise,
Again the long fall'n column sought the skies;
The canvas glow'd beyond e'en nature warm,
The pregnant quarry teem'd with human form:
Till, more unsteady than the southern gale,

Commerce on other shores display'd her sail;
While nought remain'd, of all that riches gave,
But towns unmann'd, and lords without a slave:
And late the nation found, with fruitless skill,
Its former strength was but plethoric ill.

Yet still the loss of wealth is here supplied
By arts, the splendid wrecks of former pride;
From these the feeble heart and long fall'n mind
An easy compensation seem to find.
Here may be seen in bloodless pomp array'd,
The pasteboard triumph and the cavalcade;
Processions form'd for piety and love,
A mistress or a saint in every grove.
By sports like these are all their cares beguil'd
The sports of children satisfy the child:
Each nobler aim repress'd by long control,
Now sinks at last, or feebly mans the soul;
While low delights succeeding fast behind,
In happier meanness occupy the mind;
As in those domes where Cæsars once bore sway,
Defaced by time, and tottering in decay,
There in the ruin, heedless of the dead,
The shelter-seeking peasant builds his shed;
And, wondering man could want the larger pile
Exults, and owns his cottage with a smile.

My soul, turn from them! turn we to survey
Where rougher climes a nobler race display,
Where the bleak Swiss their stormy mansion tread
And force a churlish soil for scanty bread:
No product here the barren hills afford,
But man and steed, the soldier and his sword;
No vernal blooms their torpid rocks array,
But winter lingering chills the lap of May;
No zephyr fondly sues the mountain's breast,
But meteors glare, and stormy glooms invest.

Yet still, even here, content can spread a charm,
Redress the clime, and all it its rage disarm.
Though poor the peasant's hut, his feast though small,
He sees his little lot the lot of all;
Sees no contiguous palace rear its head,
To shame the meanness of his humble shed;
No costly lord the sumptuous banquet deal
To make him loathe his vegetable meal;
But calm, and bred in ignorance and toil,
Each wish contracting, fits him to the soil.
Cheerful at morn, he wakes from short repose,
Breathes the keen air, and carols as he goes;
With patient angle trolls the finny deep,
Or drives his vent'rous ploughshare to the steep
Or seeks the den where snow-tracks mark the way,
And drags the struggling savage into day.
At night returning, every labor sped,
He sits him down the monarch of a shed;
Smiles by a cheerful fire, and round surveys
His children's looks that brighten to the blaze,
While his loved partner, boastful of her hoard,
Displays her cleanly platter on the board;
And haply too some pilgrim, thither led,
With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thus every good his native wilds impart,
Imprints the patriot passion on his heart;
And e'en those ills that round his mansion rise,
Enhance the bliss his scanty fund supplies.
Dear is that shed to which his soul conforms,
And dear that hill that lifts him to the storms.
And as a child, when scaring sounds molest,
Clings close and closer to the mother's breast,
So the loud torrent, and the whirlwind's roar,
But bind him to his native mountains more.

Such are the charms to barren states assign'd.
Their wants but few, their wishes all confined;
Yet let them only share the praises due,—
If few their wants, their pleasures are but few;
For every want that stimulates the breast,
Becomes a source of pleasure when redrest.
Hence from such lands each pleasing science flies
That first excites desire, and then supplies;
Unknown to them, when sensual pleasures cloy,
To fill the languid pause with finer joy;
Unknown those powers that rise the soul to flame,
Catch every nerve, and vibrate through the frame.
Their level life is but a smouldering fire,
Nor quench'd by want, nor fann'd by strong desire
Unfit for raptures, or, if raptures cheer
On some high festival of once a-year,
In wild excess the vulgar breast takes fire,
Till, buried in debauch, the bliss expire.

But not their joys alone thus coarsely flow,—
Their morals, like their pleasures, are but low;
For, as refinement stops, from sire to son
Unalter'd, unimproved the manners run;
And love's and friendship's finely pointed dart
Fall blunted from each indurated heart.
Some sterner virtues o'er the mountain's breast
May sit like falcons cowering on the nest;
But all the gentler morals,—such as play
Through life's more cultured walks, and charm the way,—
These, far dispersed, on timorous pinions fly,
To sport and flutter in a kinder sky.

To kinder skies, where gentler manners reign.
I turn; and France displays her bright domain.
Gay, sprightly land of mirth and social ease,
Pleased with thyself, whom all the world can please,
How often have I led thy sportive choir,
With tuneless pipe beside the murmuring Loire!
Where shading elms along the margin grew,
And freshen'd from the wave, the zephyr flew;
And haply, though my harsh touch flatt'ring still,
But mock'd all tune, and marr'd the dancer's skill;
Yet would the village praise my wondrous power,
And dance, forgetful of the noontide hour.
Alike all ages: dames of ancient days
Have led their children through the mirthful maze;
And the gay grandsire, skill'd in gestic lore,
Has frisk'd beneath the burden of threescore.

So blest a life these thoughtless realms display;
Thus idly busy rolls their world away;
Theirs are those arts that mind to mind endear,
For honor forms the social temper here:

Honor, that praise which real merit gains,
Or e'en imaginary worth obtains,
Here passes current; paid from hand to hand,
It shifts in splendid traffic round the land;
From courts to camps, to cottages it strays,
And all are taught an avarice of praise:
They please, are pleased; they give to great esteem,
Till, seeming blest, they grow to what they seem.
But while this softer art their bliss supplies,
It gives their follies also room to rise
For praise too dearly loved, or warmly sought,
Enfeebles all internal strength of thought:
And the weak soul, within itself unblest,
Leans for all pleasure on another's breast.
Hence Ostentation here, with tawdry art,
Pants for the vulgar praise which fools impart;
Here Vanity assumes her pert grimace,
And trims her robes of frieze with copper lace;
Here beggar Pride defrauds her daily cheer,
To boast one splendid banquet once a-year:
The mind still turns where shifting fashion draws,
Nor weighs the solid worth of self-applause.
To men of other minds my fancy flies,
Unbosom'd in the deep where Holland lies.
Methinks her patient sons before me stand,
Where the broad ocean leans against the land.
And, sedulous to stop the coming tide,
Lift the tall rampire's artificial pride.
Onward, methinks, and diligently slow,
The firm connected bulwark seems to grow,
Spreads its long arms amidst the watery roar,
Scoops out an empire, and usurps the shore;
While the pent Ocean, rising o'er the pile,
Sees an amphibious world beneath him smile;
The slow canal, the yellow-blossom'd vale,
The willow-tufted bank, the gliding sail,
The crowded mart, the cultivated plain,
A new creation rescued from his reign.
Thus, while around the wave-subjected soil
Impels the native to repeated toil,
Industrious habits in each bosom reign,
And industry begets a love of gain.
Hence all the good from opulence that springs,
With all those ills superfluous treasure brings,
Are here display'd. Their much-loved wealth imparts
Convenience, plenty, elegance, and arts;
But view them closer, craft and fraud appear;
Even liberty itself is barter'd here;
At gold's superior charms all freedom flies,
The needy sell it, and the rich man buys.
A land of tyrants, and a den of slaves,
Here wretches seek dishonorable graves,
And, calmy bent, to servitude conform,
Dull as their lakes that slumber in the storm.
Heavens! how unlike their Belgic sires of old!
Rough, poor, content, ungovernably bold,
War in each breast, and freedom on each brow;
How much unlike the sons of Britain now!
Fired at the sound, my genius spreads her wing,
And flies where Britain courts the western spring;
Where lawns extend that scorn Arcadian pride,
And brighter streams than famed Hydaspes glide.
There all around the gentlest breezes stray,
There gentle music melts on every spray;
Creation's mildest charms are there combined
Extremes are only in the master's mind!
Stern o'er each bosom Reason holds her state,
With daring aims irregularly great,
Pride in their port, defiance in their eye,
I see the lords of human kind pass by;
Intent on high designs, a thoughtful band,
By forms unfashion'd, fresh from nature's hand
Fierce in their native hardiness of soul,
True to imagined right above control,—
While e'n the peasant boasts these rights to scan,
And learns to venerate himself as man.
Thine, Freedom, thine the blessings pictured here,
Thine are those charms that dazzle and endear!
Too blest indeed were such without alloy;
But, fostered e'en by Freedom, ills annoy;
That independence Britons prize too high,
Keeps man from man, and breaks the social tie;
The self dependent lordlings stand alone,
All claims that bind and sweeten life unknown;
Here, by the bonds of nature feebly held,
Minds combat minds, repelling and repell'd;
Ferments arise, imprison'd factions roar,
Repress ambition struggles round her shore;
Till, overwrought, the general system feels
Its motion stop, or frenzy fire the wheels.
Nor this the worst. As Nature's ties decay,
As duty, love, and honor fail to sway,
Fictitious bonds, the bonds of wealth and law,
Still gather strength, and force unwilling awe.
Hence all obedience bows to these alone,
And talent sinks, and merit weeps unknown;
Till time may come, when stript of all her charms,
The land of scholars, and the nurse of arms,
Where noble stems transmit the patriot flame,
Where kings have toil'd, and poets wrote for fame,
One sink of level avarice shall lie,
And scholars, soldiers, kings, unhonor'd die.
But think not, thus when Freedom's ills I state,
I mean to flatter kings, or court the great:
Ye powers of truth, that bid my soul aspire,
Far from my bosom drive the low desire!
And thou, fair Freedom, taught alike to feel
The rabble's rage, and tryant's angry steel;
Thou transitory flower, alike undone
By proud contempt, or favor's fostering sun—
Still may thy blooms the changeful clime endure!
I only would repress them to secure;
For just experience tells, in every soil,
That those that think must govern those that toil;
And all that Freedom's highest aims can reach,
Is but to lay proportion'd loads on each.
Hence, should one order disproportion'd grow,
Its double weight must ruin all below.
Oh, then, how blind to all that truth requires,
Who think it freedom when a part aspires!

Calm is my soul, nor apt to rise in arms,
Except when fast approaching danger warns:
But when contending chiefs blockade the throne,
Contracting regal power to stretch their own;
When I behold a factious band agree
To call it freedom when themselves are free,
Each wanton judge new penal statutes draw,
Laws grind the poor, and rich men rule the law;
The wealth of climes, where savage nations roam,
Pillaged from slaves to purchase slaves at home,—
Fear, pity, justice, indignation, start,
Tear off reserve, and bare my swelling heart;
Till, half a patriot, half a coward grown,
I fly from petty tryants to the throne.
Yes, brother, curse me with that baleful hour,
When first ambition struck at regal power;
And thus, polluting honor in its source,
Gave wealth to sway the mind with double force.
Have we not seen, round Britain's peopled shore,
Her useful sons exchanged for useless ore?
Seen all her triumphs but destruction haste,
Like flaring tapers brightening as they waste.
Seen Opulence, her grandeur to maintain,
Lead stern Depopulation in her train,
And over fields, where scatter'd hamlets rose,
In barren, solitary pomp repose?
Have we not seen, at Pleasure's lordly call,
The smiling, long-frequented village fall?
Beheld the duteous son, the sire decay'd,
The modest matron, and the blushing maid,
Forced from their homes, a melancholy train,
To traverse climes beyond the western main,
Where wild Oswego spreads her swamps around,
And Niagara stuns with thundering sound?
E'en now, perhaps, as there some pilgrim strays
Through tangled forests, and through dangerous ways
Where beasts with man divided empire claim,
And the brown Indian marks with murderous aim;
There, while above the giddy tempest flies,
And all around distressful yells arise,
The pensive exile, bending with his woe,
To stop too fearful, and to faint to go,
Casts a long look where England's glories shine,
And bids his bosom sympathize with mine.
Vain, very vain, my weary search to find
That bliss which only centres in the mind:
Why have I stray'd from pleasure and repose,
To seek a good each government bestows?
In every government, though terrors reign,
Though tyrant kings, or tyrant laws restrain,
How small, of all that human hearts endure,
That parts which laws or kings can cause or cure?
Still to ourselves in every place consign'd,
Our own felicity we make or find:
With secret course which no loud storms annoy,
Glides the smooth current of domestic joy.
The lifted axe, the agonizing wheel,
Luke's iron crown, and Damien's bed of steel,
To men remote from power but rarely known,
Leave reason, faith and conscience, all our own.

THE COTTER'S SATURDAY NIGHT.

ROBERT BURNS.

My loved, my honor'd, much-respected friend!
No mercenary bard his homage pays;
With honest pride, I scorn each selfish end:
My dearest meed, a friend's esteem and praise:
To you I sing, in simple Scottish lays,
The lowly train in life's sequester'd scene;
The native feelings strong, the guileless ways:
What Aiken in a cottage would have been;
Ah! though his worth unknown, far happier there, I ween!

November chill blaws loud wi' angry sugh;[1]
The short'ning winter day is near a close;
The miry beasts retreating frae the pleugh;
The black'ning trains o' craws to their repose;
The toil worn cotter frae his labor goes,
This night his weekly moil is at an end,
Collects his spades, his mattocks, and his hoes,
Hoping the morn in ease and rest to spend,
And weary o'er the moor his course does hameward bend.

At length his lonely cot appears in view,
Beneath the shelter of an aged tree;
Th' expectant wee things, toddlin', stacher through
To meet their dad, wi' flichterin' noise and glee.
His wee bit ingle, blinking bonnily,
His clean hearthstane, his thrifty wifie's smile,
The lisping infant, prattling on his knee,
Does a' his weary, carking cares beguile,
And make him quite forget his labor and his toil.

Belyve,[2] the elder bairns come drapping in,
At service out among the farmers roun':
Some ca' the pleugh, some herd, some tentie rin
A cannie errand to a neibor town:
Their eldest hope, their Jenny, woman grown,
In youthfu' bloom, love sparkling in her ee,
Comes hame, perhaps to show a braw new gown,
Or deposit her sair-won penny fee,
To help her parents dear, if they in hardship be.

Wi' joy unfeign'd, brothers and sisters meet,
And each for other's welfare kindly spiers:[3]
The social hours, swift-wing'd, unnoticed, fleet;
Each tells the uncos[4] that he sees or hears;
The parents, partial, eye their hopeful years;
Anticipation forward points the view.
The mother, wi' her needle and her shears,
Gars auld claes look amaist as weel's the new—
The father mixes a' wi' admonition due.

Their master's and their mistress's command,
The younkers a' are warned to obey;
And mind their labors wi' an eydent[5] hand,

[1] Moan.
[2] By and by.
[3] Inquires.
[4] Strange things.
[5] Diligent.

And ne'er, though aut o' sight, to jauk[1] or play:
"And oh! be sure to fear the Lord alway!
And mind your duty, duly, morn and night!
Lest in temptation's path ye gang astray,
Implore His counsel and assisting might:
They never sought in vain that sought the Lord aright!"

But hark! a rap comes gently to the door,
Jenny, wha kens the meaning o' the same,
Tells how a neibor lad cam o'er the moor,
To do some errands, and convoy her hame.
The wily mother sees the conscious flame
Sparkle in Jenny's ee, and flush her cheek,
Wi' heart-struck, anxious care, inquires his name,
While Jenny hafflins is afraid to speak;
Weel pleased, the mother hears its nae wild, worthless rake.

Wi' kindly welcome, Jenny brings him ben;
A strappin' youth; he taks the mother's eye;
Blithe Jenny sees the visit's no ill ta'en;
The father cracks of horses, pleughs, and kye.
The youngster's artless heart o'erflows wi' joy,
But blate[2] and lathefu',[3] scarce can weel behave;
The mother, wi' a woman's wiles, can spy
What makes the youth sae bashfu' and sae grave;
Weel pleased to think her bairn's respected like the lave.[4]

Oh, happy love!—where love like this is found!—
Oh, heart-felt raptures!—bliss beyond compare!
I've paced much this weary, mortal round,
And sage experience bids me this declare—
"If Heaven a draught of heavenly pleasure spare,
One cordial in this melancholy vale,
'Tis when a youthful, loving, modest pair,
In other's arms, breathe out the tender tale,
Beneath the milk-white thorn, that scents the evening gale."

Is there, in human form, that bears a heart,
A wretch! a villain! lost to love and truth!
That can, with studied, sly, ensnaring art,
Betray sweet Jenny's unsuspecting youth?
Curse on his perjured arts! dissembling smooth!
Are honor, virtue, conscience, all exiled?
Is there no pity, no relenting ruth,
Points to the parents fondling o'er their child?
Then paints the ruin'd maid, and their distraction wild!

But now the supper crowns their simple board,
The halesome parritch,[5] chief of Scotia's food;
The soupe[6] their only hawkie[7] does afford,
That 'yont the hallan[8] snugly chows her cood:

[1] Dally.
[2] Bashful.
[3] Hesitating.
[4] Other people.
[5] Porridge.
[6] Milk.
[7] Cow.
[8] Porch.

The dame brings forth, in complimental mood,
To grace the lad, her weel hain'd kebbuck,[1] fell,[2]
And aft he's prest, and aft he ca's it guid:
The frugal wife, garrulous, will tell,
How 'twas a toumond[3] auld sin' lint was i' the bell.

The cheerfu' supper done, wi' serious face,
They, round the ingle, form a circle wide;
The sire turns o'er, wi' patriarchal grace,
The big ha' Bible, ance his father's pride;
His bonnet rev'rently is laid aside,
His lyrat haffets[4] wearing thin and bare;
Those strains that once did sweet in Zion glide,
He wales[5] a portion with judicious care;
And "Let us worship GOD," he says, with solemn air.

They chant their artless notes in simple guise;
They tune their hearts, by far the noblest aim:
Perhaps "Dundee's" wild-warbling measures rise,
Or plaintive "Martyrs," worthy of the name;
Or noble "Elgin" beats the heavenward flame,
The sweetest far of Scotia's holy lays:
Compared with these, Italian trills are tame,
The tickled ear no heartfelt raptures raise;
Nae unison hae they with our Creator's praise.

The priest-like father reads the sacred page,
How Abram was the friend of GOD on high;
Or, Moses bade eternal warfare wage
With Amalek's ungracious progeny;
Or how the royal bard did groaning lie,
Beneath the stroke of Heaven's avenging ire,
Or Job's pathetic plaint, and wailing cry;
Or rapt Isaiah's wild, seraphic fire;
Or other holy seers that tune the sacred lyre.

Perhaps the Christian volume is the theme,
How guiltless blood for guilty man was shed;
How He, who bore in Heaven the second name,
Had not on earth whereon to lay His head;
How his first followers and servants sped;
The precepts sage they wrote to many a land;
How he, who lone in Patmos' banish'd,
Saw in the sun a mighty angel stand,
And heard great Bab'lon's doom pronounced by Heaven's command.

Then kneeling down, to Heaven's eternal King,
The saint, the father, and the husband prays;
Hope "spring exulting on triumphant wing,"[6]
That thus they all shall meet in future days,
There ever bask in uncreated rays,
No more to sigh or shed the bitter tear,
Together hymning their Creator's praise,
In such society, yet still more dear;
While circling time moves round in an eternal sphere.

[1] Cheese.
[2] Biting.
[3] Twelvemonth.
[4] Gray temples.
[5] Selects.
[6] Pope's "Windsor Forest"

Compared with this, how poor religion's pride,
In all the pomp of method and of art,
When men display to congregations wide
Devotion's every grace, except the heart!
The Power, incensed, the pageant will desert
The pompous strain, the sacerdotal stole:
But, haply, in some cottage far apart,
May hear, well pleased, the language of the soul;
And in his book of life the inmates poor enroll.

Then homeward all take off their several way;
The youngling cottagers retire to rest;
The parent-pair their secret homage pay,
And proffer up to heaven the warm request,
That He, who stills the raven's clamorous nest,
And decks the lily fair in flowery pride,
Would, in the way His wisdom sees the best,
For them and for their little ones provide;
But, chiefly, in their hearts with grace divine preside.

From scenes like these old Scotia's grandeur springs,
That makes her loved at home, revered abroad:
Princes and lords are but the breath of kings,
"An honest man's the noblest work of God."
And certes, in fair virtue's heavenly road,
The cottage leaves the palace far behind.
What is a lordling's pomp?—a cumbrous load,
Disguising oft the wretch of human kind,
Studied in arts of hell, in wickedness refined!

O Scotia! my dear, my native soil!
For whom my warmest wish to Heaven is sent!
Long may thy hardy sons of rustic toil
Be blest with health, and peace, and sweet content!
And, oh! may Heaven their simple lives prevent
From luxury's contagion, weak and vile!
Then, howe'er crown and coronets be rent,
A virtuous populace may rise the while,
And stand a wall of fire around their much-loved isle.

O Thou! who pour'd the patriotic tide
That stream'd through Wallace's undaunted heart;
Who dared to nobly stem tyrannic pride,
Or nobly die, the second glorious part,
(The patriot's God, peculiarly Thou art,
His friend, inspirer, guardian, and reward!)
Oh, never, never, Scotia's realm desert;
But still the patriot, and the patriot-bard,
In bright succession raise, her ornament and guard!

THE LAST DAY.

ROBERT POLLOK—"THE COURSE OF TIME."

In customed glory bright, that morn the sun
Rose, visiting the earth with light, and heat,
And joy; and seemed as full of youth, and strong
To mount the steep of heaven, as when the Stars
Of morning sung to his first dawn, and night
Fled from his face; the spacious sky received
Him blushing as a bride, when on her looked
The bridegroom; and spread out beneath his eye
Earth smiled. Up to his warm embrace the dews,
That all night long had wept his absence, flew:
The herbs and flowers their fragrant stores unlocked,
And gave the wanton breeze, that, newly woke,
Revelled in sweets, and from its wings shook health,
A thousand grateful smells; the joyous woods
Dried in his beams their locks, wet with the drops
Of night; and all the sons of music sung
Their matin song; from arboured bower, the thrush
Concerting with the lark that hymned on high,
On the green hill the flocks, and in the vale
The herds rejoiced; and, light of heart, the hind
Eyed amorously the milk-maid as she passed,
Not heedless, though she looked another way.

No sign was there of change; all nature moved
In wonted harmony; men as they met,
In morning salutation, praised the day,
And talked of common things; the husbandman
Prepared the soil, and silver-tongued hope
Promised another harvest; in the streets,
Each wishing to make profit of his neighbour,
Merchants assembling, spoke of trying times,
Of bankruptcies and markets glutted full:
Or, crowding to the beach, where, to their ear,
The oath of foreign accent, and the noise
Uncouth of trade's rough sons, made music sweet,
Elate with certain gain, beheld the bark,
Expected long, enriched with other climes,
Into the harbour safely steer; or saw,
Parting with many a weeping farewell sad,
And blessing uttered rude, and sacred pledge,
The rich laden carack, bound to distant shore;
And hopefully talked of her coming back
With richer fraught;—or sitting at the desk,
In calculation deep and intricate,
Of loss and profit balancing, relieved
At intervals the irksome task with thought
Of futured ease, retired in villa snug.

With subtile look, amid his parchments sate,
The lawyer, weaving his sophistries for court
To meet at mid-day. On his weary couch
Fat luxury, sick of the night's debauch,
Lay groaning, fretful at the obtrusive beam
That through his lattice peeped derisively.
The restless miser had begun again
To count his heaps; before her toilet stood
The fair, and, as with guileful skill she decked
Her loveliness, thought of the coming ball,
New lovers, or the sweeter nuptial night.
And evil men of desperate lawless life,
By oath of deep damnation leagued to all
Remorselessly, fled from the face of day,
Against the innocent their counsel held,
Plotting unpardonable deeds of blood,
And villanies of fearful magnitude;

Despots, secured behind a thousand bolts,
The workmanship of fear, forged chains for man;
Senates were meeting; statesman loudly talked
Of national resources, war and peace;
And sagely balanced empires soon to end;
And faction's jaded minions, by the page
Paid for abuse, and oft repeated lies,
In daily prints, the thoroughfare of news,
For party schemes made interest, under cloak
Of liberty, and right, and public weal.
In holy conclave, bishops spoke of tithes,
And of the awful wickedness of men;
Intoxicate with sceptres, diadems,
And universal rule, and panting hard
For fame, heroes were leading on the brave
To battle; men, in science deeply read,
And academic theory, foretold
Improvements vast; and learned sceptics proved
That earth should with eternity endure;
Concluding madly that there was no God.

No sign of change appeared; to every man
That day seemed as the past. From noontide path
The sun looked gloriously on earth, and all
Her scenes of giddy folly smiled secure.
When suddenly, alas, fair Earth! the sun
Was wrapt in darkness, and his beams returned
Up to the throne of God; and over all
The earth came night, moonless and starless night.
Nature stood still;—the seas and rivers stood,
And all the winds; and every living thing.
The cataract, that like a giant wroth,
Rushed down impetuously, as seized, at once,
By sudden frost with all his hoary locks,
Stood still; and beasts of every kind stood still.
A deep and dreadful silence reigned alone!
Hope died in every breast; and on all men
Came fear and trembling; none to his neighbour spoke;
Husband thought not of wife; nor of her child
The mother; nor friend of friend; nor foe of foe
In horrible suspense all mortals stood;
And, as they stood and listened, chariots were heard
Rolling in heaven;—revealed in flaming fire,
The angel of God appeared, in stature vast,
Blazing; and, lifting up his hand on high,
By Him that lives for ever, swore that Time
Should be no more. Throughout Creation heard,
And sighed—all rivers, lakes, and seas, and woods;
Desponding waste, and cultivated vale—
Wild cave, and ancient hill, and every rock,
Sighed; earth arrested in her wonted path,
As ox struck by the lifted axe, when nought
Was feared, in all her entrails deeply groaned.
A universal crash was heard, as if
The ribs of nature broke, and all her dark
Foundations failed;—and deadly paleness sate
On every face of man, and every heart
Grew chill, and every knee his fellow smote.
None spoke, none stirred, none wept; for horror held
All motionless, and fettered every tongue.
Again o'er all the nations silence fell:
And in the heavens, robed in excessive light,
That drove the thick of darkness far aside,
And walked with penetration keen through all
The abodes of men, another angel stood,
And blew the trump of God.—Awake, ye dead!
Be changed, ye living, and put on the garb
Of immortality! Awake; arise!
The God of judgment comes.—This said the voice;—
And silence, from eternity that slept
Beyond the sphere of the creating word,
And all the noise of Time, awakening, heard.
Heaven heard, and earth, and farthest hell through all
Her regions of despair; the ear of Death
Heard, and the sleep that for so long a night
Pressed on his leaden eyelids, fled; and all
The dead awoke, and all the living changed.

Old men, that on their staff, bending had leaned,
Crazy and frail; or sat, benumbed with age,
In weary listlessness, ripe for the grave,
Felt through their sluggish veins and withered limbs
New vigour flow;—the wrinkled face grew smooth;
Upon the head that time had razored bare,
Rose bushy locks; and as his son in prime
Of strength and youth, the aged father stood.
Changing herself, the mother saw her son
Grow up, and suddenly put on the form
Of manhood;—and the wretch that begging sat
Limbless, deformed, at the corner of the way,
Unmindful of his crutch, in joint and limb
Arose complete; and he that on the bed
Of mortal sickness, worn with sore distress,
Lay breathing forth his soul to death, felt now
The tide of life and vigour rushing back;
And looking up, beheld his weeping wife,
And daughter fond, that o'er him bending stooped
To close his eyes;—the frantic madman too,
In whose confused brain reason had lost
Her way, long driven at random to and fro,
Grew sober, and his manacles fell off.
The newly sheeted corpse arose, and stared
On those who dressed it;—and the coffined dead,
That men were bearing to the tomb, awoke,
And mingled with their friends;—and armies, which
The trump surprised, met in the furious shock
Of battle, saw the bleeding ranks, new fallen,
Rise up at once, and to their ghastly cheeks
Return the stream of life in healthy flow.
And as the anatomist, with all his band
Of rude disciples, o'er the subject hung,
And impolitely hewed his way through bones
And muscles of the sacred human form,
Exposing barbarously to wanton gaze
The mysteries of nature—joint embraced
His kindred joint, the wounded flesh grew up,
And suddenly the injured man awoke,
Among their hands, and stood arrayed complete

In immortality—forgiving scarce
The insult offered to his clay in death.

That was the hour, long wished for by the good,
Of universal Jubilee to all
The sons of bondage; from the oppressor's hand
The scourge of violence fell; and from his back,
Heal of its stripes, the burden of the slave.

THE RAVEN.

EDGAR A. POE.

Once upon a midnight dreary, while I pondered, weak and weary,
Over many a quaint and curious volume of forgotten lore—
While I nodded, nearly napping, suddenly there came a tapping,
As of some one gently rapping, rapping at my chamber door;
'Tis some visitor,' I muttered, 'tapping at my chamber-door—
Only this, and nothing more.'

Ah! distinctly I remember it was in the bleak December,
And each separate dying ember wrought its ghost upon the floor.
Eagerly I wished the morrow; vainly I had sought to borrow
From my books surcease of sorrow—sorrow for the lost Lenore—
For the rare and radiant maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Nameless here for evermore.

And the silken sad uncertain rustling of each purple curtain
Thrilled me—filled me with fantastic terrors never felt before;
So that now, to still the beating of my heart, I stood repeating:
'Tis some visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door—
Some late visitor entreating entrance at my chamber-door:
This it is, and nothing more.'

Presently my soul grew stronger; hesitating then no longer,
'Sir,' said I, 'or madam, truly your forgiveness I implore;
But the fact is I was napping, and so gently you came rapping,
And so faintly you came tapping, tapping at my chamber-door,
That I scarce was sure I heard you'—here I opened wide the door——
Darkness there, and nothing more.

Deep into that darkness peering, long I stood there wondering, fearing,
Doubting, dreaming dreams no mortals ever dared to dream before;
But the silence was unbroken, and the stillness gave no token,
And the only word there spoken was the whispered word, 'Lenore!'—
This I whispered, and an echo murmured back the word, 'Lenore!'—
Merely this, and nothing more.

Back into the chamber turning, all my soul within me burning,
Soon again I heard a tapping something louder than before.
'Surely,' said I—'surely that is something at my window lattice;
Let me see, then, what thereat is, and this mystery explore—
Let my heart be still a moment, and this mystery explore.
'Tis the wind, and nothing more.

Open here I flung the shutter, when, with many a flirt and flutter,
In there stepped a stately Raven of the saintly days of yore.
Not the least obeisance made he; not a minute stopped or stayed he;
But, with mien of lord or lady, perched above my chamber-door—
Perched upon a bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door—
Perched and sat, and nothing more.

Then this ebony bird beguiling my sad fancy into smiling,
By the grave and stern decorum of the countenance it wore,
'Though thy crest be shorn and shaven, thou,' I said, 'art sure no craven,
Ghastly, grim, and ancient Raven, wandering from the nightly shore—
Tell me what thy lordly name is on the night's Plutonian shore!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Never more.'

Much I marvelled this ungainly fowl to hear discourse so plainly,
Though its answer little meaning—little relevancy bore;
For we cannot help agreeing that no living human being
Ever yet was blessed with seeing bird above his chamber-door—
Bird or beast upon the sculptured bust above his chamber-door,
With such name as 'Never more.'

But the Raven, sitting lonely on that placid bust, Spoke only
That one word, as if his soul in that one word he did outpour.
Nothing further then he uttered; not a feather then he fluttered—
Till I scarcely more than muttered: 'Other friends have flown before—
On the morrow *he* will leave me, as my hopes have flown before.'
Then the bird said: 'Never more.'

Startled at the stillness broken by reply so aptly spoken,
'Doubtless,' said I, 'what it utters is its only stock and store,
Caught from some unhappy master, whom unmerciful disaster
Followed fast and followed faster, till his songs one burden bore—
Till the dirges of his hope that melancholy burden bore,
Of "Never—never more."'

But the Raven still beguiling all my sad soul into smiling,
Straight I wheeled a cushioned seat in front of bird and bust and door;
Then upon the velvet sinking, I betook myself to linking
Fancy unto fancy, thinking what this ominous bird of yore—
What this grim, ungainly, ghastly, gaunt, and ominous bird of yore
Meant in croaking 'Never more.'

This I sat engaged in guessing, but no syllable expressing
To the fowl whose fiery eyes now burned into my bosom's core;
This and more I sat divining, with my head at ease reclining
On the cushion's velvet lining that the lamp-light gloated o'er,
But whose velvet violet lining, with the lamp-light gloating o'er,
She shall press, ah, never more!

Then, methought, the air grew denser, perfumed from an unseen censer
Swung by seraphim, whose footfalls tinkled on the tufted floor.
'Wretch!' I cried, 'thy God hath lent thee—by these angels he hath sent thee
Respite—respite and nepenthe from thy memories of Lenore!
Quaff, O quaff this kind nepenthe, and forget this lost Lenore!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Never more!'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
Whether tempter sent, or whether tempest tossed thee here ashore,
Desolate, yet all undaunted, on this desert land enchanted—
On this home by horror haunted—tell me truly, I implore—
Is there—*is* there balm in Gilead?—tell me—tell me, I implore!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Never more.'

'Prophet!' said I, 'thing of evil!—prophet still, if bird or devil!
By that heaven that bends above us—by that God we both adore,
Tell this soul, with sorrow laden, if within the distant Aiden,
It shall clasp a sainted maiden whom the angels name Lenore—
Clasp a rare and radiant maiden, whom the angels name Lenore?'
Quoth the Raven: 'Never more.'

'Be that word our sign of parting, bird or fiend!' I shrieked upstarting—
'Get thee back into the tempest and the night's Plutonian shore!
Leave no black plume as a token of that lie thy soul hath spoken!
Leave my loneliness unbroken!—quit the bust above my door!
Take thy beak from out my heart, and take thy form from off my door!'
Quoth the Raven: 'Never more.'

And the Raven, never flitting, still is sitting, still is sitting,
On the pallid bust of Pallas, just above my chamber-door;
And his eyes have all the seeming of a demon's that is dreaming,
And the lamp-light o'er him streaming, throws his shadow on the floor;
And my soul from out that shadow that lies floating on the floor,
Shall be lifted—never more!

FIRST-LOVE'S RECOLLECTIONS.

JOHN CLARE.

First-love will with the heart remain
When its hopes are all gone by;
As frail rose-blossoms still retain
Their fragrance when they die;
And joy's first dreams will haunt the mind
With the shades 'mid which they sprung,
As summer leaves the stems behind
On which spring's blossoms hung.

Mary, I dare not call thee dear,
I've lost that right so long;
Yet once again I vex thine ear
With memory's idle song.
I felt a pride to name thy name,
But now that pride hath flown,
And burning blushes speak my shame,
That thus I love thee on.

How loath to part, how fond to meet,
Had we two used to be;
At sunset, with what eager feet
I hastened unto thee!
Scarce nine days passed us ere we met
In spring, nay, wintry weather;
Now nine years' suns have risen and set,
Nor found us once together.

Thy face was so familiar grown,
Thyself so often nigh,
A moment's memory when alone,
Would bring thee in mine eye;
But now my very dreams forget
That witching look to trace;
Though there thy beauty lingers yet,
It wears a stranger's face.

When last that gentle cheek I prest,
And heard thee feign adieu,
I little thought that seeming jest
Would prove a word so true!
A fate like this hath oft befell
Even loftier hopes than ours;
Spring bids full many buds to swell,
That ne'er can grow to flowers.

MY BROTHER'S GRAVE

REV. JOHN MOULTRIE.

Beneath the chancel's hallowed stone,
Exposed to every rustic tread,
To few save rustic mourners known,
My brother, is thy lowly bed.
Few words upon the rough stone graven,
Thy name, thy birth, thy youth declare;
Thy innocence, thy hopes of heaven,
In simplest phrase recorded there:
No 'scutcheons shine, no banners wave,
In mockery o'er my brother's grave.

The place is silent—rarely sound
Is heard those ancient walls around;
Nor mirthful voice of friends that meet,
Discoursing in the public street;
Nor hum of business dull and loud,
Nor murmur of the passing crowd,
Nor soldier's drum, nor trumpet's swell—
From neighboring fort or citadel—
No sound of human toil or strife
To death's lone dwelling speaks of life;
Nor breaks the silence still and deep,
Where thou, beneath thy burial stone,
Art laid 'in that unstartled sleep
The living eye hath never known.'
The lonely sexton's footstep falls
In dismal echoes on the walls,
As, slowly pacing through the aisle,
He sweeps the unholy dust away,
And cobwebs, which must not defile
Those windows on the Sabbath day;
And, passing through the central nave,
Treads lightly on my brother's grave.

But when the sweet-toned Sabbath chime,
Pouring its music on the breeze,
Proclaims the well-known holy time
Of prayer, and thanks, and bended knees;
When rustic crowds devoutly meet,
And lips and hearts to God are given,
And souls enjoy oblivion sweet
Of earthly ills, in thought of heaven;
What voice of calm and solemn tone
Is heard above thy burial stone?
What form, in priestly meek array
Beside the altar kneels to pray?
What holy hands are lifted up
To bless the sacramental cup?
Full well I know that reverend form,
And if a voice could reach the dead,
Those tones would reach thee, though the worm,
My brother, makes thy heart his bed;
That sire, who thy existence gave,
Now stands beside thy lowly grave.

It is not long since thou were wont
Within these sacred walls to kneel;
This altar, that baptismal font,
These stones which now thy dust conceal,
The sweet tones of the Sabbath bell,
Were holiest objects to thy soul;
On these thy spirit loved to dwell,
Untainted by the world's control.
My brother, these were happy days,
When thou and I were children yet;
How fondly memory still surveys
Those scenes the heart can ne'er forget!

My soul was then, as thine is now,
Unstained by sin, unstung by pain;
Peace smiled on each unclouded brow—
Mine ne'er will be so calm again.
How blithely then we hailed the ray
Which ushered in the Sabbath day!
How lightly then our footsteps trod
Yon pathway to the house of God!
For souls, in which no dark offence
Hath sullied childhood's innocence,
Best meet the pure and hallowed shrine,
Which guiltier bosoms own divine.

And years have passed, and thou art now
Forgotten in thy silent tomb;
And cheerful is my mother's brow,
My father's eye has lost its gloom;
And years have passed, and death has laid
Another victim by thy side;
With thee he roams, an infant shade;
But not more pure than thou he died.
Blest are ye both! your ashes rest
Beside the spot ye loved the best;
And that dear home, which saw your birth,
O'erlooks you in your bed of earth.
But who can tell what blissful shore
Your angel spirit wanders o'er?
And who can tell what raptures high
Now bless your immortality?

TO CORINNA TO GO A-MAYING.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Get up, get up for shame, the blooming morn
Upon her wings presents the god unshorn.
See how Aurora throws her fair
Fresh-quilted colours through the air;
Get up, sweet slug-a-bed, and see
The dew-bespangling herb and tree.
Each flower has wept, and bowed toward the east,
Above an hour since, yet you are not drest,
Nay, not so much as out of bed;
When all the birds have matins said,
And sung their thankful hymns: 'tis sin,
Nay, profanation, to keep in,
When as a thousand virgins on this day,
Spring sooner than the lark to fetch in May.

Rise, and put on your foliage, and be seen
To come forth, like the spring-time, fresh and green,
And sweet as Flora. Take no care
For jewels for your gown or hair;
Fear not, the leaves will strew
Gems in abundance upon you:
Besides, the childhood of the day has kept,
Against you come, some orient pearls unwept.
Come, and receive them while the light
Hangs on the dew-locks of the night:
And Titan on the eastern hill
Retires himself, or else stands still
Till you come forth. Wash, dress, be brief in praying;
Few beads are best when once we go a-Maying.

Come, my Corinna, come; and, coming, mark
How each field turns a street, each street a park
Made green, and trimmed with trees; see how
Devotion gives each house a bough,
Or branch; each porch, each door, ere this,
An ark, a tabernacle is,
Made up of white thorn neatly interwove;
As if here were those cooler shades of love.
Can such delights be in the street
And open fields, and we not see't?
Come, we'll abroad, and let's obey
The proclamation made for May:
And sin no more, as we have done, by staying,
But, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

There's not a budding boy or girl, this day,
But is got up, and gone to bring in May.
A deal of youth, ere this, is come
Back, and with white thorn laden home.
Some have despatched their cakes and cream
Before that we have left to dream;
And some have wept, and wooed, and plighted troth,
And chose their priest, ere we can cast off sloth:
Many a green gown has been given;
Many a kiss, both odd and even;
Many a glance, too, has been sent
From out the eye, love's firmament;
Many a jest told of the key's betraying
This night, and locks picked; yet we're not a-Maying.

Come, let us go, while we are in our prime,
And take the harmless folly of the time.
We shall grow old apace, and die
Before we know our liberty.
Our life is short, and our days run
As fast away as does the sun;
And as a vapour, or a drop of rain
Once lost, can ne'er be found again;
So when or you or I are made
A fable, song, or fleeting shade;
All love, all liking, all delight
Lies drowned with us in endless night.
Then, while time serves, and we are but decaying,
Come, my Corinna, come, let's go a-Maying.

WHAT IS LIFE?

JOHN CLARE.

And what is Life? An hour-glass on the run,
A mist retreating from the morning sun,
A busy, bustling, still-repeated dream.
Its length? A minute's pause, a moment's thought.
And Happiness? A bubble on the stream,
That in the act of seizing shrinks to nought.

And what is Hope? The puffing gale of morn,
That robs each floweret of its gem—and dies;
A cobweb, hiding disappointment's thorn,
Which stings more keenly through the thin disguise.

And what is Death? Is still the cause unfound?
That dark mysterious name of horrid sound?
A long and lingering sleep the weary crave.
And Peace? Where can its happiness abound?
Nowhere at all, save heaven and the grave.

THE THREE WARNINGS.

MRS. THRALE.

The tree of deepest root is found
Least willing still to quit the ground;
'Twas therefore said by ancient sages,
That love of life increased with years
So much, that in our latter stages,
When pains grow sharp, and sickness rages,
The greatest love of life appears.
This great affection to believe,
Which all confess, but few perceive,
If old assertions can't prevail,
Be pleased to hear a modern tale.

When sports went round, and all were gay,
On neighbour Dodson's wedding-day,
Death called aside the jocund groom
With him into another room,
And looking grave—'You must,' says he,
'Quit your sweet bride, and come with me.'
'With you! and quit my Susan's side?
With you!' the hapless husband cried;
'Young as I am,' 'tis monstrous hard!
Besides, in truth, I'm not prepared:
My thoughts on other matters go;
This is my wedding day, you know.'

What more he urged I have not heard,
His reasons could not well be stronger;
So Death the poor delinquent spared,
And left to live a little longer.
Yet calling up a serious look,
His hour-glass trembled while he spoke—
'Neighbour,' he said, 'farewell! no more
Shall Death disturb your mirthful hour:
And further, to avoid all blame
Of cruelty upon my name,
To give you time for preparation,
And fit you for your future station,
Three several warnings you shall have,
Before you're summoned to the grave;
Willing for once I'll quit my prey,
And grant a kind reprieve;
In hopes you'll have no more to say;
But, when I call again this way,
Well pleased the world will leave.'
To these conditions both consented,
And parted perfectly contented.

What next the hero of our tale befell,
How long he lived, how wise, how well,
How roundly he pursued his course,
And smoked his pipe, and stroked his horse,
The willing muse shall tell:
He chaffered, then he bought and sold,
Nor once perceived his growing old.
Nor thought of Death as near:

His friends not false, his wife no shrew,
Many his gains, his children few,
He passed his hours in peace.
But while he viewed his wealth increase,
While thus along life's dusty road,
The beaten track content he trod,
Old Time, whose haste no mortal spares,
Uncalled, unheeded, unawares,
Brought on his eightieth year.
And now, one night, in musing mood,
As all alone he sate,
The unwelcome messenger of Fate
Once more before him stood.

Half-killed with anger and surprise,
'So soon returned!' old Dodson cries.
'So soon, d'ye call it?' Death replies:
'Surely, my friend, you're but in jest!
Since I was here before
'Tis six-and-thirty years at least,
And you are now fourscore.'

'So much the worse,' the clown rejoined;
'To spare the aged would be kind:
However, see your search be legal;
And your authority—is't regal?
Else you come on a fool's errand,
With but a secretary's warrant.
Beside, you promised me Three Warnings,
Which I have looked for nights and mornings;
But for that loss of time and ease,
I can recover damages.'

'I know,' cries Death, 'that at the best,'
I seldom am a welcome guest;
But don't be captious, friend, at least;
I little thought you'd still be able
To stump about your farm and stable.
Your years have run to a great length;
I wish you joy, though, of your strength.'

'Hold!' says the farmer; 'not so fast!
I have been lame these four years past.'
'And no great wonder,' Death replies;
'However, you still keep your eyes;
And sure, to see one's loves and friends,
For legs and arms would make amends.'

'Perhaps,' says Dodson, 'so it might,
But latterly I've lost my sight.'
'This is a shocking tale, 'tis true;
But still there's comfort left for you:
Each strives your sadness to amuse;
I warrant you hear all the news.'
'There's none,' cries he; 'and if there were,
I'm grown so deaf, I could not hear.'
'Nay, then,' the spectre stern rejoined,
'These are unjustifiable yearnings:
If you are lame, and deaf, and blind,
You've had your Three sufficient Warnings:
So come along; no more we'll part;
He said, and touched him with his dart.
And now old Dodson, turning pale,
Yields to his fate—so ends my tale.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

WHICH FURNISH A THEME FOR REFLECTION, AND A TEXT FOR MENTAL DISCOURSE.

Benevolence:

A man or woman without benevolence is not a perfect being; they are only a deformed personality of true manhood or womanhood.—*Lamb.*

A beneficent person is like a fountain, watering the earth and spreading fertility; it is therefore more delightful and more honorable to give than to receive.—*Hooker.*

To complain that life has no joys while there is a single creature whom we can relieve by our bounty, assist by our counsels, or enliven by our presence, is to lament the loss of that which we possess, and just as irrational as to die of thirst with the cup in our hands.—*Fitzosborne.*

Birthdays:

Birthdays are as mile-posts on the road of time,
Each with its two arms pointing different ways:
On one inscribed in flaming characters,
"The Past;" and from the other darkly gleam,
Through the murky mists, in letters dimly seen,
The words, "Straightforward for eternity."
—*Byron.*

Beauty:

A thing of beauty is a joy forever.—*Keats.*

What is beauty? Not the show
Of shapely limbs and features. No!
These are but flowers, that have their dated hours
To breathe their momentary sweets, then go.
'Tis the stainless soul within,
That outshines the fairest skin.—*Hunt.*

All actors are dumb when Beauty pleadeth.
—*Shakspeare.*

Beauty is a beam from heaven,
That dazzles blind our reason.—*Campbell.*

A beautiful eye makes silence eloquent; a kind eye makes contradiction an assent; an enraged eye makes beauty deformed.—*Addison.*

Biography:

Biography is the most universally pleasant and profitable of all reading.—*Carlyle.*

Bashfulness:

Unto the ground she cast her modest eye,
And ever and anon, with rosy red,
The bashful blush her rosy cheeks did dye.
—*Spenser.*

Blush:

It is better for a young man to blush than to turn pale.—*Cato.*

Bible:

It is a belief in the Bible which has served me as the guide of my moral and literary life.—*Goethe.*

I account the Scriptures of God to the most sublime philosophy.—*Sir Isaac Newton.*

The Bible is the best book in the world.—*John Adams.*

A noble book! All men's book. It is our first statement of the never-ending problem of man's destiny and God's way with men on earth.—*Carlyle.*

Betting:

Some play for gain; to pass time others play
For nothing; both do play the fool, I say;
Nor time or coin I'll lose or idly spend;
Who gets by play, proves loser in the end.
—*Heath.*

Boasting:

Who knows himself a braggart,
Let him fear this; for it will come to pass
That ev'ry braggart shall be found an ass.
—*Shakspeare.*

We rise in glory as we sink in pride;
Where boasting ends, there dignity begins.
—*Young.*

Bravery:

I dare do all that may become a man;
Who dares do more is none.—*Shakspeare.*

In struggling with misfortune lies the proof
Of courage. —*Shakspeare.*

—— The truly brave,
When they behold the brave oppress'd with odds,
Are touched with a desire to shield or save.—*Byron.*

Brevity:

Since brevity is the soul of wit,
And tediousness the limbs and outward flourishes,
I will be brief —*Shakspeare.*

As 'tis a greater mystery in the art
Of painting to foreshorten any part
Then draw it out, so 'tis in books, the chief
Of all perfections to be brief. —*Butler.*

Be silent always, when you doubt your sense,
And speak, tho' sure, with seeming diffidence.
—*Pope.*

Before and After:

"You men are angels while you woo the maid,
But devils when the marriage-vow is said."
"The change, good wife, is easily forgiven;
We find ourselves in hell instead of heaven."
—*Haug*

RETIREMENT.

WILLIAM COWPER.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree,
And seem by Thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow Thee.

There, if Thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God.

CHARON AND HIS PASSENGERS.

LUCIAN—"DIALOGUES OF THE DEAD."

Charon.—Now listen to me, good people—I'll tell you how it is. The boat is but small, as you see, and somewhat rotten and leaky withal; and if the weight gets to one side, over we go; and here you are crowding in all at once, and with lots of luggage, every one of you. It you come on board here with all that lumber, I suspect you'll repent of it afterwards, especially those who can't swim.

Mercury.—What's best for us to do then, to get safe across?

Charon.—I'll tell you. You must all strip before you get in, and leave all those encumbrances on shore; and even then the boat will scarce hold you all. And you take care, Mercury, that no soul is admitted that is not in light marching order, and who has not left all his encumbrances, as I say, behind. Just stand at the gangway and overhaul them, and don't let them get in till they've stripped.

Mercury.—Quite right; I'll see to it. Now, who comes first here?

Menippus.—I—Menippus. Look—I've pitched my wallet and staff into the lake; my coat, luckily I didn't bring with me.

Mercury.—Get in Menippus—you're a capital fellow. Take the best seat there, in the stern-sheets, next the steersman, and watch who gets on board. Now, who's this fine gentleman?

Charmolaus.—I'm Charmolaus of Megara—a general favorite. Many a lady would give fifty guineas for a kiss from me.

Mercury.—You'll have to leave your pretty face, and those valuable lips, and your long curls and smooth skin behind you, that's all. Ah! now you'll do,—you're all right and tight now; get in. But you, sir, there, in the purple and the diadem—who are you?

Lampichus.—Lampichus, King of Gelo.

Mercury.—And what d'ye mean by coming here with all that trumpery?

Lampichus.—How? Would it be seemly for a king to come here unrobed?

Mercury.—Well, for a king, perhaps not—but for a dead man, certainly. So put it all off.

Lampichus.—There—I've thrown my riches away.

Mercury.—Yes—and throw away your pride too, and your contempt for other people. You'll infallibly swamp the boat if you bring all that in.

Lampichus.—Just let me keep my diadem and mantle.

Mercury.—Impossible—off with them too.

Lampichus.—Well, anything more? because I've thrown them all off, as you see.

Mercury.—Your cruelty, and your folly, and your insolence and bad temper, off with them all.

Lampichus. There, then—I'm stripped entirely.

Mercury.—Very well—get in. And you fat fellow, and who are you with all that flesh on you?

Damasias.—Damasias, the athlete.

Mercury.—Ay, you look like him; I remember having seen you in the games.

Damasias.—(smiling). Yes, Mercury, take me on board—I'm ready stripped, at any rate.

Mercury.—Stripped? Nay, my good sir, not with all that covering of flesh on you. You must get rid of that, or you'll sink the boat the moment you set your foot in. And you must take off your garlands and trophies too.

Damasias.—There—now I'm really stripped, and not heavier than these other dead gentlemen.

Mercury.—All right—the lighter the better; get in.

[In like manner the patrician has to lay aside his noble birth, his public honors, and statues, and testimonials; the very thought of them, Mercury declares, is enough to sink the boat; and the general is made to leave behind him all his victories and trophies—in the realms of the dead there is peace. Next comes the philosopher's turn.]

Mercury.—Who's this pompous and conceited personage, to judge from his looks—he with the knitted eyebrows there, and lost in meditation—that fellow with the long beard.

Menippus.—One of those philosophers, Mercury—or rather those cheats and charlatans; make him strip too; you'll find some curious things hid under that cloak of his.

Mercury.—Take your habit off, to begin with, if you please—and now all that you have there,—great Jupiter! what a lot of humbug he was bringing with him—and ignorance and disputatiousness, and vainglory, and useless questions, and prickly arguments, and involved statements, ay, and wasted ingenuity, and solemn trifling, and quips and quirks, of all kinds! Yes, by Jove! and there are gold pieces there, and imprudence and luxury and debauchery—oh! I see them all, though you are trying to hide them! And your lies, and pomposity, and thinking yourself better than everybody else—away with all that I say! Why, if you bring all that aboard, a fifty oared galley would'nt hold you!

Philosopher.—Well, I'll leave it all behind then, if I must.

Menippus.—But make him take his beard off too—

Master Mercury; its heavy and bushy, as you see; there's five pound weight of hair there, at the very least.

Mercury.—You're right. Take it off, sir!

Philosopher.—But who is there who can shave me?

Mercury.—Menippus there will chop it off with the boat-hatchet—he can have the gunwhale for a chopping-block.

Menippus.—Nay, Mercury, lend us a saw—it will be more fun.

Mercury.—Oh, the hatchet will do! So—that's well; now you've got rid of your goatishness, you look something more like a man.

Menippus.—Shall I crop a bit of his eyebrows as well?

Mercury.—By all means; he has stuck them up on his forehead to make him look grander, I suppose. What's the matter now? You're crying, you rascal, are you—afraid of death? Make haste on board, will you?

Menippus.—He's got something now under his arm.

Mercury.—What is it, Menippus?

Menippus.—Flattery it is, Mercury—and a very profitable article, he found it while he was alive.

Philosopher (*in a fury*).—And you, Menippus—leave your lawless tongue behind you, and your cursed independence, and mocking laugh; you're the only one of the party who dare laugh.

Mercury (*laughing*).—No, no, Menippus—they're very light, and take little room; besides, they are good things on a voyage. But you Mr. Orator there, through away your rhetorical flourishes, and antitheses, and parallelisms, and barbarisms, and all that heavy wordy gear of yours.

Orator.—There, then—there they go!

Mercury.—All right. Now, then, slip the moorings. Haul that plank aboard—up anchor and make sail. Mind your helm, master! And a good voyage to us! What are you howling about, you fools? You, Philosopher, especially? Now that you've had your beard cropped.

Philosopher.—Because, dear Mercury, I always thought that the soul had been immortal.

Menippus.—He's lying! It's something else that troubles him, most likely.

Mercury.—What's that?

Menippus.—That he shall have no more expensive suppers, nor after spending all the night in debauchery, profess to lecture to the young men on moral philosophy in the morning, and take pay for it. That's what vexes him.

Philosopher.—And you, Menippus—are you not sorry to die?

Menippus.—How should I be, when I hastened to death without any call to it? But, while we are talking, don't you hear a noise as of some people shouting on the earth?

Mercury.—Yes, I do—and from more than one quarter. There's a public rejoicing yonder for the death of Lampichus; and the women have seized his wife, and the boys are stoning his children; and in Sicyon they are all praising Diophantus the orator for his funeral oration upon Crato here. Yes—and there is Damasias' mother wailing for him amongst her women. But there's not a soul weeping for you Menippus—You're lying all alone.

Menippus.—Not at all—You'll hear the dogs howling over me presently, and the ravens mournfully flapping their wings, when they gather to my funeral.

Mercury.—Stoutly said. But here we are at the landing-place. March off, all of you, to the judgment seat straight; I and the ferryman must go and fetch a fresh batch.

Menippus.—A pleasant trip to you, Mercury. So we'll be moving on. Come, what are you all dawdling for? You've got to be judged, you know; and the punishments, they tell me, are frightful—wheels and stones, and vultures. Every man's life will be strictly inquired into, I can tell you.

CHARON AND MENIPPUS.

Charon (*calling after Menippus, who is walking off.*)—Pay me your fare, you rascal!

Menippus.—Bawl away, Charon, if its any satisfaction to you.

Charon.—Pay me, I say, for carrying you across.

Menippus.—You can't get money from a man who hasn't got it.

Charon.—Is there any man who has not got an odolus?

Menippus.—I know nothing about anybody else; I know I haven't.

Charon (*catching hold of him*).—I'll strangle you, you villain! I will by Pluto! if you don't pay.

Menippus.—And I'll break your head with my staff.

Charon.—Do you suppose you are to have such a long trip for nothing?

Menippus.—Let Mercury pay for me, then; it was he who put me on board.

Mercury.—A very profitable job for me, by Jove! if I'm to pay for all the dead people.

Charon (*to Menippus*).—I shan't let you go.

Menippus.—You can haul your boat ashore, then, for that matter, and wait as long as you please; but I don't see how you can take from me what I don't possess.

Charon.—Didn't you know you had to pay it?

Menippus.—I knew well enough; but I tell you I havn't got it. Is a man not to die because he has no money?

Charon.—Are you to be the only man, then, who can boast that he has crossed the Styx gratis?

Menippus.—Gratis? Not at all, my good friend,—when I baled the boat, and helped you with the oar, and was the only man on board who didn't howl.

Charon.—That has nothing to do with the passage money; you must pay your obolus. It's against all our rules to do otherwise.

Menippus.—Then take me back to life again.

Charon.—Yes, a fine proposal—that I may get a whipping from Æacus for it.

Menippus.—Then don't bother.

Charon.—Show me what you've got in your scrip there.

Menippus.—Lentils, if you please, and a bit of supper for Hecate.

Charon (*turning to Mercury in despair*).—Where on earth did you bring this dog of a cynic from, Mercury?—chattering, as he did, all the way across, cutting his jokes and laughing at the other passengers, and singing while they were all bemoaning themselves.

Mercury.—Didn't you know, Charon, who your passenger was? A most independent fellow, who cares for nobody. That's Menippus.

Charon (*shaking his fist at him as he moves off*).—Well, let me only catch you again!

Menippus (*looking back and laughing*).—Ay, *if* you catch me; but 'tis hardly likely, my good friend, that you'll have me for a passenger twice.

MERCURY AND CHARON SQUARING ACCOUNTS.

Mercury.—Let us have a reckoning, if you please, Mr. Ferryman, of how much you owe me up to this present date, that we mayn't have a squabble hereafter about the items.

Charon.—By all means, Mercury—nothing like being correct in such matters; it saves a world of unpleasantness.

Mercury.—I supplied an anchor to your order—twenty-five drachmæ.

Charon.—That's very dear.

Mercury.—I vow to Pluto I gave five for it. And a row-lock thong—two obols.

Charon.—Well, put down five drachmæ, and two obols.

Mercury.—And a needle to mend the sail. Five obols I paid for that.

Charon.—Well, put that much down too.

Mercury.—Then, there's the wax for caulking the seams of the boat that were open, and nails, and a rope to make halyards of,—two drachmæ altogether.

Charon.—Ay; you bought those worth the money.

Mercury.—That's all, if I've not forgotten something in my account. And now, when do you propose to pay me?

Charon.—It's out of my power, Mercury, at this moment; but if a pestilence or a war should send people down here in considerable numbers, you can make a good thing of it then by a little cheating in the passage money.

Mercury.—So I may go to sleep at present, and put up prayers for all kinds of horrible things to happen, that I may get my dues thereby?

Charon.—I've no other way of paying you, Mercury, indeed. At present, as you see, very few come our way. It's a time of peace, you know.

Mercury.—Well, so much the better, even if I have to wait for my money a while. But those men in the good old times—ah! you remember, Charon, what fine fellows used to come here,—good warriers all, covered with blood and wounds, most of them! Now, 'tis either somebody who has been poisoned by his son or his wife, or with his limbs and carcass bloated by gluttony, pale spiritless wretches, all of them, not a whit like the others. Most of them come here owing to their attempts to overreach each other in money matters, it seems to me.

Charon.—Why, money is certainly a very desirable thing.

Mercury.—Then don't think me unreasonable, if you please, if I look sharp after your little debt to me.

INCREASED LOVE OF LIFE WITH AGE.

OLIVER GOLDSMITH.

Age, that lessens the enjoyment of life, increases our desire of living. Those dangers which, in the vigour of youth, we had learned to despise, assume new terrors as we grow old. Our caution increasing as our years increase, fear becomes at last the prevailing passion of the mind, and the small remainder of life is taken up in useless efforts to keep off our end, or provide for a continued existence.

Strange contradiction in our nature, and to which even the wise are liable! If I should judge of that part of life which lies before me by that which I have already seen, the prospect is hideous. Experience tells me that my past enjoyments have brought no real felicity, and sensation assures me that those I have felt are stronger than those which are yet to come. Yet experience and sensation in vain persuade; hope, more powerful than either, dresses out the distant prospect in fancied beauty; some happiness in long perspective, still beckons me to pursue; and, like a losing gamester, every new disappointment increases my ardour to continue the game.

Whence, then, is this increased love of life, which grows upon us with our years? whence comes it, that we thus make greater efforts to preserve our existence at a period when it becomes scarce worth the keeping? Is it that nature, attentive to the preservation of mankind, increases our wishes to live, while she lessens our enjoyments; and, as she robs the senses of every pleasure, equips imagination in the spoil? Life would be insupportable to an old man who, loaded with infirmities, feared death no more than when in the vigour of manhood; the numberless calamities of decaying nature, and the consciousness of surviving every pleasure, would at once induce him, with his own hand, to terminate the scene of misery; but happily the contempt of death forsakes him at a time when it could only be prejudicial, and life requires an imaginary value in proportion as its real value is no more.

Chinvang the Chaste, ascending the throne of

China, commanded that all who were unjustly detained in prison during the preceeding reigns should be set free. Among the number who came to thank their deliverer on this occasion there appeared a majestic old man, who, falling at the emperor's feet, addressed him as follows; 'Great father of China, behold a wretch, now eighty-five years old, who was shut up in a dungeon at the age of twenty-two. I was imprisoned, though a stranger to crime, or without being even confronted by my accusers. I have now lived in solitude and darkness for more than fifty years, and am grown familiar with distress. As yet, dazzled with the splendour of that sun to which you have restored me, I have been wandering the streets to find out some friend that would assist, or relieve, or remember me; but my friends, my family, and relations are all dead, and I am forgotten. Permit me, then, O Chinvang, to wear out the wretched remains of life in my former prison; the walls of my dungeon are to me more pleasing than the most splendid palace; I have not long to live, and shall be unhappy except I spend the rest of my days where my youth was passed—in that prison from whence you were pleased to release me.'

The old man's passion for confinement is similar to that we all have for life. We are habituated to the prison, we look round with discontent, are displeased with the abode, and yet the length of our captivity only increases our fondness for the cell. The trees we have planted, the houses we have built, or the posterity we have begotten, all serve to bind us closer to earth, and imbitter our parting. Life sues the young like a new acquaintance; the companion, as yet unexhausted, is at once instructive and amusing; its company pleases, yet for all this it is but little regarded. To us, who are declined in years, life appears like an old friend; its jests have been anticipated in former conversation; it has no new story to make us smile, no new improvement with which to surprise, yet still we love it; destitute of every enjoyment, still we love it; husband the wasting treasure with increasing frugality, and feel all the poignancy of anguish in the fatal separation.

Sir Philip Mordaunt was young, beautiful, sincere, brave, an Englishman. He had a complete fortune of his own, and the love of the king his master, which was equivalent to riches. Life opened all her treasures before him, and promised a long succession of future happiness. He came, tasted of the entertainment, but was disgusted even at the beginning. He professed an aversion to living, was tired of walking round the same circle; had tried every enjoyment, and found them all grow weaker at every repetition. 'If life be in youth so displeasing,' cried he to himself, 'what will it appear when age comes on? if it be at present indifferent, sure it will then be execrable.' This thought imbittered every reflection; till at last, with all the serenity of perverted reason, he ended the debate with a pistol! Had this self-deluded man been apprised that existence grows more desirable to us the longer we exist, he would have then faced old age without shrinking; he would have boldly dared to live, and served that society by his future assiduity which he basely injured by his desertion.

THE RACE OF LIFE.

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES—"THE AUTOCRAT OF THE BREAKFAST TABLE."

Nothing strikes one more, in the race of life, than to see how many give out in the first half of the course. "Commencement day" always reminds me of the start for the "Derby," when the beautiful high-bred three-year-olds of the season are brought up for trial. That day is the start, and life is the race. Here we are at Cambridge, and a class is just "graduating." Poor Harry! he was to have been there too, but he has paid forfeit; step out here into the grass back of the church; ah! there it is:—

"HUNC LAPIDEM POSUERUNT
SOCII MŒRENTES."

But this is the start, and here they are,—coats bright as silk, and manes as smooth as *eau lustrale* can make them. Some of the best of the colts are pranced round, a few minutes each, to show their paces. What is that old gentleman crying about? and the old lady by him, and the three girls, what are they all covering their eyes for? Oh, that is *their* colt which has just been trotted upon the stage. Do they really think those little thin legs can do any thing in such a slashing sweepstakes as is coming off in these next forty years? Oh, this terrible gift of second-sight that comes to some of us when we begin to look through the silver rings of the *arcus senilis!*

Ten years gone. First turn in the race. A few broken down, two or three bolted. Several show in advance of the ruck. *Cassock*, a black colt, seems to be ahead of the rest; those black colts commonly get the start, I have noticed, of the others, in the first quarter. *Meteor* has pulled up.

Twenty years. Second corner turned. *Cassock* has dropped from the front, and *Judex*, an iron-gray, has the lead. But look! how they have thinned out! Down flat,—five,—six,—how many? They lie still enough! they will not get up again in this race, be very sure! And the rest of them, what a "tailing off!" Anybody can see who is going to win—perhaps.

Thirty years. Third corner turned. *Dives*, bright sorrel, ridden by the fellow in the yellow jacket, begins to make play fast; is getting to be the favourite with many. But who is that other one that has been lengthening his stride from the first, and now shows close up to the front? Don't you remember the quiet brown colt *Asteroid*, with the star in his forehead? That is he; he is one of the sort that lasts; look out for him! The black "colt," as we used to call him, is in the background, taking it easily in a gentle trot. There is one they used to call *the*

Filly, on account of a certain feminine air he had; well up, you see; the Filly is not to be despised, my boy!

Forty years. More dropping off,—but places much as before

Fifty years. Race over. All that are on the course are coming in at a walk; no more running. Who is ahead? Ahead? What! and the winning-post a slab of white or gray stone standing out from that turf where there is no more jockeying or straining for victory! Well, the world marks their places in its betting-book; but be sure that these matter very little, if they have run as well as they knew how!

EVA'S DEATH.

HARRIET BEECHER STOWE—"UNCLE TOM'S CABIN."

Eva, after this, declined rapidly; there was no more any doubt of the event; the fondest hope could not be blinded. Her beautiful room was avowedly a sick-room; and Miss Ophelia, day and night, performed the duties of a nurse, and never did her friends appreciate her value more than in that capacity. With so well-trained a hand and eye, such perfect adroitness and practice in every art which could promote neatness and comfort and keep out of sight every disagreeable incident of sickness,—with such a perfect sense of time, such a clear, untroubled head, such exact accuracy in remembering every prescription and direction of the doctors—she was everything to St. Clare. They who had shrugged their shoulders at the little peculiarities and setnesses —so unlike the careless freedom of Southern manners—acknowledged that now she was the exact person that was wanted.

Uncle Tom was much in Eva's room. The child suffered much from nervous restlessness, and it was a relief to her to be carried; and it was Tom's greatest delight to carry her little frail form in his arms, resting on a pillow, now up and down her room, now out into the veranda; and when the fresh sea-breezes blew from the lake, and the child felt freshest in the morning, he would sometimes walk with her under the orange-trees in the garden, or sitting down in some of their old seats, sing to her their favorite old hymns.

Her father often did the same thing; but his frame was slighter, and when he was weary, Eva would say to him,—

"Oh, papa, let Tom take me. Poor fellow! it pleases him; and you know it's all he can do now, and he wants to do something!"

"So do I, Eva!" said her father.

"Well, papa, you can do everything and are everything to me. You read to me,—you sit up nights; and Tom has only this one thing, and his singing; and I know, too, he does it easier than you can. He carries me so strong!"

The desire to do something was not confined to Tom. Every servant in the establishment showed the same feeling, and in their way did what they could. But the friend who knew most of Eva's own imaginings and foreshadowings was her faithful bearer, Tom. To him she said what she would not disturb her father by saying. To him she imparted those mysterious intimations which the soul feels as the cords begin to unbind ere it leaves its clay forever.

Tom, at last, would not sleep in his room, but lay all night in the outer veranda, ready to rouse at every call.

"Uncle Tom, what alive have you taken to sleeping anywhere and everywhere, like a dog, for?" said Miss Ophelia. "I thought you was one of the orderly sort that liked to lie in bed in a Christian way."

"I do, Miss Feely," said Tom, mysteriously. "I do; but now—"

"Well, what now?"

"We mustn't speak loud; Mas'r St. Clare won't hear on't; but Miss Feely, you know there must be somebody watchin' for the bridegroom."

"What do you mean, Tom?"

"You know it says in Scripture, 'At midnight there was a great cry made. Behold the bridegroom cometh.' That's what I'm spectin' now, every night, Miss Feely; and I couldn't sleep out o' hearin', no ways."

"Why, Uncle Tom, what makes you think so?"

"Miss Eva she talks to me. The Lord, He sends his messenger in the soul. I must be thar, Miss Feely; for when that ar blessed child goes into the kingdom they'll open the door so wide, we'll all get a look in at the glory, Miss Feely."

"Uncle Tom, did Miss Eva say she felt more unwell than usual to-night!"

"No; but she telled me this morning she was comin' nearer—thar's them that tells it to the child, Miss Feely. It's the angels,—'it's the trumpet sound afore the break o' day,'" said Tom, quoting from a favorite hymn.

This dialogue passed between Miss Ophelia and Tom, between ten and eleven, one evening, after her arrangements had all been made for the night, when on going to bolt her outer door, she found Tom stretched along by it, in the outer veranda.

She was not nervous or impressible; but the solemn, heartfelt manner struck her. Eva had been unusually bright and cheerful that afternoon, and had sat raised in her bed, and looked over all her little trinkets and precious things, and designated the friends to whom she would have them given; and her manner was more animated, and her voice more natural, than they had known it for weeks. Her father had been in, in the evening, and had said that Eva appeared more like her former self than ever she had done since her sickness; and when he kissed her for the night, he said to Miss Ophelia, "Cousin, we may keep her with us after all; she is certainly better;" and he had retired with a lighter heart in his bosom than he had had there for weeks.

But at midnight,—strange, mystic hour!—when

the veil between the frail present and the eternal future grows thin,—then came the messenger!

There was a sound in that chamber, first of one who stepped quickly. It was Miss Ophelia, who had resolved to sit up all night with her little charge, and who at the turn of the night had discerned what experienced nurses significantly call "a change." The outer door was quickly opened and Tom, who was watching outside, was on the alert in a moment.

"Go for the doctor, Tom! Lose not a moment," said Miss Ophelia; and stepping across the room she rapped at St. Clare's door.

"Cousin," she said, "I wish you would come."

These words fell on his heart like clods upon a coffin. Why did they? He was up and in the room in an instant, and bending over Eva, who still slept.

What was it he saw that made his heart stand still? Why was no word spoken between the two? Thou canst say, who hast seen that same expression on the face dearest to thee,—that look indescribable, hopeless, unmistakable, that says to thee that thy beloved is no longer thine.

On the face of the child, however, there was no ghastly imprint,—only a high and almost sublime expression,—the overshadowing presence of spiritual natures, the dawning of immortal life in that childish soul.

They stood there so still, gazing upon her, that even the ticking of the watch seemed too loud. In a few moments Tom returned with the doctor. He entered, gave one look, and stood silent as the rest.

"When did this change take place?" said he, in a low whisper to Miss Ophelia.

"About the turn of the night," was the reply.

Marie, roused by the entrance of the doctor, appeared hurriedly, from the next room.

"Augustine! Cousin!—Oh!—what!" she hurriedly began.

"Hush!" said St. Clare, hoarsely, "*She is dying!*"

Mammy heard the words and flew to awaken the servants. The house was soon roused,—lights were seen, footsteps heard, anxious faces thronged the veranda and looked tearfully through the glass doors; but St. Clare heard and said nothing,—he saw only *that look* on the face of the little sleeper.

"Oh, if she would only wake, and speak once more!" he said; and stooping over her, he spoke in her ear,—"Eva, darling!"

The large blue eyes unclosed,—a smile passed over her face; she tried to raise her head, and speak.

"Do you know me, Eva?"

"Dear papa," said the child, with a last effort, throwing her arms about his neck. In a moment they dropped again; and as St. Clare raised his head he saw a spasm of mortal agony pass over the face; she struggled for breath, and threw up her little hands.

"O God, this is dreadful!" he said, turning away in agony, and wringing Tom's hand, scarce conscious what he was doing. "Oh, Tom, my boy, it is killing me!"

Tom had his master's hands between his own, and with tears streaming down his dark cheeks, looked up for help where he had always been used to look.

"Pray that this may be cut short!" said St. Clare: "this wrings my heart!"

"Oh, bless the Lord! it's over,—it's over, dear master!" said Tom. "Look at her."

The child lay panting on her pillows as one exhausted,—the large clear eyes rolled up and fixed. Ah, what said those eyes that spoke so much of heaven? Earth was past, and earthly pain; but so solemn, so mysterious, was the triumphant brightness of that face, that it checked even the sobs of sorrow. They pressed around her, in breathless stillness.

"Eva!" said St. Clare, gently. She did not hear.

"Oh, Eva, tell us what you see! What is it?" said her father.

A bright, a glorious smile passed over her face, and she said, brokenly, "Oh! love—joy—peace!" gave one sigh, and passed from death unto life!

Farewell, beloved child! the bright, eternal doors have closed after thee; we shall see thy sweet face no more. Oh, woe for them who watched thy entrance into heaven, when they shall wake and find only the cold gray sky of daily life, and thou gone forever!

BY-PATH MEADOW.

JOHN BUNYAN—"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

Now I beheld in my dream, that they had not journeyed far, but the river and the way for a time parted, at which they were not a little sorry; yet they durst not go out of the way. Now the way from the river was rough, and their feet tender by reason of their travels; so, the souls of the pilgrims were much discouraged because of the way. Wherefore, still as they went on, they wished for a better way. Now, a little before them, there was on the left hand of the road a meadow, and a stile to go over into it, and that meadow is called Bypath meadow. Then said Christian to his fellow, If this meadow lieth along by our wayside, let's go over into it. Then he went to the stile to see; and behold, a path lay along by the way on the other side of the fence. It is according to my wish, said Christiain; here is the easiest going; come good Hopeful, and let us go over.

Hopeful.—But how if this path should lead us out of the way?

That is not likely, said the other. Look, doth it not go along by the wayside? So Hopeful, being persuaded by his fellow, went after him over the stile. When they were gone over, and were got into the path, they found it very easy for their feet; and withal they, looking before them, espied a man walking as they did, and his name was Vain-Confidence; so they called after him, and asked him whither that way led. He said, To the Celestial Gate. Look; said Christian, did I not tell you so? By this you may see we are right. So they followed, and he

went before them. But behold, the night came on, and it grew very dark; so they that were behind lost sight of him that went before.

He, therefore, that went before (Vain-Confidence by name), not seeing the way before him, fell into a deep pit, which was on purpose there made, by the prince of those grounds, to catch vain-glorious fools withal, and was dashed in pieces with his fall.

Now, Christian and his fellow heard him fall. So they called to know the matter, but there was none to answer, only they heard a groaning. Then said Hopeful, Where are we now? Then was his fellow silent, as mistrusting that he had led him out of the way; and now it began to rain, and thunder, and lighten, in a most dreadful manner, and the water rose amain.

Then Hopeful groaned in himself, saying, Oh, that I had kept on my way!

Christian.—Who could have thought that this path should have led us out of the way?

Hopeful.—I was afraid on't at the very first, and therefore gave you that gentle caution. I would have spoken plainer, but that you are older than I.

Christian.—Good brother, be not offended: I am sorry I have brought thee out of the way, and that I have put thee into such imminent danger. Pray, my brother, forgive me; I did not do it of an evil intent.

Hopeful.—Be comforted, my brother, for I forgive thee; and believe, too, that this shall be for our good.

Christian.—I am glad I have with me a merciful brother: but we must not stand here; let us try to go back again.

Hopeful.—But, good brother, let me go before.

Christian.—No, if you please, let me go first, that if there be any danger, I may be first therein, because by my means we are both gone out of the way.

Hopeful.—No, said hopeful, you shall not go first, for your mind being troubled may lead you out of the way again. Then for their encouragement they heard the voice of one saying, "Let thine heart be toward the highway, even the way that thou wentest: turn again." But by this time the waters were greatly risen, by which the way of going back was very dangerous. (Then I thought that it is easier going out of the way when we are in, than going in when we are out.) Yet they adventured to go back; but it was so dark, and the flood was so high, that in their going back they had like to have been drowned nine or ten times.

Neither could they, with all the skill they had, get again to the stile that night. Wherefore at last, lighting under a little shelter, they sat down there till the day brake; but, being weary, they fell asleep. Now there was, not far from the place where they lay, a castle, called Doubting Castle, the owner whereof was Giant Despair, and it was in his grounds they now were sleeping; wherefore he, getting up in the morning early, and walking up and down in his fields, caught Christian and Hopeful asleep in his grounds. Then with a grim and surly voice he bid them awake, and asked them whence they were, and what they did in his grounds. They told him they were pilgrims, and that they had lost their way. Then said the giant, You have this night trespassed on me by trampling in and lying on my grounds, and therefore you must go along with me. So they were forced to go, because he was stronger than they. They had also but little to say, for they knew themselves in a fault. The giant, therefore, drove them before him, and put them into his castle, into a very dark dungeon, nasty and stinking to the spirits of these two men. Here, then, they lay from Wednesday morning till Saturday night, without one bit of bread or drop of drink, or light, or any to ask how they did; they were, therefore, here in evil case, and were far from friends and acquaintance. Now, in this place, Christian had double sorrow, because it was through his unadvised counsel that they were brought into this distress.

Now Giant Despair had a wife, and her name was Diffidence: so, when he was gone to bed, he told his wife what he had done, to wit, that he had taken a couple of prisoners, and cast them into his dungeon for trespassing on his grounds. Then, he asked her, also, what he had best do further with them. So she asked him what they were, whence they came, and whither they were bound; and he told her. Then she counselled him, that, when he arose in the morning, he should beat them without mercy. So when he arose, he getteth him a grievous crab-tree cudgel, and goes down into the dungeon to them, and there first falls to rating of them as if they were dogs, although they gave him never a word of distaste. Then he fell upon them, and beat them fearfully, in such sort that they were not able to help themselves, or to turn them upon the floor. This done, he withdraws and leaves them to condole their misery, and to mourn under their distress; so all that day they spent their time in nothing but sighs and bitter lamentations. The next night, she, talking with her husband further about them, and understanding that they were yet alive, did advise him to counsel them to make away with themselves. So, when morning was come, he goes to them in a surly manner, as before, and perceiving them to be very sore with the stripes that he had given them the day before, he told them, that since they were never like to come out of that place, their only way would be forthwith to make an end of themselves, either with knife, halter, or poison; for why, said he, should you choose to live, seeing it is attended with so much bitterness? But they desired him to let them go. With that he looked ugly upon them, and rushing to them, had doubtless made an end of them himself, but that he fell into one of his fits (for he sometimes in sunshiny weather fell into fits), and lost for a time the use of his hands; wherefore he withdrew, and left them, as before, to consider what to do. Then did the prisoners consult between themselves whether it was best

to take his counsel or no; and thus they began to discourse.

Christian.—Brother, said Christian, what shall we do? The life that we now live is miserable. For my part, I know not whether it is best to live thus, or to die out of hand. My soul chooseth strangling rather than life, and the grave is more easy for me than this dungeon. Shall we be ruled by the giant?

Hopeful.—Indeed our present condition is dreadful, and death would be far more welcome to me than thus forever to abide; but yet, let us consider, the Lord of the country to which we are going hath said, "Thou shalt do no murder," no, not to another man's person; much more, then, are we forbidden to take his counsel to kill ourselves. Besides, he that kills another, can but commit murder upon his body; but for one to kill himself, is to kill body and soul at once. And, moreover, my brother, thou talkest of ease in the grave; but hast thou forgotten the hell whither for certain the murderers go? for "no murderer hath eternal life," &c. And let us consider again, that all the law is not in the hand of Giant Despair; others, so far as I can understand, have been taken by him as well as we, and yet have escaped out of his hands. Who knows but that God, who made the world, may cause that Giant Despair may die; or that, at some time or other, he may forget to lock us in; or that he may, in a short time, have another of his fits before us, and may lose the use of his limbs? And if ever that should come to pass again, for my part, I am resolved to pluck up the heart of a man, and to try my utmost to get from under his hand. I was a fool that I did not try to do it before. But, however, my brother, let us be patient, and endure a while; the time may come that may give us a happy release; but let us not be our own murderers. With these words Hopeful at present did moderate the mind of his brother; so they continued together in the dark that day, in their sad and doleful condition.

Well, towards evening the giant goes down into the dungeon again, to see if his prisoners had taken his counsel. But, when he came there he found them alive; and, truly, alive was all; for now, what for want of bread and water, and by reason of the wounds they received when he beat them, they could do little but breathe. But, I say, he found them alive; at which he fell into a grievous rage, and told them, that, seeing that they had disobeyed his counsel, it should be worse with them than if they had never been born.

At this they trembled greatly, and I think that Christian fell into a swoon; but, coming a little to himself again, they renewed their discourse about the giant's counsel, and whether yet they had best take it or no. Now Christian again seemed for doing it; but Hopeful made his second reply, as followeth:—

Hopeful.—My brother, said he, rememberest thou not how valiant thou hast been heretofore? Apollyon could not crush thee, nor could all that thou didst hear, or see, or feel, in the Valley of the Shadow of Death. What hardship, terror, and amazement, hast thou already gone through; and art thou now nothing but fears? Thou seest that I am in the dungeon with thee, a far weaker man by nature than thou art. Also, this giant hath wounded me as well as thee, and hath also cut off the bread and water from my mouth, and with thee I mourn without the light. But, let us exercise a little more patience. Remember how thou playedst the man at Vanity Fair, and wast neither afraid of the chain nor cage, nor yet of bloody death; wherefore, let us (at least to avoid the shame that it becomes not a Christian to be found in) bear up with patience as well as we can.

Now, night being come again, and the giant and his wife being in bed, she asked him concerning the prisoners, and if they had taken his counsel; to which he replied, They are sturdy rogues; they choose rather to bear all hardships than to make away with themselves. Then said she, take them into the castle-yard to-morrow, and show them the bones and skulls of those that thou hast already despatched, and make them believe, ere a week comes to an end, thou wilt tear them in pieces, as thou hast done their fellows before them.

So, when the morning was come, the giant goes to them again, and takes them into the castle-yard, and shows them as his wife had bidden him. These, said he, were pilgrims, as you are, once, and they trespassed on my grounds, as you have done; and, when I thought fit, I tore them in pieces; and so within ten days I will do you. Go, get you down to your den again. And with that he beat them all the way thither. They lay, therefore, all day on Saturday in a lamentable case as before. Now, when night was come, and when Mrs. Diffidence, and her husband the giant was got to bed, they began to renew their discourse of their prisoners; and, withal, the old giant wondered that he could neither by his blows nor counsel bring them to an end. And with that his wife replied, I fear, said she, that they live in hopes that some will come to relieve them; or that they have picklocks about them, by the means of which they hope to escape. And sayest thou so, my dear? said the giant. I will therefore search them in the morning.

Well, on Saturday, about midnight, they began to pray, and continued in prayer till almost break of day.

Now, a little before it was day, good Christian, as one half amazed, brake out into this passionate speech: What a fool, quoth he, am I, thus to lie in a stinking dungeon, when I may as well walk at liberty! I have a key in my bosom, called Promise, that will, I am persuaded, open any lock in Doubting Castle. Then said Hopeful, That is good news: good brother, pluck it out of thy bosom, and try.

Then Christian pulled it out of his bosom, and began to try at the dungeon-door, whose bolt, as he turned the key, gave back, and the door flew open

with ease, and Christian and Hopeful both came out. Then he went to the outward door that leads into the castle-yard, and with his key opened that door also. After that he went to the iron gate, for that must be opened too; but that lock went desperately hard, yet the key did open it. They then thrust open the gate to make their escape with speed; but that gate, as it opened, made such a creaking that it waked Giant Despair, who hastily rising to pursue his prisoners, felt his limbs to fail; for his fits took him again, so that he could by no means go after them. Then they went on, and came to the King's highway, and so were safe, because they were out of his jurisdiction.

Now, when they were gone over the stile, they began to contrive with themselves what they should do at that stile to prevent those that should come after from falling into the hands of Giant Despair. So they consented to erect there a pillar, and to engrave upon the side thereof this sentence: "Over this stile is the way to Doubting Castle, which is kept by Giant Despair, who despiseth the King of the Celestial Country, and seeks to destroy his holy pilgrims." Many therefore, that followed after, read what was written, and escaped the danger.

THE PASSING CROWD.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

"The passing crowd" is a phrase coined in the spirit of indifference. Yet, to a man of what Plato calls "universal sympathies," and even to the plain ordinary denizens of this world, what can be more interesting than "the passing crowd?" Does not this tide of human beings, which we daily see passing along the ways of this world, consist of persons animated by the same spark of the divine essence, and partaking of the same high destinies with ourselves? Let us stand still but for a moment in the midst of this busy, and seemingly careless scene, and consider what they are or may be whom we see around us. In the hurry of the passing show, and of our own sensations, we see but a series of unknown faces; but this is no reason why we should regard them with indifference. Many of these persons, if we knew their histories, would rivet our admiration, by the ability, worth, benevolence, or piety, which they have displayed in their various paths through life. Many would excite our warmest interest by their sufferings—sufferings, perhaps, borne meekly and well, and more for the sake of others than themselves. How many tales of human weal and woe, of glory and of humiliation, could be told by those beings, whom, in passing, we regard not! Unvalued as they are by us, how many as good as ourselves repose upon them the affections of bounteous hearts, and would not want them for any earthly compensation. Every one of these persons, in all probability, retains in his bosom the cherished recollections of early happy days, spent in some scene which "they ne'er forget, though there they are forgot," with friends and fellows who, though now far removed in distance and in fortune, are never to be given up by the heart. Every one of these individuals, in all probability, nurses still deeper, in the recesses of feeling, the remembrance of that chapter of romance in the life of every man, an early earnest attachment, conceived in the fervour of youth, unstained by the slightest thought of self, and for the time purifying and elevating the character far above its ordinary standard. Beneath all this gloss of the world—this cold conventional aspect, which all more or less present, and which the business of life renders necessary—there resides for certain a fountain of goodness, pure in its inner depths as the lymph rock-distilled, and ready on every proper occasion to well out in the exercise of the noblest duties. Though all may seem but a hunt after worldly objects, the great majority of these individuals can, at the proper time, cast aside all earthly thoughts, and communicate directly with the Being whom their fathers have taught them to worship, and whose will and attributes have been taught to man immediately by himself. Perhaps many of these persons are loftier of aspect than ourselves, and belong to a sphere removed above our own. But, nevertheless, if the barrier of mere worldly form were taken out of the way, it is probable that we could interchange sympathies with these persons as freely and cordially as with any of our own class. Perhaps they are of an inferior order; but they are only inferior in certain circumstances, which should never interpose to prevent the flow of feeling for our kind. The great common features of human nature remain; and let us never forget how much respect is due to the very impress of humanity—the type of the divine nature itself! Even where our fellow-creatures are degraded by vice and poverty, let us still be gentle in our judging. The various fortunes which we every day see befalling the members of a simgle family, after they part off in their several paths through life, teach us, that it is not to every one that success in the career of existence is destined. Besides, do not the arrangements of society at once necessitate the subjection of an immense multitude to humble toil, and give rise to temptations, before which the weak and uninstructed can scarcely escape falling? But even beneath the soiled face of the poor artisan there may be aspirations after some vague excellence, which hard fate has denied him the means of attaining, though the very wish to obtain it is itself ennobling. The very mendicant was not always so; he, to, has had his undegraded and happier days, upon the recollection of which, some remnant of better feeling may still repose.

These, I humbly think, are reasons why we should not look with coldness upon any masses of men with whom it may be our lot to mingle. It is the nature of a good man to conclude that others are like him-

self; and if we take the crowd promiscuously, we can never be far wrong in thinking that there are worthy and well-directed feelings in it as well as in our own bosoms.

SMALL-BEER CHRONICLE.

WILLIAM M. THACKERAY.

Not long since, at a certain banquet, I had the good fortune to sit by Doctor Polymathesis, who knows everything, and who, about the time when the claret made its appearance, mentioned that old dictum of the grumbling Oxford Don, that "ALL CLARET *would be port if it could!*" Imbibing a bumper of one or the other not ungratefully, I thought to myself, "Here surely, Mr. Roundabout, is a good text for one of your reverence's sermons." Let us apply to the human race, dear brethren, what is here said of the vintages of Portugal and Gascony, and we shall have no difficulty in perceiving how many clarets aspire to be ports in their way; how most men and women of our acquaintance, how we ourselves, are Aquitanians giving ourselves Lusitanian airs; how we wish to have credit for being stronger, braver, more beautiful, more worthy than we really are.

Nay, the beginning of this hypocrisy—a desire to excel, a desire to be hearty, fruity, generous, strength-imparting—is a virtuous and noble ambition; and it is most difficult for a man in his own case, or his neighbor's, to say at what point this ambition transgresses the boundary of virtue, and becomes vanity, pretence, and self-seeking. You are a poor man, let us say, showing a bold face to adverse fortune, and wearing a confident aspect. Your purse is very narrow, but you owe no man a penny; your means are scanty, but your wife's gown is decent; your old coat well brushed; your children at a good school; you grumble to no one; ask favors of no one; truckle to no neighbors on account of their superior rank, or (a worse, and a meaner, and a more common crime still) envy none for their better fortune. To all outward appearances you are as well to do as your neighbors, who have thrice your income. There may be in this case some little mixture of pretension in your life and behavior. You certainly *do* put on a smiling face whilst fortune is pinching you. Your wife and girls, so smart and neat at evening-parties, are cutting, patching, and cobbling all day to make both ends of life's haberdashery meet. You give a friend a bottle of wine on occasion, but are content yourself with a glass of whiskey-and-water. You avoid a cab, saying that of all things you like to walk home after dinner (which you know, my good friend, is a fib). I grant you that in this scheme of life there does enter ever so little hypocrisy; that this claret is loaded, as it were; but your desire to *fortify* yourself is amiable, is pardonable, is perhaps honorable; and were there no other hypocrisies than yours in the world we should be a set of worthy fellows; and sermonizers, moralizers, satirizers, would have to hold their tongues, and go to some other trade to get a living.

But you know you *will* step over that boundary line of virtue and modesty, into the district where humbug and vanity begin, and there the moralizer catches you and makes an example of you. For instance, in a certain novel in another place my friend Mr. Talbot Twysden is mentioned—a man whom you and I know to be a wretched ordinaire, but who persists in treating himself as if he was the finest '20 port. In our Britain there are hundreds of men like him; forever striving to swell beyond their natural size, to strain beyond their natural strength, to step beyond their natural stride. Search, search within your own waistcoat, dear brethren—*you* know in your hearts, which of your ordinaire qualities you would pass off, and fain consider as first-rate port. And why not you yourself, Mr. Preacher? says the congregation. Dearly beloved, neither in nor out of this pulpit do I profess to be bigger, or cleverer, or wiser, or better than any of you. A short while since, a certain Reviewer announced that I gave myself great pretensions as a philosopher. I a philosopher! I advance pretensions! My dear Saturday friend, And you? Don't you teach everything to everybody! and punish the naughty boys if they don't learn as you bid them? You teach politics to Lord John and Mr. Gladstone. You teach poets how to write; painters, how to paint; gentlemen, manners; and opera-dancers, how to pirouette. I was not a little amused of late by an instance of the modesty of our Saturday friend, who, more Athenian than the Athenians, and a propos of a Greek book by a Greek author, sat down and gravely showed the Greek gentleman how to write his own language.

No, I do not, as far as I know, try to be port at all; but offer in these presents, a sound genuine ordinaire, at 18*s.* per doz. let us say, grown on my own hillside, and offered *de bon cœur* to those who will sit down under my *tonnelle*, and have a half-hour's drink and gossip. It is none of your hot porto, my friend. I know there is much better and stronger liquor elsewhere. Some pronounce it sour: some say it is thin; some that it has wofully lost its flavor. This may or may not be true. There are good and bad years; years that surprise everybody; years of which the produce is small and bad, or rich and plentiful. But if my tap is not genuine it is naught, and no man should give himself the trouble to drink it. I do not even say that I would be port if I could; knowing that port (by which I would imply much stronger, deeper, richer, and more durable liquor than my vineyard can furnish) is not relished by all palates, or suitable to all heads. We will assume then, dear brother, that you and I are tolerably modest people; and, ourselves being thus out of the question, proceed to show how pretentious our neighbors are, and how very many of them would be port if they could.

Have you never seen a small man from college placed amongst great folk, and giving himself the airs of a man of fashion? He goes back to his common room with fond reminiscences of Ermine Castle or Strawberry Hall. He writes to the dear countess, to say that dear Lord Lollypop is getting on very well at St. Boniface, and that the accident which he met with in a scuffle with an inebriated bargeman only showed his spirit and honor, and will not permanently disfigure his lordship's nose. He gets his clothes from dear Lollypop's London tailor, and wears a mauve or magenta tie when he rides out to see the hounds. A love of fashionable people is a weakness, I do not say of all, but of some tutors. Witness that Eton tutor t'other day, who intimated that in Cornhill we could not understand the perfect purity, delicacy, and refinement of those genteel families who sent their sons to Eton. O usher, *mon ami!* Old Sam Johnson, who, too, had been an usher in his early life, kept a little of that weakness always. Suppose Goldsmith had knocked him up at three in the morning and proposed a boat to Greenwich, as Topham Beauclerc and his friend did, would he have said, "What, my boy, are you for a frolic? I'm with you!" and gone and put on his clothes? Rather he would have pitched poor Goldsmith down stairs. He would have liked to be port if he could. Of course *we* wouldn't. Our opinion of the Portugal grape is known. It grows very high, and is very sour, and we don't go for that kind of grape at all.

"I was walking with Mr. Fox"—and sure this anecdote comes very pat after the grapes—"I was walking with Mr. Fox in the Louvre," says Benjamin West (*apud* some paper I have just been reading), "and I remarked how many people turned round to look at *me*. This shows the respect of the French for the fine arts." This is a curious instance of a very small claret indeed, which imagined itself to be port of the strongest body. There are not many instances of a faith so deep, so simple, so satisfactory as this. I have met many who would like to be port; but with few of the Gascon sort, who absolutely believed they *were* port. George III. believed in West's port, and thought Reynolds' overrated stuff. When I saw West's pictures at Philadelphia, I looked at them with astonishment and awe. Hide, blushing glory, hide your head under your old nightcap. O immortality! is this the end of you? Did any of you, my dear brethren, ever try and read "Blackmore's Poems," or the "Epics of Baour-Lormian," or the "Henriade," or—what shall we say?—Pollok's "Course of Time!" They were thought to be more lasting than brass by some people, and where are they now? And *our* masterpieces of literature—*our* ports—that, if not immortal, at any rate are to last their fifty, their hundred years—oh, sirs, don't you think a very small cellar will hold them?

Those poor people in brass, on pedestals, hectoring about Trafalgar Square and that neighborhood, don't you think many of them—apart even from the ridiculous execution—cut rather a ridiculous figure, and that we are too eager to set up our ordinaire heroism and talent for port? A Duke of Wellington or two I will grant, though even of these idols a moderate supply will be sufficient. Some years ago a famous and witty French critic was in London, with whom I walked the streets. I am ashamed to say that I informed him (being in hopes that he was about to write some papers regarding the manners and customs of this country) that all the statues he saw represented the Duke of Wellington. That on the arch opposite Apsley House? the Duke in a cloak, and cocked-hat, on horseback. That behind Apsley House in an airy fig-leaf costume? the Duke again. That in Cockspur Street? the Duke with a pigtail—and so on. I showed him an army of Dukes. There are many bronze heroes who after a few years look already as foolish, awkward, and out of place as a man, say at Shoolbred's or Swan and Edgar's. For example, those three grenadiers in Pall Mall, who have been up only a few months, don't you pity those unhappy household troops, who have to stand frowning and looking fierce there; and think they would like to step down and go to barracks? That they fought very bravely there is no doubt; but so did the Russians fight very bravely; and the French fight very bravely; and so did Colonel Jones and the 99th, and Colonel Brown and the 100th; and I say again that ordinaire should not give itself port airs, and that an honest ordinaire would blush to be found swaggering so. I am sure if you could consult the Duke of York, who is impaled on his column between the two clubs, and ask his late Royal Highness whether he thought he ought to remain there, he would say no. A brave, worthy man, not a braggart or boaster, to be put upon that heroic perch must be painful to him. Lord George Bentinck, I suppose, being in the midst of the family park in Cavendish Square, may conceive that he has a right to remain in his place. But look at William of Cumberland, with his hat cocked over his eye, prancing behind Lord George on his Roman-nosed charger; he, depend on it, would be for getting off his horse if he had the permission. He did not hesitate about trifles, as we know; but he was a very truth-telling and honorable soldier: and as for heroic rank and statuesque dignity, I would wager a dozen of '20 port against a bottle of pure and sound Bordeaux, at 18*s.* per dozen (bottles included), that he never would think of claiming any such absurd distinction. They have got a statue of Thomas Moore at Dublin, I hear. Is he on horseback? Some men should have, say, a fifty years' lease of glory. After a while some gentlemen now in brass should go to the melting furnace, and reappear in some other gentleman's shape.

Lately I saw that Melville column rising over Edinburgh; come, good men and true, don't you feel a little awkward and uneasy when you walk under

it? Who was this to stand in heroic places? and is yon the man whom Scotchmen most delight to honor? I must own deferentially that there is a tendency in North Britain to over-esteem its heroes. Scotch ale is very good and strong, but it is not stronger than all the other beer in the world, as some Scottish patriots would insist. When there has been a war, and stout old Sandy Sansculotte returns home from India or Crimea, what a bagpiping, shouting, hurraying, and self-glorification takes place round about him! You would fancy, to hear McOrator after dinner, that the Scotch had fought all the battles, killed all the Russians, Indian rebels, or what not. In Cupar-Fife, there's a little inn called the "Battle of Waterloo," and what do you think the sign is? (I sketch from memory, to be sure). "The Battle of Waterloo" is one broad Scotchman laying about him with a broadsword. Yes, yes, dear Mac, you are wise, you are good, you are clever, you are handsome, you are brave, you are rich, etc.; but so is Jones over the border. Scotch salmon is good, but there are other good fish in the sea. I once heard a Scotchman lecture on poetry in London. Of course the pieces he selected were chiefly by Scottish authors, and Walter Scott was his favorite poet. I whispered to my neighbor, who was a Scotchman (by the way, the audience were almost all Scotch, and the room was All-Mac's—I beg your pardon, but I couldn't help it, I really couldn't help it)—"The professor has said the best poet was a Scotchman: I wager that he will say the worst poet was a Scotchman too." And sure enough that worst poet, when he made his appearance, was a Northern Briton.

And as we are talking of bragging, and I am on my travels, can I forget one mighty republic, where people are notoriously fond of passing off their claret for port? I am very glad, for the sake of a kind friend, that there is a great and influential party in the United States, who believe that Catawba wine is better than the best Champagne. Opposite that famous old White House at Washington, whereof I shall ever have a grateful memory, they have set up an equestrian statue of General Jackson, by a self-taught American artist of no inconsiderable genius and skill. At an evening-party a member of Congress seized me in a corner of the room, and asked me if I did not think this was *the finest equestrian statue in the world?* How was I to deal with this plain question, put to me in a corner? I was bound to reply, and accordingly said that I did *not* think it was the finest statue in the world. "Well, sir," says the member of Congress, "but you must remember that Mr. M—— had never seen a statue when he made this!" I suggested that to see other statues might do Mr. M—— no harm. Nor was any man more willing to own his defects, or more modest regarding his merits, than the sculptor himself, whom I met subsequently. But oh! what a charming article there was in a Washington paper next day about the impertinence of criticism and offensive tone of arrogance which Englishmen adopted towards men and works of genius in America! "Who was this man, who," &c., &c.? The Washington writer was angry because I would not accept this American claret as the finest port-wine in the world. Ah me! It is about blood and not wine that the quarrel now is, and who shall fortell its end?

How much claret that would be port if it could is handed about in every society! In the House of Commons what small-beer orators try to pass for strong? Stay: have I a spite against any one? It is a fact that the wife of the Member for Bungay has left off asking me and Mrs. Roundabout to her evening-parties. Now is the time to have a slap at him. I will say that he was always overrated, and that now he is lamentably falling off even from what he has been. I will back the member for Stoke Pogis against him; and show that the dashing young member for Islington is a far sounder man than either. Have I any little literary animosities? Of course not. Men of letters never have. Otherwise, how could I serve out a competitor here, make a face over his works, and show that this would-be port is very meagre ordinaire indeed! Nonsense, man! Why so squeamish? Do they spare *you?* Now you have the whip in your hand, won't you lay on? You used to be a pretty whip enough as a young man, and liked it too. Is there no enemy who would be the better for a little thonging? No. I have militated in former times, not without glory; but I grow peaceable as I grow old. And if I have a literary enemy, why, he will probably write a book ere long, and then it will be *his* turn, and my favorite review will be down upon him.

My brethren, these sermons are professedly short; for I have that opinion of my dear congregation, which leads me to think that were I to preach at great length they would yawn, stamp, make noises, and perhaps go straightway out of church; and yet with this text I protest I could go on for hours. What multitudes of men, what multidudes of women, my dears, pass off their ordinaire for port, their small beer for strong! In literature, in politics, in the army, the navy, the church, at the bar, in the world, what an immense quantity of cheap liquor is made to do service for better sorts! Ask Sergeant Roland his opinion of Oliver, Q. C. "Ordinaire, my good fellow, ordinaire, with a port-wine label!" Ask Oliver his opinion of Roland. "Never was a man so overrated by the world and by himself." Ask Tweedledumski his opinion of Tweedledeestein's performance. "A quack, my tear sir! an ignoramus, I geef you my vort? He gombose an opera! He is not fit to make dance a bear!" Ask Paddington and Buckmister, those two "swells" of fashion what they think of each other? They are notorious ordinaire. You and I remember when they passed for very small wine, and now how high and mighty they have become. What do you say to Tomkins' sermons? Or-

dinaire, trying to go down as orthodox port, and very meagre ordinaire too! To Hopkins' historical works?—to Pumpkin's poetry? Ordinaire, ordinaire again—thin, feeble, overrated; and so down the whole list. And when we have done discussing our men friends, have we not all the women? Do these not advance absurd pretensions? Do these never give themselves airs? With feeble brains, don't they often set up to be *esprits forts?* Don't they pretend to be women of fashion, and cut their betters? Don't they try and pass off their ordinary-looking girls as beauties of the first order? Every man in his circle knows women who give themselves airs, and to whom we can apply the port-wine simile.

Come, my friends. Here is enough of ordinaire and port for to-day. My bottle has run out. Will anybody have any more? Let us go up stairs and get a cup of tea from the ladies.

FRIENDSHIP.

LORD BACON.

It had been hard for him that spake it, to have put more truth and untruth together in few words, than in that speech, 'Whosoever is delighted in solitude, is either a wild beast or a god;' for it is most true, that a natural and secret hatred and aversion towards society, in any man, hath somewhat of the savage beast; but it is most untrue, that it should have any character at all of the divine nature, except it proceed, not out of a pleasure in solitude, but out of a love and desire to sequester a man's self for a higher conversation; such as is found to have been falsely and feignedly in some of the heathens—as Epimenides, the Candian; Numa, the Roman; Empedocles, the Sicilian; and Apollonius, of Tyana; and truly, and really, in divers of the ancient hermits and holy fathers of the church. But little do men perceive what solitude is, and how far it extendeth; for a crowd is not company, and faces are but a gallery of pictures, and talk but a tinkling cymbal where there is no love. The Latin adage meeteth with it a little: *Magna civitas, magna solitudo* ['Great city, great solitude']; because in a great town friends are scattered, so that there is not that fellowship, for the most part, which is in less neighbourhoods; but we may go further, and affirm most truly, that it is a mere and miserable solitude to want true friends, without which the world is but a wilderness; and, even in this sense also of solitude, whosoever, in the frame of his nature and affections, is unfit for friendship, he taketh it of the beast, and not from humanity.

A principal fruit of friendship is the ease and discharge of the fulness and swellings of the heart, which passions of all kinds do cause and induce. We know diseases of stoppings and suffocations are the most dangerous in the body, and it is not much otherwise in the mind; you may take sarza to open the liver, steel to open the spleen, flower of sulphur for the lungs, castoreum for the brain; but no receipt openeth the heart but a true friend, to whom you may impart griefs, joys, fears, hopes, suspicions, counsels, and whatsoever lieth upon the heart to oppress it, in a kind of civil shrift or confession.

It is a strange thing to observe how high a rate great kings and monarchs do set upon this fruit of friendship whereof we speak—so great, as they purchase it many times at the hazard of their own safety and greatness; for princes, in regard of the distance of their fortune from that of their subjects and servants, cannot gather this fruit, except, to make themselves capable thereof, they raise some persons to be as it were, companions, and almost equals to themselves, which many times sorteth to inconvenience. The modern languages give unto such persons the names of favorites, or privadoes, as if it were matter of grace or conversation; but the Roman name attaineth the true use and cause thereof, naming them *participes curarum* ['participators in cares']; for it is that which tieth the knot; and we see plainly that this hath been done, not by weak and passionate princes only, but by the wisest and most politic that ever reigned, who have oftentimes joined to themselves some of their servants, whom both themselves have called friends, and allowed others likewise to call them in the same manner, using the word which is received between private men. . . .

It is not to be forgotten what Comineus observeth of his first master, Duke Charles the Hardy—namely, that he would communicate his secrets with none; and, least of all, those secrets which troubled him most. Whereupon he goeth on, and saith, that towards his latter time, that closeness did impair and a little perish his understanding. Surely Comineus might have made the same judgment also, if it had pleased him, of his second master, Louis XI., whose closeness was indeed his tormentor. The parable of Pythagoras is dark, but true, *Cor ne edito*—eat not the heart. Certainly, if a man would give it a hard phrase, those that want friends to open themselves unto are cannibals of their own hearts; but one thing is most admirable—wherewith I will conclude this first fruit of friendship—which is, that this communicating of a man's self to his friend, works two contrary effects, for it redoubleth joys, and cutteth griefs in halves; for there is no man that impareth his joys to his friend, but he joyeth the more, and no man that impareth his griefs to his friend, but he grieveth the less. So that it is, in truth, of operation upon a man's mind of like virtue as the alchymists use to attribute to their stone for man's body, that it worketh all contrary effects, but still to the good and benefit of nature; but yet, without praying in aid of alchymists, there is a manifest image of this in the ordinary course of nature; for, in bodies, union strengtheneth and cheriseth any natural action, and, on the other side, weakeneth and dulleth any violent impression—and even so is it of minds.

The second fruit of friendship is healthful and sovereign for the understanding, as the first is for the

affections; for friendship maketh indeed a fair day in the affections from storm and tempests, but it maketh daylight in the understanding, out of darkness and confusion of thoughts. Neither is this to be understood only of faithful counsel, which a man receiveth from his friend; but before you come to that, certain it is, that whosoever hath his mind fraught with many thoughts, his wits and understanding do clarify and break up, in the communicating and discoursing with another; he tosseth his thoughts more easily—he marshalleth them more orderly—he seeth how they look when they are turned into words—finally, he waxeth wiser than himself; and that more by an hour's discourse than by a day's meditation. It was well said by Themistocles to the king of Persia, that speech was like cloth of Arras, opened and put abroad; whereby the imagery doth appear in figure, whereas in thoughts they lie but as in packs. Neither is this second fruit of friendship, in opening the understanding, restrained only to such friends as are able to give a man counsel—they indeed are best—but even without that a man learneth of himself, and bringeth his own thoughts to light, and whetteth his wits against a stone, which itself cuts not. In a word, a man were better relate himself to a statue or picture, than to suffer his thoughts to pass in smother.

Add now, to make this second fruit of friendship complete, that other point which lieth more open, and falleth within vulgar observation—which is faithful counsel from a friend. Heraclitus saith well, in one of his enigmas, 'Dry light is ever the best:' and certain it is, that the light that a man receiveth by counsel from another, is drier and purer than that which cometh from his own understanding and judgment, which is ever infused and drenched in his affections and customs. So as there is as much difference between the counsel that a friend giveth, and that a man giveth himself, as there is between the counsel of a friend and of a flatterer; for there is no such flatterer as is a man's self, and there is no such remedy against flattery of a man's self as the liberty of a friend.

WISDOM.

ISAAC BARROW.

Wisdom is exceedingly pleasant and peaceable; in general, by disposing us to acquire and enjoy all the good delight and happiness we are capable of; and by freeing us from all the inconveniences, mischiefs, and infelicities our condition is subject to. For whatever good from clear understanding, deliberate advice, sagacious forcsight, stable resolution, dexterous address, right intention, and orderly proceeding, doth naturally result, wisdom confers; whatever evil blind ignorance, false presumption, unwary credulity, precipitate rashness, unsteady purpose, ill contrivance, backwardness, inability, unwieldiness and confusion of thought beget, wisdom prevents. From a thousand snares and treacherous allurements, from innumerable rocks and dangerous surprises, from exceedingly many needless incumbrances and vexatious toils of fruitless endeavors, she redeems and secures us.

Wisdom instructs us to examine, compare, and rightly to value the objects that court our affections and challenge our care; and thereby regulates our passions and moderates our endeavors, which begets a pleasant serenity and peaceable tranquility of mind. For when, being deluded with false shows, and relying upon ill grounded presumptions, we highly esteem, passionately affect, and eagerly pursue things of little worth in themselves or concernment to us; as we unhandsomely prostitute our affections, and prodigally misspend our time, and vainly lose our labor, so the event not answering our expectation, our minds thereby are confounded, disturbed, and distempered. But when, guided by right reason, we conceive great esteem of, and zealously are enamored with, and vigorously strive to attain, things of excellent worth and weighty consequence, the conscience of having well placed our affections and well employed our pains, and the experience of fruits corresponding to our hopes, ravishes our minds with unexpressible content. And so it is; present appearance and vulgar conceit ordinarily impose upon our fancies, disguising things with a deceitful varnish, and representing those that are the vainest with the greatest advantage; whilst the noblest objects, being of a more subtle and spiritual nature, like fairest jewels inclosed in a homely box, avoid the notice of gross sense, and pass undiscerned by us. But the light of wisdom, as it unmasks specious imposture, and bereaves it of its false colors, so it penetrates into the retirements of true excellency, and reveals its genuine lustre.

THE BEAUTIFUL ALONE NOT GOOD FOR MAN.

JOHN RUSKIN.

I believe that it is not good for man to live amongst what is most beautiful; that he is a creature incapable of satisfaction by anything upon earth; and that to allow him habitually to possess, in any kind whatsoever, the utmost that earth can give, is the surest way to cast him into lassitude or discontent.

If the most exquisite orchestral music could be continued without a pause for a series of years, and children were brought up and educated in the room in which it was perpetually resounding, I believe their enjoyment of music, or understanding of it, would be very small. And an accurately parallel effect seems to be produced upon the powers of contemplation by the redundant and ceaseless loveliness of the high mountain districts. The faculties are paralyzed by the abundance, and cease, as we before noticed of the imagination, to be capable of excitement, except by other subjects of interest than those which present themselves to the eye. So that it is,

in reality, better for mankind that the forms of their common landscape should offer no violent stimulus to the emotions—that the gentle upland, browned by the bending furrows of the plough, and the fresh sweep of the chalk down, and the narrow winding of the copse-clad dingle, should be more frequent scenes of human life than the Arcadias of cloud-capped mountain or luxuriant vale; and that, while humbler (though always infinite) sources of interest are given to each of us around the homes to which we are restrained for the greater part of our lives, these mightier and stranger glories should become the objects of adventure—at once the cynosures of the fancies of childhood, and themes of the happy memory and the winter's tale of age.

Nor is it always that the inferiority is felt. For, so natural is it to the human heart to fix itself in hope rather than in present possession, and so subtle is the charm which the imagination casts over what is distant or denied, that there is often a more touching power in the scenes which contain far-away promise of something greater than themselves, than in those which exhaust the treasures and powers of Nature in an unconquerable and excellent glory, leaving nothing more to be by the fancy pictured or pursued.

CHILDREN.

RICHARD H. DANA.

"Heaven lies about us in our infancy," says Wordsworth. And who of us that is not too good to be conscious of his own vices, who has not felt rebuked and humbled under the clear and open countenance of a child?—who that has not felt his impurities foul upon him in the presence of a sinless child? These feelings make the best lesson that can be taught a man, and tell him in a way which all else he has read or heard never could, how paltry is all the show of intellect compared with a pure and good heart. He that will humble himself and go to a child for instruction, will come away a wiser man.

If children can make us wiser, they surely can make us better. There is no one more to be envied than a good-natured man watching the workings of children's minds, or overlooking their play. Their eagerness, curious about everything, making out by a quick imagination what they see but a part of—their fanciful combinations and magic inventions, creating out of ordinary circumstances and the common things which surround them strange events and little ideal worlds, and these all working in mystery to form matured thought, is study enough for the most acute minds, and should teach us, also, not too officiously to regulate what we so little understand. The still musing and deep abstraction in which they sometimes sit, affect us as a playful mockery of older heads. These little philosophers have no foolish system, with all its pride and jargon, confusing their brains. Theirs is the natural movement of the soul, intense with new life and busy after truth, working to some purpose, though without a noise.

When children are lying about, seemingly idle and dull, we, who have become case-hardened by time and satiety, forget that they are all sensation, that their outstretched bodies are drinking in from the common sun and air, that every sound is taken note of by the ear, that every floating shadow and passsing form come and touch at the sleepy eye, and that the little circumstances and the material world about them make their best school, and will be the instructors and formers of their characters for life.

And it is delightful to look on and see how busily the whole acts, with its countless parts fitted to each other, and moving in harmony. There are none of us who have stolen softly behind a child when laboring in a sunny corner digging a lilliputian well, or fencing in a six-inch barn-yard, and listened to his soliloquies and his dialogues with some imaginary being, without our hearts being touched by it. Nor have we observed the flush which crossed his face when finding himself betrayed, without seeing in it the delicacy and propriety of the after man.

A man may have many vices upon him, and have walked long in a bad course, yet if he has a love of children, and can take pleasure in their talk and play, there is something still left in him to act upon—something which can love simplicity and truth. I have seen one in whom some low vice had become a habit, make himself a plaything of a set of riotous children with as much delight in his countenance as if nothing but goodness had ever been expressed in it; and have felt as much of kindness and sympathy toward him as I have of revolting toward another, who has gone through life with all due propriety, with a cold and supercilious bearing toward children, which makes them shrinking and still. I have known one like the latter attempt, with uncouth condescension, to court an open-hearted child, who would draw back with an instinctive aversion; and I have felt as if there were a curse upon him. Better to be driven out from among men than to be disliked of children.

TRUTH.—The imputation of novelty is a terrible charge amongst those who judge of men's heads, as they do of their perukes, by the fashion, and can allow none to be right but the received doctrines. Truth scarce ever yet carried it by vote anywhere at its first appearance: new opinions are always suspected, and usually opposed, without any other reason but because they are not already common. But truth, like gold, is not the less so for being newly brought out of the mine. It is trial and examination must give it price, and not any antique fashion; and though it be not yet current by the public stamp, yet it may, for all that, be as old as nature, and is certainly not the less genuine.—*John Locke.*

CHILDE HAROLD.

LORD BYRON.

ANCIENT GREECE.

Ancient of days! august Athena! where,
Where are thy men of might? thy grand in soul?
Gone—glimmering through the dream of things that were:
First in the race that led to Glory's goal,
They won, and pass'd away—is this the whole?
A schoolboy's tale, the wonder of an hour!
The warrior's weapon, and the sophist's stole
Are sought in vain, and o'er each mouldering tower,
Dim with the mist of years, gray flits the shade of power.

Son of the morning, rise! approach you here!
Come—but molest not yon defenceless urn:
Look on this spot—a nation's sepulchre!
Abode of gods, whose shrines no longer burn.
Even gods must yield—religions take their turn.
'Twas Jove's—'tis Mahomet's—and other creeds
Will rise with other years, till man shall learn
Vainly his incense soars, his victim bleeds;
Poor child of Doubt and Death, whose hope is built on reeds.

Bound to the earth, he lifts his eye to heaven—
Is't not enough, unhappy thing! to know
Thou art? Is this a boon so kindly given,
That being, thou wouldst be again, and so
Thou know'st not, reck'st not to what region,
On earth no more, but mingled with the skies?
Still wilt thou dream on future joy and woe:
Regard and weigh yon dust before it flies:
That little urn saith more than thousand homilies.

Or burst the vanish'd Hero's lofty mound;
Far on the solitary shore she sleeps:
He fell, and falling nations mourn'd around;
But now not one of saddening thousands weeps,
Nor warlike worshipper his vigil keeps
Where demi-gods appear'd, as records tell.
Remove yon skull from out the scatter'd heaps:
Is that a temple where a god may dwell?
Why ev'n the worm at last disdains her shatter'd cell!

Look on its broken arch, it's ruined wall,
Its chambers desolate, and portals foul:
Yes, this was once Ambition's airy hall,
The dome of Thought, the palace of the Soul:
Behold through each lack-lustre, eyeless hole,
The gay recess of Wisdom and of Wit,
And Passion's host, that never brook'd control:
Can all saint, sage, or sophist ever writ,
People this lonely tower, this tenement refit?

Well didst thou speak, Athena's wisest son!
"All that we know is, nothing can be known."
Why should we shrink from what we cannot shun?
Each hath his pang, but feeble sufferers groan
With brain-born dreams of evil all their own.
Pursue what Chance or Fate proclaimeth best;
Peace waits us on the shores of Acheron:
There, no forced banquet claims the sated guest,
But Silence spreads the couch of ever welcome rest.

Yet if, as holiest men have deem'd, there be
A land of souls beyond that sable shore,
To shame the doctrine of the Sadducee
And sophists, madly vain of dubious lore;
How sweet it were in concert to adore
With those who made our mortal labors light!
To hear each voice we fear'd to hear no more!
Behold each mighty shade reveal'd to sight,
The Bactrian, Samian sage, and all who taught the right!

There, thou!—whose love and life together fled,
Have left me here to love and live in vain—
Twined with my heart, and can I deem thee dead,
When busy memory flashes on my brain?
Well—I will dream that we may meet again,
And woo the vision to my vacant breast:
If aught of young Remembrance then remain
Be as it may, Futurity's behest,
For me 'twere bliss enough to know thy spirit blest!

BATTLE OF WATERLOO.

There was a sound of revelry by night,
And Belgium's capital had gather'd then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes look'd love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage-bell:
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!

Did ye not hear it?—No; 'twas but the wind,
Or the car rattling o'er the stony street;
On with the dance! let joy be unconfined;
No sleep till morn, when Youth and Pleasure meet
To chase the glowing Hours with flying feet—
But, hark!—that heavy sound breaks in once more,
As if the clouds its echo would repeat;
And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before!
Arm! arm! it is—it is—the cannon's opening roar!

Within a window'd niche of that high hall
Sate Brunswick's fated chieftain; he did hear
That sound the first amidst the festival,
And caught its tone with Death's prophetic ear;
And when they smiled because he deem'd it near,
His heart more truly knew that peal too well
Which stretch'd his father on a bloody bier,
And roused the vengeance blood alone could quell,
He rush'd into the field, and, foremost fighting, fell.

MOTHER'S JOY.

Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro,
And gathering tears, and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blush'd at the praise of their own loveliness;
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful morn could rise!

And there was mounting in hot haste; the steed,
The mustering squadron, and the clattering car,
Went pouring forward with impetuous speed,
And swiftly forming in the ranks of war;
And the deep thunder peal on peal afar;
And near, the beat of the alarming drum
Roused up the soldier ere the morning star;
While throng'd the citizens with terror dumb,
Or whispering, with white lips—"The foe! They come! they come!"

And wild and high the "Cameron's gathering" rose,
The war-note of Lochiel, which Albyn's hills
Have heard, and heard, too, have her Saxon foes:—
How in the noon of night that pibroch thrills,
Savage and shrill! But with the breath which fills
Their mountain-pipe, so fill the mountaineers
With the fierce native daring which instils
The stirring memory of a thousand years,
And Evan's, Donald's fame rings in each clansman's ears!

And Ardennes waves above them her green leaves,
Dewy with nature's tear-drops, as they pass,
Grieving, if aught inanimate e'er grieves,
Over the unreturning brave,—alas!
Ere evening to be trodden like the grass
Which now beneath them, but above shall grow
In its next verdure, when this fiery mass
Of living valour, rolling on the foe,
And burning with high hope, shall moulder cold and low.

Last noon beheld them full of lusty life,
Last eve in Beauty's circle proudly gay,
The midnight brought the signal-sound of strife,
The morn the marshalling in arms,—the day
Battle's magnificently-stern array!
The thunder-clouds close o'er it, which when rent
The earth is cover'd thick with other clay,
Which her own clay shall cover, heap'd and pent,
Rider and horse,—friend, foe,—in one red burial blent!

LAKE LEMAN (GENEVA.)

Clear, placid Leman! thy contrasted lake,
With the wild world I dwelt in, is a thing
Which warns me, with its stillness, to forsake
Earth's troubled waters for a purer spring.
This quiet sail is as a noiseless wing
To waft me from distraction; once I loved
Torn ocean's roar, but thy soft murmuring
Sounds sweet as if a sister's voice reproved,
That I with stern delights should e'er have been so moved.

It is the hush of night; and all between
Thy margin and the mountains, dusk, yet clear,
Mellowed and mingling, yet distinctly seen—
Save darkened Jura, whose capped heights appear
Precipitously steep; and drawing near,
There breathes a living fragrance from the shore,
Of flowers yet fresh with childhood: on the ear
Drops the light drip of the suspended oar,
Or chirps the grasshopper one good-night carol more;

He is an evening reveller, who makes
His life an infancy, and sings his fill!
At intervals, some bird from out the brakes,
Starts into voice a moment—then is still.
There seems a floating whisper on the hill—
But that is fancy, for the star-light dews
All silently their tears of love instil,
Weeping themselves away, till they infuse
Deep into nature's breast the spirit of her hues.

Ye stars! which are the poetry of heaven!
If in your bright leaves we would read the fate
Of men and empires—'tis to be forgiven,
That in our aspirations to be great,
Our destinies o'erleap their mortal state,
And claim a kindred with you; for ye are
A beauty and a mystery, and create
In us such love and reverence from afar,
That fortune, fame, power, life, have named themselves a star.

SAME, DURING A THUNDER SHOWER.

The sky is changed!—and such a change! O night,
And storm, and darkness, ye are wondrous strong,
Yet lovely in your strength, as is the light
Of a dark eye in woman! Far along
From peak to peak, the rattling crags among,
Leaps the live thunder! not from one lone cloud,
But every mountain now hath found a tongue,
And Jura answers, through her misty shroud,
Back to the joyous Alps, who call to her aloud!

And this is in the night; most glorious night!
Thou wert not sent for slumber! let me be
A sharer in thy fierce and far delight—
A portion of the tempest and of thee!
How the lit lake shines, a phosphoric sea,
And the big rain comes dancing to the earth!
And now again 'tis black—and now the glee
Of the loud hill shakes with its mountain mirth,
As if they did rejoice o'er a young earthquake's birth.

TEMPLE OF CLITUMNUS.

But thou, Clitumnus! in thy sweetest wave
Of the most living crystal that was e'er
The haunt of river-nymph, to gaze and lave
Her limbs where nothing hid them, thou dost rear
Thy grassy banks whereon the milk-white steer
Grazes; the purest god of gentle waters!
And most serene of aspect and most clear!
Surely that stream was unprofaned by slaughters,
A mirror and a bath for Beauty's youngest daughters!

And on thy happy shore a temple still,
Of small and delicate proportion, keeps,
Upon a mild declivity of hill,
Its memory of thee; beneath it sweeps
Thy current's calmness; oft from out it leaps
The finny darter with the glittering scales,
Who dwells and revels in thy glassy deeps,
While, chance, some scattered water-lily sails
Down where the shallower wave still tells its bubbling tales.

STATUE OF APOLLO.

Or view the Lord of the unerring bow,
The God of life, and poesy, and light—
The Sun in human limbs arrayed, and brow
All radiant from his triumph in the fight;
The shaft hath just been shot—the arrow bright
With an immortal's vengeance; in his eye
And nostril beautiful disdain, and might
And majesty, flash their full lightnings by,
Developing in that one glance the Deity.

But in his delicate form—a dream of Love,
Shaped by some solitary nymph, whose breast
Longed for a deathless lover from above,
And maddened in that vision—are expressed
All that ideal beauty ever blessed
The mind within its most unearthly mood,
When each conception was a heavenly guest—
A ray of immortality—and stood
Starlike, around, until they gathered to a god!

THE GLADIATOR.

I see before me the gladiator lie;
He leans upon his hand; his manly brow
Consents to death, but conquers agony,
And his drooped head sinks gradually low;
And through his side the last drops, ebbing slow
From the red gash, fall heavy, one by one,
Like the first of a thunder-shower; and now
The arena swims around him; he is gone,
Ere ceased the inhuman shout which hailed the wretch who won.

He heard it, but he heeded not; his eyes
Were with his heart, and that was far away:
He wrecked not of the life he lost, nor prize,
But where his rude hut by the Danube lay;
There were his young barbarians all at play,
There was their Dacian mother—he, their sire,
Butchered to make a Roman holiday.
All this rushed with his blood. Shall he expire,
And unavenged? Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!

APOSTROPHE TO THE OCEAN.

There is a pleasure in the pathless woods,
There is a rapture on the lonely shore,
There is society, where none intrudes,
By the deep sea, and music in its roar;
I love not man the less, but nature more,
From these our interviews, in which I steal
From all I may be, or have been before,
To mingle with the universe, and feel
What I can ne'er express, yet cannot all conceal.

Roll on, thou deep and dark blue Ocean—roll!
Ten thousand fleets sweep over thee in vain;
Man marks the earth with ruin—his control
Stops with the shore; upon the watery plain
The wrecks are all thy deed, nor doth remain
A shadow of man's ravage, save his own,
When, for a moment, like a drop of rain,
He sinks into thy depths, with bubbling groan—
Without a grave, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown.

His steps are not upon thy paths—thy fields
Are not a spoil for him—thou dost arise
And shake him from thee; the vile strength he wields
For earth's destruction thou dost all despise,
Spurning him from thy bosom to the skies,
And send'st him, shivering in thy playful spray,
And howling to the gods, where haply lies
His pretty hope in some near port or bay,
And dashest him again to earth: there let him lay.

The armaments which thunder-strike the walls
Of rock-built cities, bidding nations quake,
And monarchs tremble in their capitals,
The oak leviathans, whose huge ribs make
Their clay creator the vain title take
Of lord of thee, and arbiter of war:
These are thy toys, and, as the snowy flake,
They melt into thy yeast of waves, which mar
Alike the Armada's pride, or spoils of Trafalgar.

Thy shores are empires changed in all save thee—
Assyria, Greece, Rome, Carthage, what are they?
Thy waters washed them power while they were free,
And many a tyrant since; their shores obey
The stranger, slave, or savage; their decay
Has dried up realms to deserts; not so thou;
Unchangeable save to thy wild waves' play.
Time writes no wrinkles on thine azure brow:
Such as creation's dawn beheld, thou rollest now.

Thou glorious mirror, where the Almighty's form
Glasses itself in tempests; in all time,
Calm or convulsed—in breeze, or gale, or storm,
Icing the pole, or in the torrid clime

Dark-heaving; boundless, endless, and sublime—
The image of Eternity—the throne
Of the Invisible; even from out thy slime
The monsters of the deep are made; each zone
Obeys thee; thou goest forth, dread, fathomless, alone.

And I have loved thee, Ocean! and my joy
Of youthful sports was on thy breast to be
Borne, like thy bubbles, onward: from a boy
I wantoned with thy breakers—they to me
Were a delight; and if the freshening sea
Made them a terror—'twas a pleasing fear;
For I was as it were a child of thee,
And trusted to thy billows far and near,
And laid my hand upon thy mane—as I do here.

EVENING ON THE BANKS OF THE BRENTA.

The moon is up, and yet it is not night—
Sunset divides the sky with her—a sea
Of glory streams along the alpine height
Of blue Friuli's mountains: heaven is free
From clouds, but of all colours seems to be
Melted to one vast Iris of the west,
Where the day joins the past eternity;
While on the other hand, meek Diana's crest
Floats through the azure air—an island of the blest.

A single star is at her side, and reigns
With her o'er half the lovely heaven; but still
Yon sunny sea heaves brightly, and remains
Rolled o'er the peak of the far Rhætian hill,
As day and night contending were, until
Nature reclaimed her order: gently flows
The deep-dyed Brenta, where their hues instil
The odorous purple of a new-born rose,
Which streams upon her stream and glassed within it glows.

Filled with the face of heaven, which, from afar,
Comes down upon the waters; all its hues,
From the rich sunset to the rising star,
Their magical variety diffuse:
And now they change; a paler shadow strews
Its mantle o'er the mountains; parting day
Dies like the dolphin, whom each pang imbues
With a new colour as it gasps away,
The last still loveliest, till—'tis gone—and all is gray.

GOING HOME.

JOHN CRAWFORD WILSON.

"I must go Home to-day!"
A golden beam
Of dazzling sunlight streamed from heaven to earth;
Through clouds that seemed like polished silver domes
Of temples angel-built, or fairy towers,
Spotless and white, with sparkling minarets,
Drifting like icebergs in a calm, blue sea,
The fiery shaft ran down—down to a bed
On which lay prone a little wasted form
Of faded earth, from which the struggling soul
Yet panted to be free.
It was a girl—
A little sickly girl lay on that bed—
To whom God's sunbeam came. She saw the beam—
But to her eye of faith 'twas not a beam—
'Twas a bright golden stair with myriad steps,
All small—all suited to her tiny feet—
And leading straight to Heaven.
"I must go Home—
Not a short holiday, my mother dear,
Like those I've had from school—from school to Home,
And then from Home to school; the Home so short,
And, oh, the school so long! but always Home;
And it will be to-day—must be to-day."

"My darling is at Home!" the mother sobbed,
As with a moistened feather she essayed
To damp the parched lips, round which the dews
Shook from the wings of death thronged cold and clear.
But in the eyes through which that spirit looked
A soft denial shone; and the small voice
Pleaded in whispers to that mother's heart,—
"Oh! do not keep me here—let me go Home;
I'm very tired of earth—I long for Home;
I'm weak and ill, and only fit for Home—
And such a Home, sweet mother! there—'tis there!"

She smiled within the sunbeam, and her hand,
Like it, transparent seemed, as it was raised
Pointing to Heaven. A heaven not far away—
But near; so near—that e'en her dying smile
Seemed not to herald night, but the bright dawn
Of an unclouded and eternal day.

The mother felt, as kneeling by that bed
She tended every want, and on her breast
Pillowed the sufferer's head—that the frail shell,
The young worn mould encircled by her arms,
Was crumbling fast to dust—and that the wings
Of a freed angel would be heavenward spread
When earth's last gyves fell off, and the last sigh
Followed the sunbeam, sent to light her Home.

They called her "Lily"—Lilian was her name—
But from her birth she seemed so waxen white—
So fairy slight, so gentle and so pure,
That to her father's mind she ever brought
The image of that pale and fragile flower:
And so he called her "Lily." 'Twas a term
In which endearment, tenderness, and hope
Were all wreathed up; the hope too often crossed
By jealous fears, when some untoward breath
Too roughly bent to earth the sickly flower,
Leaving it drooping on its yielding stem.

And there she lay at last,—almost in Heaven—
Of Time and of Eternity a part—
A dying, living link, uniting those
Who live to die—and die to ever live!

Her eyes were closed. Her mother thought she slept
The sleep that wakes no more: but 'twas not so.
A step was on the stair—the fading eyes
Opened again on earth—the wasted cheeks
Dimpled once more, as round the lips a smile
Played like the shadow of a silver cloud
Upon a sunlit stream. "Mother! 'tis he—
'Tis father's footstep—and so very kind—
So thoughtful of his Lily, he has left
His heavy boots below; he pauses now—
Clings to the rail, and sobs. I hear it all!
He fears I am gone Home. Go, mother dear!
Tell him I could not go till he returned.
I want to feel his kiss upon my lips;
And take it up to Heaven."

Another sob,
And then a choking whisper from without.
"May I come in?" If she is gone, say 'No.'
If not, say 'Yes.' I'll tread so very light—
I shall not wake her, wife. May I come in?"

A faltering voice said, "Come!" 'Twas Lily's voice;
So he went in—a stalwart, lusty man—
A giant, with a tiny infant's heart,
Weeping big tears that would not be controlled.
Oh! how he loved that child—how she loved him!
Yet both so opposite; her little soul
Clinging round his—a tendril round an oak—
A lily cleaving to a rugged rock.

He sat beside her bed, and in his hands
Buried his streaming eyes. His soul rebelled:
"She had no right to die—to rive his heart;
Rob him and it of all life's tenderest ties."
He felt as he could say, "Lily, lie there
For ever dying; but, oh! never die
'Til I die too." He thought not of his wife—
She was his other self. She was himself;
But Lily was their cherished life of life—
Of each and both a part—so grafted on,
That, if removed, they must become once more
Two bodies with two souls—no longer one,
Their living link destroyed—not loving less,
But singly loving—'twixt their hearts a gulf
Unbridged by Lily's love;—a love so pure
That not a taint of selfishness was near;
All this he felt, and on the future looked
As on a desolation.

Lily spoke—
Or whispered, rather—but a thunder peal
Would less affect him than her sinking tones:
"Raise me, dear father; take me to your breast—
Your broad, kind breast, so full of love for me—
'Twill rest me on my road—'tis half way Home!

And then he rose, and round her wasted form
His brawny arms—before whose mighty strength
The massive anvil quivered, as his hands
Swung high the ponderous sledge—or in whose gripe
The fiery steed stood conquered and subdued—
Closed, as the breath of heaven, or God's own love,
So lightly, softly, gently, hemmed they in
The little dying child. Then there he sat,
Her face upon his breast, and on his knee
Her tearless mother's head; for all her tears
Were inly wept, dropping like molten lead
Upon her breaking heart.

Far in the west
Long waves of crimson clouds stretched o'er the hills;
And through those clouds, as in a sea of blood,
The sun sank slowly down. Ere his last ray
Glanced upwards from the earth, the father felt
His Lily lift her head—celestial light
Beamed from her eyes, as for the last embrace
She to her mother turned, and then to him:
"They beckon me," she said; "I come! I come!"
Around his neck she twined her faded arms,
Rising obedient to her heavenly call;
Again he pressed her lips, but in the kiss
Her soul, enfranchised, bounded from its thrall;
Its crumbling fetters drooped upon his heart—
The angel was at Home!

HOW THEY BROUGHT THE GOOD NEWS FROM GHENT TO AIX.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

I sprang to the stirrup, and Joris, and he;
I galloped, Dirck galloped, we galloped all three;
"Good speed!" cried the watch, as the gate-bolts undrew;
"Speed!" echoed the wall to us galloping through;
Behind shut the postern, the lights sank to rest,
And into the midnight we galloped abreast.

II.

Not a word to each other; we kept the great pace
Neck by neck, stride by stride, never changing our place;
I turned in my saddle and made its girths tight,
Then shortened each stirrup, and set the pique right,
Rebuckled the cheek-strap, chained slacker the bit,
Nor galloped less steadily Roland a whit.

III.

'Twas moonset at starting; but while we drew near
Lokeren, the cocks crew, and twilight dawned clear;
At Boom, a great yellow star came out to see;

At Duffeld, 'twas morning as plain as could be;
And from Mecheln church-steeple we heard the half chime,
So Joris broke silence with, "Yet there is time!"

IV.

At Aershot, up leaped of a sudden the sun,
And against him the cattle stood black every one,
To stare thro' the mist at us galloping past,
And I saw my stout galloper Roland at last,
With resolute shoulders, each butting away
The haze, as some bluff river headland its spray:

V.

And his low head and crest, just one sharp ear bent back
For my voice, and the other pricked out on his track;
And one eye's black intelligence,—ever that glance
O'er its white edge at me, his own master, askance!
And the thick, heavy spume-flakes which aye and anon
His fierce lips shook upwards in galloping on.

VI.

By Hasselt, Dirck groaned; and cried Joris "Stay spur!
Your Roos galloped bravely, the fault's not in her,
We'll remember at Aix"—for one heard, the quick wheeze
Of her chest, saw the stretched neck and staggering knees,
And sunk tail, and horrible heave of the flank,
As down on her haunches she shuddered and sank.

VII.

So we were left galloping, Joris and I,
Past Looz and past Tongres, no cloud in the sky;
The broad sun above laughed a pitiless laugh,
'Neath our feet broke the brittle, bright stubble like chaff;
Till over by Dalhem a dome-spire sprang white,
And "Gallop," gasped Joris, "for Aix is in sight!

VIII.

"How they'll greet us!"—and all in a moment his roan
Rolled neck and croup over, lay dead as a stone;
And there was my Roland to bear the whole weight
Of the news which alone could save Aix from her fate,
With his nostrils like pits full of blood to the brim,
And with circles of red for his eye-sockets' rim.

IX.

Then I cast loose my buffcoat, each holster let fall,
Shook off both my jack-boots, let go belt and all,
Stood up in the stirrup, leaned, patted his ear,
Called my Roland his pet-name, my horse without peer;
Clapped my hands, laughed and sang, any noise, bad or good,
Till at length into Aix Roland galloped and stood.

X.

And all I remember is, friends flocking round,
As I sat with his head 'twixt my knees on the ground;
And no voice but was praising this Roland of mine,
As I poured down his throat our last measure of wine,
Which (the burgesses voted by common consent)
Was no more than his due who brought good news from Ghent.

THE LAST MAN.

THOMAS CAMPBELL.

All worldly shapes shall melt in gloom—
The sun himself must die,
Before this mortal shall assume
Its immortality!
I saw a vision in my sleep,
That gave my spirit strength to sweep
Adown the gulf of time!
I saw the last of human mould
That shall creation's death behold,
As Adam saw her prime!

The sun's eye had a sickly glare,
The earth with age was wan;
The skeletons of nations were
Around that lonely man!
Some had expired in fight—the brands
Still rusted in their bony hands—
In plague and famine some:
Earth's cities had no sound nor tread;
And ships were drifting with the dead
To shores where all was dumb!

Yet, prophet-like, that lone one stood
With dauntless words and high,
That shook the sere leaves from the wood,
As if a storm passed by;
Saying: 'We are twins in death, proud sun;
Thy face is cold, thy race is run,
'Tis mercy bids thee go.
For thou, ten thousand years,
Hast seen the tide of human tears,
That shall no longer flow. . . .

'This spirit shall return to Him
That gave its heavenly spark;
Yet think not, sun, it shall be dim,
When thou thyself art dark!
No! it shall live again, and shine
In bliss unknown to beams of thine,
By Him recalled to breath,
Who captive led captivity,
Who robbed the grave of victory,
And took the sting from death!'

DREAM OF THE CONDEMNED FELON.

GEORGE CRABBE—"THE BOROUGH."

Yes, e'en in sleep the impressions all remain,
He hears the sentence and he feels the chain;
He sees the judge and jury when he shakes,
And loudly cries, 'Not guilty,' and awakes:
Then chilling tremblings o'er his body creep,
Till worn-out nature is compelled to sleep.

Now comes the dream again: it shows each scene,
With each small circumstance that comes between—
The call to suffering, and the very deed—
There crowds go with him, follow, and precede;
Some heartless shout, some pity, all condemn,
While he in fancied envy looks at them;
He seems the place for that sad act to see,
And dreams the very thirst which then will be;
A priest attends—it seems the one he knew
In his best days, beneath whose care he grew.

At this his terrors take a sudden flight;
He sees his native village with delight;
The house, the chamber, where he once arrayed
His youthful person, where he knelt and prayed;
Then, too, the comforts he enjoyed at home,
The days of joy, the joys themselves are come;
The hours of innocence, the timid look
Of his loved maid, when first her hand he took
And told his hope; her trembling joy appears,
Her forced reserve, and his retreating fears.
All now are present—'tis a moment's gleam
Of former sunshine—stay, delightful dream!
Let him within his pleasant garden walk,
Give him her arm, of blessings let them talk.

Yes! all are with him now, and all the while
Life's early prospects, and his Fanny's smile;
Then come his sister and his village friend,
And he will now the sweetest moments spend
Life has to yield: no, never will he find
Again on earth such pleasure in his mind:
He goes through shrubby walks these friends among,
Love in their looks and honor on the tongue;
Nay, there's a charm beyond what nature shows,
The bloom is softer, and more sweetly glows;
Pierced by no crime, and urged by no desire
For more than true and honest hearts require,
They feel the calm delight, and thus proceed
Through the green lane, then linger in the mead,
Stray o'er the heath in all its purple bloom,
And pluck the blossom where the wild-bees hum;
Then through the broomy bound with ease they pass,
And press the sandy sheep-walk's slender grass,
Where dwarfish flowers among the gorse are spread,
And the lamb browses by the linnet's bed;
Then 'cross the bounding brook they make their way
O'er its rough bridge, and there behold the bay;
The ocean smiling to the fervid sun,
The waves that faintly fall, and slowly run,
The ships at distance, and the boats at hand;
And now they walk upon the sea-side sand,
Counting the number, and what kind they be,
Ships softly sinking in the sleepy sea:
Now arm in arm, now parted, they behold
The glittering waters on the shingles rolled:
The timid girls, half dreading their design,
Dip the small foot in the retarded brine,
And search for crimson weeds, which spreading flow,
Or lie like pictures on the sand below;
With all those bright red pebbles that the sun
Through the small waves so softly shines upon;
And those live, lucid jellies which the eye
Delights to trace as they swim glittering by;
Pearl shells and rubied star-fish they admire,
And will arrange above the parlor fire.
Tokens of bliss! 'Oh, horrible! a wave
Roars as it rises—save me, Edward, save!'
She cries. Alas! the watchman on his way
Calls, and lets in—truth, terror, and the day!

GODIVA.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

She sought her lord, and found him, where he strode
About the hall, among his dogs alone. . . .
She told him of their fears,
And prayed him, 'If they pay this tax, they starve.'
Whereat he stared, replying, half amazed,
'*You would not let your little finger ache*
For such as these?'—'But I would die,' said she.
He laughed, and swore by Peter and by Paul;
Then filliped at the diamond in her ear;
'O ay, ay, ay, you talk!'—'Alas!' she said,
'But prove me what it is I would not do.'
And from a heart as rough as Esau's hand,
He answered: 'Ride you naked through the town,
And I repeal it;' and nodding as in scorn,
He parted, with great strides among his dogs.

So left alone, the passions of her mind—
As winds from all the compass shift and blow—
Made war upon each other for an hour,
Till pity won. She sent a herald forth,
And bade him cry, with sound of trumpet, all
The hard condition; but that she would loose
The people: therefore, as they loved her well,
From then till noon no foot should pace the street,
No eye look down, she passing; but that all
Should keep within, door shut, and window barred.

Then fled she to her inmost bower, and there
Unclasped the wedded eagles of her belt,
The grim Earl's gift; but ever at a breath
She lingered, looking like a summer moon
Half-dipt in cloud: anon she shook her head,
And showered the rippled ringlets to her knee;
Unclad herself in haste; adown the stair
Stole on; and, like a creeping sunbeam, slid
From pillar unto pillar, until she reached
The gateway; there she found her palfrey trapt
In purple blazoned with armorial gold.

Then she rode forth, clothed on with chastity:
The deep air listened round her as she rode,

And all the low wind hardly breathed for fear.
The little wide-mouthed heads upon the spouts
Had cunning eyes to see: the barking cur
Made her cheek flame: her palfrey's footfall shot
Light horrors through her pulses. the blind walls
Were full of chinks and holes; and overhead
Fantastic gables, crowding, stared: but she
Not less through all bore up, till, last, she saw
The white-flowered elder-thicket from the field
Gleam through the Gothic archways in the wall.
Then she rode back, clothed on with chastity:
And one low churl, compact of thankless earth,
The fatal byword of all years to come,
Boring a little auger-hole in fear,
Peeped—but his eyes, before they had their will,
Were shrivelled into darkness in his head,
And dropt before him—So the Powers, who wait
On noble deeds, cancelled a sense misused;
And she, that knew not, passed: and all at once,
With twelve great shocks of sound, the shameless noon
Was clashed and hammered from a hundred towers,
One after one: but even then she gained
Her bower; whence reissuing, robed and crowned,
To meet her lord, she took the tax away,
And built herself an everlasting name.

LOVE OF COUNTRY.

SIR WALTER SCOTT.—"LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

Breathes there the man, with soul so dead,
Who never to himself hath said,
This is my own, my native land!
Whose heart hath ne'er within him burned,
As home his footsteps he hath turned
From wandering on a foreign strand!
If such there breathe, go, mark him well:
For him no minstrel raptures swell;
High through his titles, proud his name,
Boundless his wealth as wish can claim;
Despite those titles, power, and pelf,
The wretch, concentred all in self,
Living, shall forfeit fair renown,
And, doubly dying, shall go down
To the vile dust, from whence he sprung,
Unwept, unhonoured, and unsung.
O Caledonia! stern and wild,
Meet nurse for a poetic child!
Land of brown heath and shaggy wood,
Land of the mountain and the flood,
Land of my sires! what mortal hand
Can e'er untie the filial band
That knits me to thy rugged strand!
Still as I view each well-known scene,
Think what is now, and what hath been,
Seems as, to me, of all bereft,
Sole friends thy woods and streams were left;
And thus I love them better still,
Even in extremity of ill.
By Yarrow's streams still let me stray,
Though none should guide my feeble way;
Still feel the breeze down Ettrick break,
Although it chill my withered cheek;
Still lay my head by Teviot stone,
Though there, forgotten and alone,
The bard may draw his parting groan.

THE BLIND LINNET.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

The sempstress's linnet sings
At the window opposite me;—
It feels the sun on its wings
Though it cannot see.
Can a bird have thoughts? May be.

The sempstress is sitting,
High o'er the humming street,
The little blind linnet is flitting
Between the sun and her seat.
All day long
She stitches wearily there,
And I know she is not young,
And I know she is not fair;
For I watch her head bent down
Throughout the dreary day,
And the thin meek hair o' brown
Is threaded with silver gray;
And now and then, with a start
At the fluttering of her heart,
She lifts her eyes to the bird,
And I see in the dreary place
The gleam of a thin white face,
And my heart is stirr'd.

Loud and long
The linnet pipes his song!
For he cannot see
The smoky street all round,
But loud in the sun sings he,
Though he hears the murmurous sound;
For his poor, blind eyeballs blink,
While the yellow sunlights fall,
And he thinks (if a bird can think)
He hears a waterfall,
Or the broad and beautiful river
Washing fields of corn,
Flowing for ever
Through the woods where he was born;
And his voice grows stronger,
While he thinks that he is there,
And louder and longer
Falls his song on the dusky air.
And oft, in the gloaming still,
Perhaps (for who can tell?)
The musk and the muskatel,
That grow on the window sill,
Cheat him with their smell.

But the sempstress can see
How dark things be;
How black through the town
The stream is flowing;
And tears fall down
Upon her sewing.
So at times she tries,
When her trouble is stirr'd,
To close her eyes,
And be blind like the bird.
And *then*, for a minute,
As sweet things seem,
As to the linnet
Piping in his dream!
For she feels on her brow
The sunlight glowing,
And hears nought now
But a river flowing—
A broad and beautiful river,
Washing fields of corn,
Flowing for ever
Through the woods where she was born—
And a wild bird winging
Over her head, and singing!
And she can smell
The musk and the muskatel
That beside her grow,
And, unaware,
She murmurs an old air
That she used to know!

HAPPINESS.

ALEXANDER POPE—"ESSAY ON MAN."

O Happiness! our being's end and aim.
Good, pleasure, ease, content, whate'er thy name?
That something still which prompts the eternal sigh,
For which we bear to live, or dare to die,
Which still so near us, yet beyond us lies,
O'erlooked, seen double, by the fool, and wise.
Plant of celestial seed! if dropt below,
Say, in what mortal soil thou design'st to grow?
Fair op'ning to some Court's propitious shine,
Or deep with diamonds in the flaming mine?
Twined with the wreaths that Parnassian laurels yield,
Or reaped in iron harvests of the field?
Where grows?—where grows it not? If vain our toil,
We ought to blame the culture, not the soil.
Fixed to no spot is happiness sincere,
'Tis nowhere to be found, or ev'rywhere:
'Tis never to be bought, but always free,
And fled from monarchs, St. John! dwells with thee.
Ask of the learned the way? The learned are blind;
This bids to serve, and that to shun mankind;
Some place the bliss in action, some in ease,
Those call it pleasure, and contentment these;
Some sunk to beasts, find pleasure end in pain;
Some swelled to gods, confess e'en virtue vain;
Or indolent, to each extreme they fall,
To trust in every thing, or doubt of all.
Who thus define it, say they more or less
Than this, that happiness is happiness?
Take Nature's path, and mad opinion's leave;
All states can reach it, and all heads conceive;
Obvious her goods, in no extreme they dwell;
There needs but thinking right, and meaning well;
And mourn our various portions as we please,
Equal is common sense, and common ease,
Remember, man, "the Universal Cause
Acts not by partial, but by general laws;"
And makes what happiness we justly call
Subsist not in the good of one, but all.
There's not a blessing individuals find,
But some way leans and hearkens to the kind:
No bandit fierce, no tyrant mad with pride.
No cavern hermit, rest self-satisfied:
Who most to shun or hate mankind pretend,
Seek an admirer, or who would fix a friend:
Abstract what others feel, what others think,
All pleasures sicken, and all glories sink:
Each has its share; and who would more obtain,
Shall find, the pleasure pays not half the pain.
Order is heaven's first law; and this confest,
Some are, and must be, greater than the rest,
More rich, more wise; but who infers from hence
That such are happier, shocks all common sense,
Heav'n to mankind impartial we confess,
If all are equal in their happiness:
But mutual wants this happiness increase;
All Nature's difference keeps all Nature's peace.
Condition, circumstance is not the thing;
Bliss is the same in subject or in king,
In who obtain defence, or who defend,
In him who is, or him who finds a friend:
Heav'n breathes through ev'ry member of the whole
One common blessing, as one common soul.
But fortune's gifts if each alike possest,
And each were equal, must not all contest?
If then to all men happiness was meant,
God in externals could not place content.
Fortune her gifts may variously dispose,
And these be happy called, unhappy those;
But Heav'n's just balance equal will appear,
While those are placed in hope, and these in fear:
Not present good or ill, the joy or curse,
But future views of better, or of worse.
Oh, sons of earth! attempt ye still to rise,
By mountains piled on mountains, to the skies?
Heav'n still with laughter the vain toil surveys,
And buries madmen in the heaps they raise,
Know, all the good that individuals find,
Or God and nature meant to mere mankind,
Reason's whole pleasure, all the joys of sense,
Lie in three words, health, peace and competence.
But health consists with temperance alone;
And peace, oh Virtue! peace is all thy own.

The good or bad the gifts of fortune gain:
But these less taste them, as they worse obtain.
Say, in pursuit of profit or delight,
Who risk the most, that take wrong means, or right?
Of vice or virtue, whether blest or curst,
Which meets contempt, or which compassion first?
Count all the advantage prosp'rous vice attains
'Tis but what virtue flies from and disdains:
And grant the bad what happiness they would,
One they must want, which is, to pass for good.
Oh, blind to truth, and God's whole scheme below,
Who fancy bliss to vice, to virtue woe!
Who sees and follows that great scheme the best,
Best knows the blessing, and will most be blest.
But fools the good alone unhappy call,
For ills or accidents that chance to all.
See, Falkland dies, the virtuous and the just!
See god-like Turenne prostrate on the dust?
See Sidney bleeds amid the martial strife!
Was this their virtue, or contempt of life?
Say, was it virtue, more though Heaven ne'r gave,
Lamented Digby! sunk thee to the grave?
Tell me, if virtue made the son expire,
Why, full of days, and honor, lives the sire?
Why drew Marseilles' good bishop purer breath,
When nature sickened, and each gale was death?
Or why so long (in life if long can be)
Lent Heaven a parent to the poor and me?
What makes all physical or moral ill?
There deviates Nature, and there wanders Will.
God sends not ill; if rightly understood,
Or partial ill is universal good,
Or change admits, or nature lets it fall;
Short, and but rare, till Man improved it all.
We just as wisely might of Heaven complain
That righteous Able was destroyed by Cain,
As that the virtuous son is ill at ease
When his lewd father gave the dire disease
Think we, like some weak prince, the Eternal Cause
Prone for his fav'rites to reverse his laws?
Shall burning Ætna, if a sage requires.
Forget to thunder, and recall her fires?
On air or sea new motions be imprest,
Oh, blameless Bethel! to relieve thy breast?
When the loose mountain trembles from on high,
Shall gravitation cease, if you go by?
Or some old temple, nodding to its fall,
For Chartres head reserve the hanging wall?
But still this world (so fitted for the knave)
Contents us not. A better shall we have?
A kingdom of the just then let it be:
But first consider how those just agree,
The good must merit God's peculiar care;
But who, but God, can tell us who they are?
One thinks on Calvin Heav'n's own spirit fell;
Another deems him instrument of hell,
If Calvin feel Heaven's blessing, or its rod,
This cries there is, and that, there is no God.
What shocks one part will edify the rest,
Nor with one system can they all be blest.
The very best will variously incline,
And what rewards your virtue, punish mine.
Whatever is, is right.—This world, 'tis true,
Was made for Cæsar—but for Titus too:
And which more blest? who chained his country, say,
Or he whose virtue sighed to lose a day?
"But sometimes virtue starves, while vice is fed."
What then? Is the reward of virtue bread?
That, vice may merit, 'tis the price of toil;
The knave deserves it, when he tills the soil,
The knave deserves it, when he tempts the main,
Where, folly fights for kings, or dives for gain.
The good man may be weak, be indolent;
Nor is his claim to plenty, but content.
But grant him riches, your demand is o'er?
"No—shall the good want health, the good want power?"
Add health, and power, and every earthly thing,
"Why bounded power? why private? why no king?"
Nay, why external for internal giv'n?
Why is not man a god, and earth a heav'n?
Who ask and reason thus, will scarce conceive
God gives enough, while He has more to give;
Immense the power, immense were the demand;
Say, at what part of nature will they stand?
What nothing earthly gives, or can destroy,
The soul's calm sunshine, and the heart-felt joy,
Is virtue's prize. A better would you fix?
Then give humility a coach and six,
Justice a conqueror's sword, or truth a gown,
Or public spirit its great cure, a crown.
Weak, foolish man! will Heav'n reward us there
With the same trash mad mortals wish for here?
The boy and man an individual makes,
Yet sighest thou now for apples and for cakes?
Go, like the Indian, in another life
Expect thy dog, thy bottle, and thy wife,
As well as dream such trifles are assigned,
As toys and empires, for a god-like mind.
Rewards, that either would to virtue bring
No joy, or be destructive of the thing:
How oft by these at sixty are undone
The virtues of a saint at twenty-one!
To whom can riches give repute, or trust,
Content, or pleasure, but the good and just?
Judges and Senates have been bought for gold,
Esteem and love were never to be sold.
O fool! to think God hates the worthy mind
The lover and the love of human-kind,
Whose life is healthful, and whose conscience clear,
Because he wants a thousand pounds a year.
Honor and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honor lies.
Fortune in men has some small diff'rence made,
One flaunts in rags, one flutters in brocade;
The cobbler aproned, and the parson gowned,
The friar hooded, and the monarch crowned.
"What differ more (you cry) than crown and cowl?"
I'll tell you, friend; a wise man and a fool.
You'll find, if once the monarch acts the monk,

Or, cobbler-like, the parson will be drunk,
Worth makes the man, and want of it, the fellow;
The rest is all but leather or prunella.
Stuck o'er with titles and hung round with strings,
That thou mayest be by kings, or w——of kings.
Boast the pure blood of an illustrious race,
In quiet flow from Lucrece to Lucrece;
But by your fathers' worth if yours you rate,
Count me those only who were good and great.
Go! if your ancient, but ignoble blood
Has crept through scoundrels ever since the flood,
Go! and pretend your family is young;
Nor own, your fathers have been fools so long
What can ennoble sots, or slaves, or cowards?
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards.
Look next on greatness; say where greatness lies?
"Where, but among the heroes and the wise?"
Heroes are much the same, the point's agreed,
From Macedonia's madman to the Swede;
The whole strange purpose of their lives to find
Or make, an enemy of all mankind?
Not one looks backward, onward still he goes,
Yet ne'er looks forward farther than his nose.
No less alike the politic and wise;
All sly slow things, with circumspective eyes;
Men in their loose unguarded hours they take,
Not that themselves are wise, but others weak.
But grant that those can conquer, these can cheat;
'Tis phrase absurd to call a villain great;
Who wickedly is wise, or madly brave,
Is but the more a fool, the more a knave.
Who noble ends by noble means obtains,
Or failing, smiles in exile or in chains,
Like good Aurelius let him reign or bleed
Like Socrates, than man is great indeed.
What's fame? a fancied life in other's breath,
A thing beyond us, even before our death.
Just what you hear, you have, and what's unknown
The same (my Lord) if Tully's, or your own,
All that we feel of it begins and ends
In the small circle of our foes or friends;
To all beside as much an empty shade
An Eugene living, as a Cæsar dead;
Alike or when, or where, they shone or shine,
Or on the ubicon, or on the Rhine,
A wit's a feather, and a chief a rod;
An honest man's the noblest work of God.
Fame but from death a villain's name can save,
As Justice tears his body from the grave;
When that t' oblivion better were resigned,
Is hung on high to poison half mankind.
All fame is foreign, but of true desert;
Plays round the head, but comes not to the heart:
One self-approving hour whole years out-weighs
Of stupid starers, and loud huzzas;
And more true joy Marcellus exiled feels,
Than Cæsar with a senate at his heels.
In parts superior what advantage lies?
Tell (for you can) what is it to be wise?
'Tis but to know how little can be known;
To see all others' faults, and feel your own;
Condemned in business or in arts to drudge,
Without a second, or without a judge:
Truths would you teach, or save a sinking land?
All fear, none aid you, and few understand.
Painful pre-eminence! yourself to view
Above life's weakness, and its comforts too.
Bring then these blessings to a strict account;
Make fair deductions; see to what they mount:
How much of other each is sure to cost;
How each for other oft is wholly lost;
How inconsistent greater goods with these;
How sometimes life is risked, and always ease:
Think, and if still the things thy envy call,
Say, wouldst thou be the man to whom they fall?
To sigh for ribands if thou art so silly,
Mark how they grace Lord Umbra, or Sir Billy:
Is yellow dirt the passion of thy life!
Look but on Gripus, or on Gripus' wife:
If parts allure thee, think how Bacon shined,
The wisest, brightest, meanest of mankind:
Or ravished with the whistling of a name,
See Cromwell, damned to everlasting fame!
If all, united, thy ambition call,
From ancient story learn to scorn them all.
There, in the rich, the honored, famed, and great,
See the false scale of happiness complete!
In hearts of kings, or arms of queens who lay,
How happy! those to ruin, these betray.
Mark by what wretched steps their glory grows,
From dirt and sea-weed as proud Venice rose;
In each how guilt and greatness equal ran,
And all that raised the hero, sunk the man:
Now Europe's laurels on their brows behold,
But stained with blood, or ill-exchanged for gold:
Then see them broke with toils, or sunk in ease,
Or infamous for plundered provinces.
Oh, wealth ill-fated! which no act of fame
E'er taught to shine, or sanctified from shame
What greater bliss attends their close of life?
Some greedy minion, or imperious wife,
The trophied arches, storied halls invade
And haunt their slumbers in the pompous shade.
Alas! not dazzled with their noontide ray,
Compute the morn and evening to the day;
The whole amount of that enormous fame,
A tale, that blends their glory with their shame!
Know then this truth (enough for man to know)
"Virtue alone is happiness below."
The only point where human bliss stands still,
And tastes the good without the fall to ill;
Where only merit constant pay receives,
Is blest in what it takes, and what it gives;
The joy unequalled, if its end it gain,
And if it lose, attended with no pain:
Without satiety, though e'er so blessed,
And but more relished as the more distressed:
The broadest mirth unfeeling folly wears,
Less pleasing far than virtue's very tears;
Good, from each object, from each place acquired,

For ever exercised, yet never tired:
Never elated, while one man's oppressed;
Never dejected, while another's blessed;
And where no wants, no wishes can remain,
Since but to wish more virtue, is to gain.
See the sole bliss Heav'n could on all bestow!
Which who but feels could taste, but thinks can know:
Yet poor with fortune, and with learning blind,
The bad must miss; the good, untaught, will find;
Slave to no sect, who takes no private road,
But looks through nature up to nature's God;
Pursues that chain which links the immense design,
Joins heav'n and earth, and mortal and divine.
Sees, that no being any bliss can know,
But touches some above, and some below;
Learns, from this union of the rising whole,
The first, last purpose of the human soul;
And knows, where faith, law, morals, all began,
All end, in love of God, and love of man.
For him alone, hope leads from goal to goal
And opens still, and opens on his soul;
Till lengthened on to FAITH and unconfined,
It pours the bliss that fills up all the mind.
He sees, why Nature plants in man alone
Hope of known bliss, and faith in bliss unknown:
(Nature, whose dictates to no other kind
Are given in vain, but what they seek they find)
Wise in her present; she connects in this
His greatest virtue with his greatest bliss;
At once his own bright prospect to be blest,
And strongest motive to assist the rest.
Self-love thus pushed to social, to divine,
Gives thee to make thy neighbor's blessing thine.
Is this too little for the boundless heart?
Extend it, let thy enemies have part:
Grasp the whole worlds of reason, life, and sense,
In one close system of benevolence:
Happier as kinder, in whate'er degree,
And height of Bliss but height of Charity.
God loves from whole to parts: but human soul
Must rise from individual to the whole.
Self-love but serves the virtuous mind to wake.
As the small pebble stirs the peaceful lake;
The center moved, a circle straight succeeds,
Another still, and still another spreads;
Friend, parent, neighbor, first it will embrace;
His country next, and next all human race;
Wide and more wide, the o'erflowings of the mind
Take ev'ry creature in, of ev'ry kind;
Earth smiles around, with boundless bounty blest,
And heav'n beholds its image in his breast.
Come then my Friend! my genius! come along;
Oh, master of the poet, and the song!
And while the muse now stoops, or now ascends,
To man's low passions, or their glorious ends
Teach me, like thee, in various nature wise,
To fall with dignity, with temper rise;
Formed by thy converse, happily to steer
From grave to gay, from lively to severe;
Correct with spirit, eloquent with ease,
Intent to reason, or polite to please.
Oh! while alone the stream of time thy name
Expanded flies, and gathers all its fame,
Say, shall my little bark attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph, and partake the gale?
When statesmen, heroes, kings, in dust repose,
Whose sons shall blush their fathers were thy foes,
Shall then this verse to future age pretend
Thou wert my guide, philosopher and friend?
That urged by thee, I turned the tuneful art
From sounds to things, from fancy to the heart;
For wit's false mirror held up nature's light,
Showed erring pride, WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT;
That reason, passion, answer one great aim;
That true self-love and social are the same;
That virtue only makes our bliss below;
And all our knowledge is ourselves to know.

OLD TIMES.

GERALD GRIFFIN.

Old times! old times! the gay old times—
When I was young and free,
And heard the merry Easter chimes
Under the sally-tree.
My Sunday palm beside me placed—
My cross upon my hand—
A heart at rest within my breast,
And sunshine on the land!
Old times! Old times!

It is not that my fortunes flee,
Nor that my cheek is pale—
I mourn whene'er I think of thee,
My darling native vale!—
A wiser head I have, I know,
Than when I loitered there;—
But in my wisdom there is woe,
And in my knowledge, care.
Old times! Old times!

I've lived to know my share of joy,
To feel my share of pain—
To learn that friendship's self can cloy,
To love, and love in vain—
To feel a pang and wear a smile,
To tire of other climes—
To like my own unhappy isle,
And sing the gay old times!
Old times! Old times!

And sure the land is nothing changed,
The birds are singing still:
The flowers are springing where we ranged,
There's sunshine on the hill!
The sally, waving o'er my head,
Still sweetly shades my frame—
But ah, those happy days are fled,
And I am not the same!
Old times! Old times!

Oh, come again, ye merry times!
Sweet, sunny, fresh, and calm—
And let me hear those Easter chimes,
And wear my Sunday palm.
If I could cry away mine eyes
My tears would flow in vain—
If I could waste my heart in sighs,
They'll never come again.
Old times! Old times!

TO A SKYLARK.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I.

Hail to thee, blithe spirit—
Bird thou never wert—
That from heaven or near it
Pourest thy full heart
In profuse strains of unpremeditated art.

II.

Higher still and higher
From the earth thou springest,
Like a cloud of fire;
The blue deep thou wingest,
And singing still dost soar and soaring ever singest.

III.

In the golden lightning
Of the sunken sun,
O'er which clouds are bright'ning,
Thou dost float and run,
Like an unbodied joy whose race is just begun.

IV.

The pale purple even
Melts around thy flight;
Like a star of heaven,
In the broad daylight
Thou art unseen, but yet I hear thy shrill delight—

V.

Keen as are the arrows
Of that silver sphere
Whose intense lamp narrows
In the white dawn clear,
Until we hardly see, we feel, that it is there.

VI.

All the earth and air
With thy voice is loud,
As, when night is bare,
From one lonely cloud
The moon rains out her beams, and heaven is overflowed.

VII.

What thou art, we know not;
What is most like thee?
From rainbow-clouds there flow not
Drops so bright to see
As from thy presence showers a rain of melody:—

VIII.

Like a poet hidden
In the light of thought,
Singing hymns unbidden,
Till the world is wrought
To sympathy with hopes and fears it heeded not:

IX.

Like a high-born maiden
In a palace tower,
Soothing her love-laden
Soul in secret hour
With music sweet as love which overflows her bower:

X.

Like a glow-worm golden
In a dell of dew,
Scattering unbeholden
Its aërial hue
Among the flowers and grass which screen it from the view:

XI.

Like a rose embowered
In its own green leaves,
By warm winds deflowered,
Till the scent it gives
Makes faint with too much sweet these heavy-winged thieves.

XII.

Sound of vernal showers
On the twinkling grass,
Rain-awakened flowers,—
All that ever was,
Joyous and clear and fresh,—thy music doth surpass.

XIII.

Teach us, sprite or bird,
What sweet thoughts are thine:
I have never heard
Praise of love or wine
That panted forth a flood of rapture so divine.

XIV.

Chorus hymeneal
Or triumphal chaunt,
Matched with thine, would be all
But an empty vaunt—
A thing wherein we feel there is some hidden want.

XV.

What objects are the fountains
Of thy happy strain?
What fields, or waves, or mountains?
What shapes of sky or plain?
What love of thine own kind? what ignorance of pain?

XVI.

With thy clear keen joyance,
Languor cannot be:
Shadow of annoyance
Never came near thee:
Thou lovest, but ne'er knew loves had satiety.

XVII.

Waking or asleep,
Thou of death must deem
Things more true and deep
Than we mortals dream,
Or how could thy notes flow in such a crystal stream?

XVIII.

We look before and after,
And pine for what is not;
Our sincerest laughter
With some pain is fraught;
Our sweetest songs are those that tell of saddest thought.

XIX.

Yet, if we could scorn
Hate and pride and fear,
If we were things born
Not to shed a tear,
I know not how thy joy we ever should come near.

XX.

Better than all measures
Of delightful sound,
Better than all treasures
That in books are found,
Thy skill to poet were, thou scorner of the ground!

XXI.

Teach me half the gladness
That thy brain must know;
Such harmonious madness
From my lips would flow
The world should listen then as I am listening now.

THE SONG OF THE SHIRT.

THOMAS HOOD.

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch,
She sang the "Song of the Shirt!"

"Work—work—work!
While the cock is crowing aloof!
And work—work—work!
Till the stars shine through the roof!
It's oh! to be a slave,
Along with the barbarous Turk,
Where woman has never a soul to save,
If this is Christian work!

"Work—work—work!
Till the brain begins to swim;
Work—work—work!
Till the eyes are heavy and dim!
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Band, and gusset, and seam.
Till over the buttons I fall asleep,
And sew them on in a dream!

"O men, with sisters dear!
O men, with mothers and wives,
It is not linen you're wearing out!
But human creatures' lives!
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
Sewing at once, with a double thread,
A shroud as well as a shirt.

"But why do I talk of Death?
That phantom of grisly bone;
I hardly fear its terrible shape,
It seems so like my own.
It seems so like my own,
Because of the fasts I keep;
O God! that bread should be so dear,
And flesh and blood so cheap!

"Work—work—work!
My labour never flags;
And what are its wages? A bed of straw,
A crust of bread, and rags.
That shattered roof—and this naked floor,
A table—a broken chair;
And a wall so blank, my shadow I thank
For sometimes falling there!

"Work—work—work!
From weary chime to chime,
Work—work—work—
As prisoners work for crime!
Band, and gusset, and seam,
Seam, and gusset, and band,
Till the heart is sick, and the brain benumbed,
As well as the weary hand.

"Work—work—work!
In the dull December light,
And work—work—work!
When the weather is warm and bright;
While underneath the eaves
The brooding swallows cling,
As if to shew me their sunny backs,
And twit me with the spring.

"Oh, but to breathe the breath
Of the cowslip and primrose sweet—
With the sky above my head,
And the grass beneath my feet;
For only one short hour
To feel as I used to feel,
Before I knew the woes of want,
And the walk that costs a meal!

"Oh, but for one short hour!
A respite however brief!
No blessed leisure for love or hope,
But only time for grief!
A little weeping would ease my heart,
But in their briny bed
My tears must stop, for every drop
Hinders needle and thread."

With fingers weary and worn,
With eyelids heavy and red,
A woman sat, in unwomanly rags,
Plying her needle and thread.
Stitch—stitch—stitch!
In poverty, hunger, and dirt;
And still, with a voice of dolorous pitch—
Would that its tone could reach the rich!—
She sang this "Song of the Shirt!"

THE COMMON LOT.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Once, in the flight of ages past,
There lived a man: and who was he?
Mortal! howe'er thy lot be cast,
That man resembled thee.

Unknown the region of his birth,
The land in which he died unknown:
His name has perished from the earth,
This truth survives alone:

That joy, and grief, and hope, and fear,
Alternate triumphed in his breast;
His bliss and woe—a smile, a tear!
Oblivion hides the rest.

The bounding pulse, the languid limb,
The changing spirits' rise and fall;
We know that these were felt by him,
For these are felt by all.

He suffered—but his pangs are o'er;
Enjoyed—but his delights are fled;
Had friends—his friends are now no more;
And foes—his foes are dead.

He loved—but whom he loved the grave
Hath lost in its unconscious womb:
Oh, she was fair! but nought could save
Her beauty from the tomb.

He saw whatever thou hast seen;
Encountered all that troubles thee:
He was—whatever thou hast been;
He is—what thou shalt be.

The rolling seasons, day and night,
Sun, moon, and stars, the earth and main,
Erewhile his portion, life, and light,
To him exist in vain.

The clouds and sunbeams, o'er his eye
That once their shades and glory threw,
Have left in yonder silent sky
No vestige where they flew.

The annals of the human race,
Their ruins, since the world began,
Of him afford no other trace
Than this—there lived a man!

TO THE CUCKOO.

JOHN LOGAN.

Hail, beauteous stranger of the grove!
Thou messenger of Spring!
Now Heaven repairs thy rural seat,
And woods thy welcome sing.

What time the daisy decks the green,
Thy certain voice we hear:
Hast thou a star to guide thy path,
Or mark the rolling year?

Delightful visitant! with thee
I hail the time of flowers,
And hear the sound of music sweet
From birds among the bowers.

The school-boy, wandering through the wood
To pull the primrose gay,
Starts, the new voice of spring to hear,
And imitates thy lay.

What time the pea puts on the bloom,
Thou fliest thy vocal vale,
An annual guest in other lands,
Another Spring to hail.

Sweet bird! thy bower is ever green,
Thy sky is ever clear;
Thou hast no sorrow in thy song,
No Winter in thy year!

Oh, could I fly, I'd fly with thee!
We'd make, with joyful wing,
Our annual visit o'er the globe,
Companions of the Spring.

DEATH LEVELS ALL.

THOMAS BLACKLOCK.

One night I dream'd, and dreams may oft prove true,
That to this foolish world I bade adieu.
With solemn rites, and decent grief deplor'd,
My friends to mother earth her gift restor'd.
But O! eternal insult to my shade,
Close by a vile plebeian corse was laid!
Enrag'd, confin'd, I try'd to shift my ground;

But all attempts were unsuccessful found
"Begone, gross lump," I cry'd in high disdain,
"No slave of abject birth shall here remain.
Be distant far, to nobler names give way,
And mix with vulgar dust thy sordid clay."
"Thou fool, thou wretch!" a hollow voice reply'd,
"Now learn the impotence of wealth and pride;
Hereditary names and honours, here,
With all their farce and tinsel, disappear.
In these dark realms Death's reptile heralds trace
From one sole origin all human race:
On all the line one equal lot attends;
From dust it rises and to dust descends.
Her pale Ambition, quitting pomp and form,
Admits her last—best counsellor, a worm.
Here Nature's charter stands confirm'd, alone;
The grave is less precarious than the throne.
Then seek not here preeminence and state,
But own and bless th' impartial will of Fate;
With life, its errors and its whims resign,
Nor think a beggar's title worse than thine."

DEATH'S FINAL CONQUEST.

JAMES SHIRLEY.

The glories of our blood and state
Are shadows, not substantial things;
There is no armour against fate;
Death lays his icy hands on kings:
Sceptre and crown
Must tumble down,
And in the dust be equal made
With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,
And plant fresh laurels where they kill;
But their strong nerves at last must yield;
They tame but one another still:
Early or late,
They stoop to fate,
And must give up their murmuring breath,
When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,
Then boast no more your mighty deeds;
Upon Death's purple altar now
See, where the victor victim bleeds:
Your heads must come
To the cold tomb,
Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

YESTERDAY AND TO-MORROW.

MRS. HELEN JACKSON.

YESTERDAY.

Dear Yesterday, glide not so fast;
Oh, let me cling
To thy white garments floating past;
Even to shadows which they cast
I cling, I cling.
Show me thy face
Just once, once more. A single night
Cannot have brought a loss or blight
Upon its grace.

Nor are they dead whom thou dost bear,
Robed for the grave;
See what a smile their red lips wear:
To lay them living wilt thou dare
Into a grave?
I know, I know,
I left thee first. Now I repent;
I listen now; I never meant
To have thee go.

Just once, once more, tell me that word
Thou hadst for me.
Alas! although my heart was stirred,
I never fully knew or heard
It was for me.
O Yesterday,
My Yesterday, thy sorest pain
Were joy, couldst thou but come again,
Sweet Yesterday.

II.

TO-MORROW.

All red with joy the waiting west;
O little swallow,
Canst thou tell me which road is best?
Cleaving high air, with thy soft breast
For keel, O swallow,
Thou must o'erlook
My seas, and know if I mistake:
I would not the same harbour make
Which Yesterday forsook.

I hear the swift blades dip and plash
Of unseen rowers;
On unknown lands the waters dash:
Who knows how it be wise or rash
To meet the rowers?
"*Premi! Premi!*"
Venetia's boatmen lean and cry;
With voiceless lips, I drift and lie
Upon the twilight sea.

The swallow sleeps. Her last low call
Had sound of warning.
Sweet little one, whate'er befall,
Thou wilt not know that it was all
In vain, thy warning.
I may not borrow
A hope, a help. I close my eyes;
Cold wind blows from the Bridge of Sighs;
Kneeling, I wait To-morrow.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

WHICH FURNISH A THEME FOR REFLECTION, AND A TEXT FOR MENTAL DISCOURSE.

Character.

Actions, looks, words, steps, form the alphabet by which you may spell character.—*Lavater.*

You cannot dream yourself into a character; you must hammer and forge yourself one.—*Froude.*

The great mark of a strong character is to prevent the world from knowing every change and phase of thought and feeling, and to give it nought but results. —*Auerbach.*

There is a difference between character and reputation. Character is what a man is; reputation is what he is thought to be. Men of good character are generally men of good reputation, but this is not always the case, as the motives and actions of the best of men are sometimes misunderstood and misrepresented. But it is important, above everything else, that we be right and do right, whether our motives and actions are properly understood and appreciated or not. Nothing can be so important to any man as the formation and possession of a good character.—*Edmund Burke.*

Conscience.

Oh, Conscience! thou tremendous power
Who dost inhabit us without our leave,
And art within ourselves another self,
A master self. * * * * *
How dost thou light a torch to distant deeds,
Make the past present, and the future frown;
How, ever and anon, awake the soul,
As with a peal of thunder, to strange horrors,
Through the long, restless dream of life?
—*Young.*

Children.

Children are what the mothers are;
No fondest father's proudest care
Can fashion so the infant heart
As those creative beams that dart,
With all their hopes and fears, upon
The cradle of a sleeping son.
—*Robert Savage Landor.*

Courtship.

Learn to win a lady's faith
Nobly, as the thing is high;
Bravely, as for life and death,
With all loyal gravity.
Lead her from the festive boards,
Point her to the starry skies,
Guide her by your truthful words,
Pure from courtship's flatteries.
Then her Yes once said to you,
Shall be Yes forever more.
—*Elizabeth B. Browning.*

Concentration.

Every man who means to be successful, must single out from a vast number of possible employments some specialty, and to that devote himself thoroughly.—*Garfield.*

Whatever I have tried to do in life, I have tried to do well. What I have devoted myself to, I have devoted myself to completely.—*Charles Dickens.*

It is not the quantity of study one gets through that makes a man wise, but the appositeness of the study to the purpose for which it is pursued; the concentration of the mind, for the time being, upon the subject under consideration, and the habitual discipline by which the whole system of mental application is regulated.—*Charles Sumner.*

Courtesy.

Hear every man upon his favorite theme,
And ever be more knowing than you seem.
The lowest genius will afford some light,
Or give a hint that had escaped your sight.
—*Stillingfleet.*

True courage and courtesy always go hand in hand. The bravest men are the most forgiving, and the most anxious to avoid quarrels.—*Thackeray.*

Courage.

I dare do all that may become a man,
Who dares do more is none.
—*Shakespeare.*

Courage consists not in hazarding without fear, but being resolutely minded in a just cause. The brave man is not he who feels no fear, for that were stupid and irrational, but he whose noble soul subdues its fears, and bravely dares the danger nature shrinks from.—*Jerrold.*

O fear not in a world like this,
And thou shalt know ere long,
Know how sublime a thing it is,
To suffer and grow strong.
—*Longfellow.*

It requires a good, strong man to say: "I was mistaken, and am sorry." A weak man hesitates and often fails to do the right thing.—*Franklin.*

Charity.

The primal duties shine aloft like stars,
The charities that soothe and heal and bless
Lie scattered at the feet of man like flowers.
—*Wordsworth.*

Charity is another name for disinterested love—the humane, sympathetic feeling—that which seeks the good of others; that which would pour out from the treasures of its munificence gifts of good things upon all.—*Cowley.*

HE KNOWETH OUR FRAME.

RICHARD H. DANA.

Thou, who didst form us with mysterious powers,
Didst give a conscience soul, and call it ours,
'Tis Thou alone who know'st the strife within;
Thou'lt kindly judge, nor name each weakness sin.
Thou art not man, who only sees in part,
Yet deals unsparing with a brother's heart;
For Thou look'st in upon the struggling throng
That war—the good with ill—the weak with strong.
And those Thy hand hath wrought of finer frame,
When grief o'erthrows the mind, thou wilt not blame.
—"It is enough!" Thou'lt say, and pity show;
"Thy pain shall turn to joy, thou child of wo!—
Thy heart find rest—thy dark mind clear away,
And thou sit in the peace of heaven's calm day!"

THE PHILOSOPHY OF SORROW.

D'ARCY WENTWORTH THOMPSON.

Listen! how the rain is pattering against the window-panes! and how the rain drives down the smoke! —and this is spring weather; the season belauded by our old poets, in phrases borrowed from southern singers and suited only to southern climes. I wish we had one of the old conventional fellows here; with permission to treat him as we saw fit. It would be a pleasure to stick him in the water-butt, and watch him from behind the window-blinds.

But, after all, the weather is better than what an east wind brings; the wind as cold and cutting as ill-natured wit; the wind that blows with such a penetrative cheerlessness, that, while your sunny-side is baking, your shady-side is down at zero. You are, beneath its influence, a walking allegory of French toast; you have your nose equatorially at home, and your nadir in a Siberian exile. So it is; no blessings come unmixed; from the cup of enjoyment we never drink pleasure neat. The sweet, delicious wind that blows from the warm west too often deluges us and our new hats with rain; and, if the sun shine brightly overhead, it is too often through the icy wind medium, that comes surcharged with rheumatism and bad temper from the uncomfortable east.

But what does it matter to be kept indoors? Could we walk abroad, should we in an afternoon's ramble cast eyes upon a single happy face? Let us take a long retrospect of our own lives, and try to recall a week of uninterrupted happiness. If he is to be pitied that has no such green oasis to look back upon, how much more pitiable the wretch that looks back upon the pleasant spot and knows it may never be revisited!

Let the rain fall. 'Tis a good thing to be kept indoors. Let us be idle for a day, and hold aloof from the busy, restless world. Let us strip off our work-a-day clothes, and bare us to the skin, and wallow in luxurious laziness. Let the rain fall. We are thrown upon an unquiet age of competitive rivalry; we keep the bow eternally on the stretch; we are in a continuous state of training; we have ceased to perspire, from the lack of superfluous flesh and comfortable fat. We are eliminating all lymphatic temperaments from out the population; ere long there will not be a man among us to weigh fifteen stone. Plethora and apoplexy are waxing rare; not a bad thing of itself; but in their stead have come heart-disease and a spectral troop of shadowy nervous maladies. We begin life as our fathers ended it. We start our house-keeping with the luxuries that to them were the well-won rewards of half a century's unambitious toil. We are uncontentable hangangerels. We are uneasy dogs, forever on the wrong side of the door.

But wherefore all this discontent, and hurry, and pressing forward? Were it not a pleasure to pause awhile; to stand at ease; to lie upon our oars, and hear the rippling of the water; to spin, like a top, in a dizzy, quasi-motionless, sound sleep? were it not sweet to leave behind us the busy factory, the humming town, the many-languaged harbor; and to loll at ease upon one's solitary sofa; or, better still, on the green grass of beautiful Dalmeny; and to listen —with ear and soul to listen? And to what? Why, to the birds, or to anything. Heaven knows what music we should hear!

The schoolboy longs for the holidays; the maiden for the bridal morn; the student for his fellowship; the father for the manhood of his boys. To reach a distant bourn, we are ever ready to leap the interval; forgetting that the interval may be a momentous fraction in our little life-total. It may be, indeed, that all intervals of life are not equally valuable. What infinitesimal price should we set upon a year of hobbydehoyhood? What imagination could appraise an hour spent rapturously in speaking and listening to love-nonsense?

It is also possible that the speed as well as the value of time is only relative; and that clocks, with all their humdrum regularity, are but respectable delusions. There are times with us all, when in a concave mirror we see a minute distorted into long hours; and, again, in the convex glass the long hours dwindle to a point. When summoned by peremptory duty from a warm bed upon a keen, frosty morning, how precious are the last five minutes of snoozledom! You live introspectively all through them; you chew the cud of your own cosiness. Then comes the wrench; in a moment you are in the cold tub, careless and forgetful of repose. So, when the hour is come for rising from our long life-sleep, we beg another hour in vain. A minute yet remains; only one. Each second is an epoch; divided into distinct and awful intervals. The senses are preternaturally quickened, as under the first influence of ether, and you hear the beating and the pulsing of some great inner-world machinery; the terrible ticking of some eternal timepiece. The hour strikes, and in a momant we are up to our necks in water;

in the water of a cold, deep river; in a moment we have forgotten all the past, even the friends that are now weeping at the bed-side; in a few more moments they will have forgotten us, to be themselves in due turn forgotten.

The pebble on the beach neither lives nor dies; and we can but imperfectly describe the conditions of its actuality by negational terms. The trees of the forest lead an unconscious life through leafy ages; they toil not, neither do they spin; in the pleasant spring-tide they don gradually their green robes; in the rich and sad autumn they pass slowly into beautiful decay; slowly and noiselessly, like dreams. The lower type of animals most probably have no anticipatory fears of death, but may pass almost painlessly into inanimate matter out of semi-vegetable life.

I passed yesterday, in the neighborhood of Leith, a public slaughter-house. A flock of sheep were going one by one up an inclined gangway into an upper room of unpremeditated death. They were pushing each other upwards, to the yelping music of two collie-dogs, in apparent eagerness to follow their leader. As each in turn would stand upon the gangway's upper ledge, too soon he would solve the secret of the horrible charnel-house. Too soon; and too late! For *Ba-ba* is the cry behind; which interpreted would mean: "Move on, and let us see what's to be seen." They would see it soon enough, poor bleating simpletons; and then there would be the last *Ba-ba* and the babbling o' green fields.

The higher animals, and especially such as have been highly educated by companionship with man, have unquestionably some dim idea of the last change. Man alone is prescient of all its horrible concomitants; can predict with a fearful accuracy the gradations of the humbling analysis. In the face of these terrible considerations, may we not expect some comfort to be derived from reflections upon our spiritual nature?

Comfort?—comfort there might have been, but for our suicidal propensity of turning blessings into curses. We may safely premise that, in respect of philanthropy, any one sect of Christians is in advance of any body whatsoever of other religionists. Yet there is not a single sect of Christians, but that peoples its particular hell with by far the greater portion of the outer-lying world, and no inconsiderable portion of its own adherents. So covetous are we of pain; so greedy of sorrow; so dissatisfied with the diseases and mischances of life, and the death that inevitably crowns all, that in our most serious and meditative moods we revel in prefigurements of eternal, unutterable, and all but universal misery. From our little noisy pulpits we wag wise pows, and condole in an exhilarating way with our credulous congregations on the steady approach of our common doom. We build in air a world-wide, spiritual scaffold, and erect thereon innumerable gibbets, and comfort one another with detailed speculations on the phases of the never-ending strangulation. We stand upon our little platforms of life and time, and over the edge peer curiously and shudderingly into the dark, outer void; and through the magnifying lenses of fear and imagination descry therein, or seem to descry, ghastly and hideous forms of physical and spiritual decomposition.

And it were not so very sad that we should do all this, if the doing so made us in the least sad. But the unspeakable sadness of it all is, that the process gives a general though undefined thrill of pleasurable satisfaction.

In the days when men would stand together in the shade and argue a dog's tail off, it was a favorite occupation of the old philosophers to define, chronologically, geographically, and circumstantially, the conditions of perfect happiness. We have no time now-a-days for such idle speculations. We are pulling down our old barns and building greater ones; we are grovelling on the ground before a golden image, like that set up of old in the plain of Babylon; we are searching for a vulgar and ignoble philosopher's stone. But supposing we could give the time and pains required for the consideration of the old question, should we find the problem an easy one?

Childhood can not be esteemed happy, as being an age that, apart from the troubles of teething, is a continued lamentation and a cry. Educational traditions sit as a nightmare on the elastic spirits of boyhood. Youth and early manhood bring heat of blood and immature judgment to cope with the perilous temptations of the unknown world. Over professional life in manhood broods an universal Grundyism; and commercial life is crenellated by a corroding covetousness. We might look to religion for consolation, were it not that the usually received doctrines represent divinity as sterner than the sternest of all human judges, and mankind as a set of hopeless and incorrigible scoundrels. We are sailing in a shut-up ark over a wide sea, fathomless and shoreless. Send out Hope like a dove, and it will come back with no green leaf in its bill. Let us open the narrow door-way, the one window, and end our misery by a plunge into the deep sea. Nay; we are so numerous and disorderly a crew, that we should only trample each other to death in the effort to get out. Let us sit still in the cabin and wait the end. What? Are we to go drifting on and on, until we are starved or suffocated; until our melancholy bark, with its ghastly crew of sitting skeletons, is picked up and opened by mariners of the new order; mariners to whom are reserved the new heavens and the new earth, after the subsidence of our troubled waters? Heaven forbid! sit still, and wait in hope. One day or other we shall come bump upon Mount Ararat. Yea, surely; one day or other.

We are, indeed, weak creatures, moving ever onwards beneath some irresistible pressure towards an inevitable gulf. From time to time we catch a fleeting glimpse of happiness; but misfortunes cling to

us like burrs; and sorrow clothes us with a Nessus-shirt of pain. In the morning we are green and grow up; in the evening we are cut down, dried up, and withered. But is there no balm in Gilead? Hath philosophy no anodyne, and religion no herb of healing?

Let us cease complaining; and consider awhile the dignity, and majesty, and sublimity of our human nature. Let us draw comfort, as in a bucket, from the well of tears. For our weakness is our strength, and our shame our glory. It is the unspeakable sadness of our common lot that gives that lot whate'er of sweetness and of beauty it can call its own. The angels in heaven, amid their monotone of grand, eternal praise, must look, not with pity, but with an almost envying wonderment, at the spectacle of a son weeping beside his dead mother, or of a father staring down into the new grave of his dead son.

Good men have told us that the Infinite made himself finite, and that the Omnipotent divested himself of power, to save a ruined world. They have only given us half the reason. If a world could not be saved by less than such a sacrifice, by only such a sacrifice could Divinity win love. The Hand that guides the stars and wields the thunderbolt might enforce obedience and strike terror; but Omnipotence is not omnipotent in respect of love. Nay, even goodness is not lovable; but admirable only, unless it be crowned with sorrow and girdled round about with infirmity.

Divinity was not perfect until when the Lord wept; there was a culmination of Godhead when the Man-Christ was agonized in the garden; when his sweat was as it were great drops of blood falling to the ground. There went a shudder of awful joy throughout the universe, when the dying lips said,—"It is finished—."

So grand a thing is human sorrow; so grand, and terrible, and sublime, and holy.

THE PRESENT AGE.

VICTOR HUGO.

Formerly the world was a place where men walked with slow steps, with backs bent, faces lowered; where the Count de Gouvion was waited upon at table by Jean-Jacques (Rousseau); where the Chevalier de Rohan beat Voltaire with blows of a cudgel; where they set Daniel De Foe in the pillory; where a city like Dijon was separated from a city like Paris by a will to be made, by robbers at all the corners of the woods, and by ten days of coach; where a book was a kind of infamy and rubbish which the executioner burned on the steps of the Hall of Justice; where superstition and ferocity joined hand in hand; where the pope said to the emperor: *Jungamus dexteras, gladium gladio copulemus;* where one encountered at every step crosses on which were hung amulets, and gibbets on which were hung men; where there were heretics, Jews, lepers; where the houses had battlements and loopholes; where they shut up the streets with a chain, the rivers with a chain, the cities with walls, the kingdoms with prohibitions and penalties; where, except authority and force, which were closely banded, all was penned up, doled out, cut up, divided, parcelled, hated and hating, scattered and dead; men but dust—power, the king Log.

Now, there is a world in which all is alive, united, combined, related, mingled together; a world where reign thought, commerce, and industry; where politics, continually more settled, tends to associate itself with science; a world where the last scaffolds and the last cannon are hastening to cut off their last heads, and to vomit their last shells; a world where the day grows with each minute; a world in which distance has disappeared, where Constantinople is nearer to Paris than Lyons was a century ago, where America and Europe throb with the same pulsation of the heart; a world all circulation and all affection, whose brain is France, whose arteries are railways, and whose fibres are the electric wires. Do you not see that simply to state such a situation, is to explain, to demonstrate, and to solve everything? Do you not perceive that the old world was fatally possessed by an old spirit, tyranny, and that upon the new world must necessarily, irresistibly, divinely descend a new spirit, that of liberty.

Let us proclaim it firmly, proclaim it even in fall and in defeat, this age is the grandest of all ages; and do you know wherefore? Because it is the most benignant. This age, the immediate issue of the French Revolution, and its first-born, enfranchises the slave in America, uplifts the pariah in Asia, destroys the suttee in India, and extinguishes in Europe the last brands of the stake, civilizes Turkey, penetrates the Koran with the Gospel, dignifies woman, subordinates the right of the strongest to the right of the most just, suppresses pirates, ameliorates penal laws, purifies the galleys, throws the bloody sword in the gutter, condemns the death penalty, takes the chain and ball from the foot of the convict, abolishes torture, degrades and stigmatizes war, weakens the dukes of Alba and the Charles Ninths, plucks out the fangs from tyrants.

This age proclaims the sovereignty of the citizen, and the inviolability of life; it crowns the people and consecrates man.

In art, it possesses every kind of genius; writers, orators, poets, historians, publicists, philosophers, painters, sculptors, musicians; majesty, grace, power, figure, splendor, depth, color, form, style; it reinforces itself at once in the real and in the ideal, and carries in its hand those two thunderbolts, the true and the beautiful. In science it works all miracles; it makes saltpetre out of cotton, a horse out of steam, a laborer out of the voltaic pile, a courier out of the electric fluid, and a painter of the sun; it bathes itself in the subterranean waters, while it is warmed with the

central fires; it opens upon the two infinities those two windows, the telescope on the infinitely great, the microscope on the infinitely little, and it finds in the first abyss the stars of heaven, and in the second abyss the insects which prove the existence of a God. It annihilates time, it annihilates distance, it annihilates suffering; it writes a letter from Paris to London, and has the answer back in ten minutes; it cuts off the leg of a man—the man sings and smiles.

It has only to realize—and it already touches it—a progress which is nothing by the side of the other miracles which it has already achieved; it has only to find the means of directing in a body of air a bubble of air still lighter; it has already found the bubble of air, it holds it imprisoned; it has yet only to find the impulsive force, only to create the vacuum before the balloon, for example, only to heat the air before the aeronaut, as the rocket does before it; it has only to solve in some manner this problem—and it will be solved. And do you know what will happen then? On the very instant, frontiers will disappear, barriers will vanish away. All that is thrown like a Chinese wall around thought, around commerce, around industry, around nationality, around progress, will crumble; in spite of censorships, in spite of the *index expurgatorius*, it will rain books and journals everywhere; Voltaire, Diderot, Rousseau will fall in showers on Rome, on Naples, on Vienna, on St. Petersburg; the human Word becomes manna, and the surf gathers it in the furrow; fanaticisms die; oppression becomes impossible; man no longer crawls upon the earth, he escapes from it; civilization takes to itself the wings of birds, and flies and whirls and alights joyously on all parts of the globe at once; hold! see there—it passes; point your cannon, ye old despotisms, it disdains you; you are but the cannon ball, it is the flash of lightning; no more hatreds, no more interests devouring one another, no more wars; a kind of new life, made up of concord and of light, surrounds and soothes the world; the brotherhood of nations crosses the bounds of space and mingles in the eternal blue; men fraternize in the heavens.

THE CHOICE OF LIFE.

SAMUEL JOHNSON—"RASSELAS."

The Prince being now able to converse with fluency, and having learned the caution necessary to be observed in his intercourse with strangers, began to accompany Imlac to places of resort, and to enter into all assemblies, that he might make his *choice of life.*

For some time he thought choice needless, because all appeared to him equally happy. Wherever he went he met gayety and kindness, and heard the song of joy, or laugh of carelessness. He began to believe that the world overflowed with universal plenty, and that nothing was withheld either from want or merit; that every hand showered liberality, and every heart melted with benevolence; "and who then," says he, "will be suffered to be wretched?"

Imlac permitted the pleasing delusion, and was unwilling to crush the hope of inexperience, till one day, having sat awhile silent, "I know not," said the Prince, "what can be the reason that I am more unhappy than any of our friends. I see them perpetually and unalterably cheerful, but feel my own mind restless and uneasy. I am unsatisfied with those pleasures which I seem most to court. I live in the crowds of jollity, not so much to enjoy company as to shun myself, and am only loud and merry to conceal my sadness."

"Every man," said Imlac, "may, by examining his own mind, guess what passes in the minds of others; when you feel that your own gayety is counterfeit, it may justly lead you to suspect that of your companions not to be sincere. Envy is commonly reciprocal. We are long before we are convinced that happiness is never to be found, and each believes it possessed by others, to keep alive the hope of obtaining it for himself. In the assembly, where you passed the last night, there appeared such sprightliness of air and volatility of fancy as might have suited beings of a higher order, formed to inhabit serener regions, inaccessible to care or sorrow: yet, believe me, Prince, there was not one who did not dread the moment when solitude should deliver him to the tyranny of reflection."

"This," said the Prince, "may be true of others since it is true of me; yet whatever be the general infelicity of man, one condition is more happy than another, and wisdom surely directs us to take the least evil in the *choice of life.*"

"The causes of good and evil," answered Imlac, "are so various and uncertain, so often entangled with each other, so diversified by various relations, and so much subject to accidents which cannot be foreseen, that he who would fix his condition upon incontestable reasons of preference, must live and die inquiring and deliberating."

"But surely," said Rasselas, "the wise men, to whom we listen with reverence and wonder, chose that mode of life for themselves which they thought most likely to make them happy."

"Very few," said the poet, "live by choice. Every man is placed in his present condition by causes which acted without his foresight, and with which he did not always willingly cooperate; and therefore you will rarely meet one who does not think the lot of his neighbor better than his own."

"I am pleased to think," said the Prince, "that my birth has given me at least one advantage over others, by enabling me to determine for myself. I have here the world before me; I will review it at leisure; surely happiness is somewhere to be found."

THE PRINCE ASSOCIATES WITH YOUNG MEN OF SPIRIT AND GAYETY.

Rasselas rose next day, and resolved to begin his

experiments upon life. "Youth," cried he, "is the time of gladness; I will join myself to the young men, whose only business is to gratify their desires, and whose time is only spent in a succession of enjoyments."

To such societies he was readily admitted, but a few days brought him back weary and disgusted. Their mirth was without images; their laughter without motive; their pleasures were gross and sensual, in which the mind had no part; their conduct was at once wild and mean; they laughed at order and at law, but the frown of power dejected and the eye of wisdom abashed them.

The Prince soon concluded that he should never be happy in a course of life of which he was ashamed. He thought it unsuitable to a reasonable being to act without a plan, and to be sad or cheerful only by chance. "Happiness," said he, "must be something solid and permanent, without fear and without uncertainty."

But his young companions had gained so much of his regard by their frankness and courtesy, that he could not leave them without warning and remonstrance. "My friends," said he, "I have seriously considered our manners and our prospects, and find that we have mistaken our own interest. The first years of a man must make provision for the last. He that never thinks never can be wise. Perpetual levity must end in ignorance; and intemperance, though it may fire the spirits for an hour, will make life short or miserable. Let us consider that youth is of no long duration, and that in maturer age, when the enchantments of fancy shall cease, and phantoms of delight dance no more about us, we shall have no comforts but the esteem of wise men, and the means of doing good. Let us, therefore, stop, while to stop is in our power; let us live as men who are sometime to grow old, and to whom it will be the most dreadful of all evils to count their past years by follies, and to be reminded of their former luxuriance of health only by the maladies which riot has produced."

They stared awhile in silence one upon another, and at last drove him away by a general chorus of continued laughter.

The consciousness that his sentiments were just, and his intentions kind, was scarcely sufficient to support him against the horror of derision. But he recovered his tranquility, and pursued his search.

THE PRINCE FINDS A WISE AND HAPPY MAN.

As he was one day walking in the street he saw a spacious building, which all were, by the open doors, invited to enter; he followed the stream of people, and found it a hall or school of declamation, in which professors read lectures to their auditory. He fixed his eye upon a sage raised above the rest, who discoursed with great energy upon the government of the passions. His look was venerable, his action graceful, his pronunciation clear, and his diction elegant. He showed with great strength of sentiment, and variety of illustration, that human nature is degraded and debased when the lower faculties predominate over the higher; that when fancy, the parent of passion, usurps the dominion of the mind, nothing ensues but the natural effect of unlawful government, perturbation and confusion; that she betrays the fortresses of the intellect to rebels, and excites her children to sedition against reason, their lawful sovereign. He compared reason to the sun, of which the light is constant, uniform, and lasting; and fancy to a meteor, of bright but transitory luster, irregular in its motion, and delusive in its direction.

He then communicated the various precepts given from time to time, for the conquest of passion, and displayed the happiness of those who had obtained the important victory, after which man is no longer the slave of fear, nor the fool of hope; is no more emaciated by envy, inflamed by anger, emasculated by tenderness, or depressed by grief: but walks on calmly through the tumults or privacies of life, as the sun pursues alike his course through the calm or the stormy sky.

He enumerated many examples of heroes immovable by pain or pleasure, who looked with indifference on those modes or accidents to which the vulgar gave the names of good and evil. He exhorted his hearers to lay aside their prejudices, and arm themselves against the shafts of malice or misfortune, by invulnerable patience; concluding that this state only was happiness, and that this happiness was in every one's power.

Rasselas listened to him with the veneration due to the instructions of a superior being, and waiting for him at the door, humbly implored the liberty of visiting so great a master of true wisdom. The lecturer hesitated a moment, when Rasselas put a purse of gold into his hand, which he received with a mixture of joy and wonder.

"I have found," said the Prince, at his return to Imlac, "a man that can teach all that is necessary to be known, who from the unshaken throne of rational fortitude looks down on the scenes of life changing beneath him. He speaks, and attention watches his lips. He reasons, and conviction closes his periods. This man shall be my future guide; I will learn his doctrines; and imitate his life."

"Be not too hasty," said Imlac, "to trust or to admire the teachers of morality; they discourse like angels, but they live like men."

Rasselas, who could not conceive how any man could reason so forcibly without feeling the cogency of his own arguments, paid his visit in a few days, and was denied admission. He had now learned the power of money, and made his way by a piece of gold to the inner apartment, where he found the philosopher in a room half darkened, with his eyes misty and his face pale. "Sir," said he, "you are come at a time when all human friendship is use-

less; what I suffer cannot be remedied, what I have lost cannot be supplied. My daughter, my only daughter, from whose tenderness I expected all the comforts of my age, died last night of a fever. My views, my purposes, my hopes are at an end; I am now a lonely being disunited from society."

"Sir," said the Prince, "mortality is an event by which a wise man can never be surprised; we know that death is always near, and it should, therefore, always be expected." "Young man," answered the philosopher, "you speak like one that has never felt the pangs of separation." "Have you then forgot the precepts," said Rasselas, "which you so powerfully enforced? Has wisdom no strength to arm the heart against calamity? Consider, that external things are naturally variable, but truth and reason are always the same." "What comfort," said the mourner, "can truth and reason afford me? of what effect are they now but to tell me that my daughter will not be restored?"

The Prince, whose humanity would not suffer him to insult misery with reproof, went away, convinced of the emptiness of rhetorical sound, and the inefficacy of polished periods and studied sentences.

A GLIMPSE OF PASTORAL LIFE.

He was still eager upon the same inquiry, and having heard of a hermit, that lived near the lowest cataract of the Nile, and filled the whole country with the fame of his sanctity, resolved to visit his retreat, and inquire whether that felicity, which public life could not afford, was to be found in solitude; and whether a man, whose age and virtue made him venerable, could teach any peculiar art of shunning evils or enduring them?

Imlac and the Princess agreed to accompany him, and, after the necessary preparations, they began their journey. Their way lay through the fields where shepherds tended their flocks, and the lambs were playing upon the pasture. "This," said the poet, "is the life which has been often celebrated for its innocence and quiet; let us pass the heat of the day among the shepherds' tents, and know whether all our searches are not to terminate in pastoral simplicity."

The proposal pleased them, and they induced the shepherds by small presents and familiar questions, to tell their opinion of their own state; they were so rude and ignorant, so little able to compare the good with the evil of the occupation, and so indistinct in their narratives and descriptions, that very little could be learned from them. But it was evident that their hearts were cankered with discontent, that they considered themselves as condemned to labor for the luxury of the rich, and looked up with stupid malevolence toward those that were placed above them.

The Princess pronounced with vehemence that she would never suffer these envious savages to be her companions, and that she should not soon be desirous of seeing any more specimens of rustic happiness, but could not believe that all the accounts of primeval pleasures were fabulous and was yet in doubt whether life had anything that could be justly preferred to the placid gratifications of fields and woods. She hoped that the time would come, when, with a few virtuous and elegant companions, she should gather flowers planted by her own hand, fondle the lambs of her own ewe, and listen without care, among brooks and breezes, to one of her maidens reading in the shade.

THE DANGER OF PROSPERITY.

On the next day they continued their journey till the heat compelled them to look round for shelter. At a small distance they saw a thick wood, which they no sooner entered than they perceived that they were approaching the habitations of men. The shrubs were diligently cut away to open walks where the shades were darkest; the boughs of opposite trees were artificially interwoven; seats of flowery turf were raised in vacant spaces, and a rivulet that wantoned along the side of a winding path, had its banks sometimes opened into small basins, and its stream sometimes obstructed by little mounds of stone heaped together to increase its murmurs.

They passed slowly through the wood, delighted with such unexpected accommodations, and entertained each other with conjecturing what, or who he could be, that, in those rude and unfrequented regions, had leisure and art for such harmless luxury.

As they advanced they heard the sound of music, and saw youths and virgins dancing in the grove; and going still further, beheld a stately palace built upon a hill surrounded with woods. The laws of eastern hospitality allowed them to enter, and the master welcomed them like a man liberal and wealthy.

He was skillful enough in appearances soon to discern that they were no common guests, and spread his table with magnificence. The eloquence of Imlac caught his attention, and the lofty courtesy of the Princess excited his respect. When they offered to depart he entreated their stay, and was the next day still more unwilling to dismiss them than before. They were easily persuaded to stop, and civility grew up in time to freedom and confidence.

The Prince now saw all the domestics cheerful, and all the face of nature smiling round the place, and could not forbear to hope that he should find here what he was seeking; but when he was congratulating the master upon his possessions, he answered with a sigh, "My condition has indeed the appearance of happiness, but appearances are delusive. My prosperity puts my life in danger; the Bassa of Egypt is my enemy, incensed only by my wealth and popularity. I have been hitherto protected against him by the princes of the country; but, as the favor of the great is uncertain, I know

not how soon my defenders may be persuaded to share the plunder with the Bassa. I have sent my treasures into a distant country, and, upon the first alarm, am prepared to follow them. Then will my enemies riot in my mansion, and enjoy the gardens which I have planted."

They all joined in lamenting his danger, and deprecating his exile; and the Princess was so much disturbed with the tumult of grief and indignation, that she retired to her apartment. They continued with their kind inviter a few days longer, and then went forward to find the hermit.

THE HAPPINESS OF SOLITUDE—THE HERMIT'S HISTORY.

They came on the third day, by the direction of the peasants, to the hermit's cell; it was a cavern in the side of the mountain, overshadowed with palm-trees; at such a distance from the cataract, that nothing more was heard than a gentle uniform murmur; such as composed the mind to pensive meditation, especially when it was assisted by the wind whistling among the branches. The first rude essay of nature had been so much improved by human labor that the cave contained several apartments appropriated to different uses, and often afforded lodging to travelers, whom darkness or tempests happened to overtake.

The hermit sat on a bench at the door, to enjoy the coolness of the evening. On one side lay a book with pens and papers, on the other mechanical instruments of various kinds. As they approached him unregarded, the Princess observed that he had not the countenance of a man that had found, or could teach the way to happiness.

They saluted him with great respect, which he repaid like a man unaccustomed to the forms of courts. "My children," said he, "if you have lost your way, you shall be willingly supplied with such conveniencies for the night as this cavern will afford. I have all that nature requires, and you will not expect delicacies in a hermit's cell."

They thanked him, and entering, were pleased with the neatness and regularity of the place. The hermit set flesh and wine before them, though he fed only upon fruits and water. His discourse was cheerful without levity, and pious without enthusiasm. He soon gained the esteem of his guests, and the Princess repented of her hasty censure.

At last Imlac began thus: "I do not now wonder that your reputation is so far extended; we have heard at Cairo of your wisdom, and came hither to implore your direction for this young man and maiden in the *choice of life*."

"To him that lives well," answered the hermit, "every form of life is good; nor can I give any other rule for choice, than to remove from all apparent evil."

"He will remove most certainly from evil," said the Prince, "who shall devote himself to that solitude which you have recommended by your example."

"I have indeed lived fifteen years in solitude," said the hermit, "but have no desire that my example should gain any imitators. In my youth I professed arms, and was raised by degrees to the highest military rank. I have traversed wide countries at the head of my troops, and seen many battles and sieges. At last, being disgusted by the preferments of a younger officer, and feeling that my vigor was beginning to decay, I resolved to close my life in peace, having found the world full of snares, discord, and misery. I had once escaped from the pursuit of the enemy by the shelter of this cavern, and therefore chose it for my final residence. I employed artificers to form it into chambers, and stored it with all that I was likely to want.

"For some time after my retreat, I rejoiced like a tempest-beaten sailor at his entrance into harbor, being delighted with the sudden change of the noise and hurry of war to stillness and repose. When the pleasure of novelty went away I employed my hours in examining the plants which grew in the valley, and the minerals which I collected from the rocks. But that inquiry has now grown tasteless and irksome. I have been for some time unsettled and distracted; my mind is disturbed with a thousand perplexities of doubt, and vanities of imagination, which hourly prevail upon me, because I have no opportunities of relaxation or diversion. I am sometimes ashamed to think that I could not secure myself from vice but by retiring from the exercise of virtue, and begin to suspect that I was rather impelled by resentment than led by devotion, into solitude. My fancy riots in scenes of folly, and I lament that I have lost so much, and have gained so little. In solitude, if I escape the example of bad men, I want likewise the counsel and conversation of the good. I have been long comparing the evils with the advantages of society, and resolve to return to the world to-morrow. The life of a solitary man will be certainly miserable, but not certainly devout."

They heard his resolution with surprise, but after a short pause offered to conduct him to Cairo. He dug up a considerable treasure which he had hid among the rocks, and accompanied them to the city, on which, as he approached it, he gazed with rapture.

THE HAPPINESS OF A LIFE LED ACCORDING TO NATURE.

Rasselas went often to an assembly of learned men, who met at stated times to unbend their minds, and compare their opinions. Their manners were somewhat coarse, but their conversation was instructive, and their disputations acute, though sometimes too violent, and often continued till neither controvertist remembered upon what question they began. Some faults were almost general among them; every one was desirous to dictate to the rest,

and every one was pleased to hear the genius or knowledge of another depreciated.

In this assembly Rasselas was relating his interview with the hermit, and the wonder with which he heard him censure a course of life which he had so deliberately chosen, and so laudably followed. The sentiments of the hearers were various. Some were of opinion that the folly of his choice had been justly punished by condemnation to perpetual perseverance. One of the youngest among them, with great vehemence, pronounced him a hypocrite. Some talked of the right of society to the labor of individuals, and considered retirement as a desertion of duty. Others readily allowed that there was a time when the claims of the public were satisfied, and when a man might properly sequester himself, to review his life, and purify his heart

One, who appeared more affected with the narrative than the rest, thought it likely that the hermit would in a few years go back to his retreat, and, perhaps, if shame did not restrain, or death intercept him, return once more from his retreat into the world. "For the hope of happiness," said he, "is so strongly impressed, that the longest experience is not able to efface it. Of the present state, whatever it be, we feel, and are forced to confess, the misery; yet, when the same state is again at a distance, imagination paints it as desirable. But the time will surely come when desire will be no longer our torment, and no man shall be wretched by his own fault."

"This," said a philosopher, who had heard him with tokens of great impatience, "is the present condition of a wise man. The time is already come when none are wretched but by their own fault. Nothing is more idle than to inquire after happiness, which nature has kindly placed within our reach. The way to be happy is to live according to nature, in obedience to that universal and unalterable law with which every heart is originally impressed; which is not written on it by precept, but engraven by destiny, not instilled by education, but infused at our nativity. He that lives according to nature, will suffer nothing from the delusions of hope, or importunities of desire; he will receive and reject with equability of temper; and act or suffer as the reason of things shall alternately prescribe. Other men may amuse themselves with subtle definitions, or intricate ratiocinations. Let them learn to be wise by easier means; let them observe the hind of the forest, and the linnet of the grove; let them consider the life of animals, whose motions are regulated by instinct; they obey their guide and are happy. Let us, therefore, at length, cease to dispute and learn to live; throw away the encumbrance of precepts, which they who utter them with so much pride and pomp do not understand, and carry with us this simple and intelligent maxim, 'That deviation from nature is deviation from happiness.'"

When he had spoken, he looked round him with a placid air, and enjoyed the consciousness of his own beneficence. "Sir," said the Prince, with great modesty, "as I, like all the rest of mankind, am desirous of felicity, my closest attention has been fixed upon your discourse; I doubt not the truth of a position which a man so learned has confidently advanced. Let me only know what it is to live according to nature?"

"When I find young men so humble and so docile," said the philosopher, "I can deny them no information which my studies have enabled me to afford. To live according to nature, is to act always with a due regard to the fitness arising from the relations and qualities of causes and effects; to concur with the great and unchangeable scheme of universal felicity; to co-operate with the general disposition and tendency of the present system of things."

The Prince soon found that this was one of the sages whom he should understand less as he heard him longer He therefore bowed and was silent, and the philosopher, supposing him satisfied, and the rest vanished, rose up and departed with the air of a man that had co-operated with the present system.

THE PRINCE AND HIS SISTER DIVIDE BETWEEN THEM THE WORK OF OBSERVATION.

Rassellas returned home full of reflections, doubtful how to direct his future steps. Of the way to happiness he found the learned and simple equally ignorant; but as he was yet young, he flattered himself that he had time remaining for more experiments, and further inquiries. He communicated to Imlac his observations and his doubts, but was answered by him with new doubts, and remarks that gave him no comfort. He therefore discoursed more frequently and freely with his sister, who had yet the same hope with himself, and always assisted him to give some reason why, though he had been hitherto frustrated, he might succeed at last.

"We have hitherto," said she, "known but little of the world; we have never yet been either great or mean. In our own country, though we had royalty, we had no power, and in this we have not yet seen the private recesses of domestic peace. Imlac favors not our search, lest we should in time find him mistaken. We will divide the task between us; you shall try what is to be found in the splendor of courts, and I will range the shades of humbler life. Perhaps command and authority may be the supreme blessings, as they afford most opportunities of doing good; or, perhaps, what this world can give, may be found in the modest habitations of middle fortune; too low for great designs, and too high for penury and distress."

THE PRINCE EXAMINES THE HAPPINESS OF HIGH STATIONS.

Rassellas applauded the design, and appeared next day with a splendid retinue at the court of the Bassa. He was soon distinguished for his magnificence, and

admitted, as a prince whose curiosity had brought him from distant countries, to an intimacy with the great officers, and frequent conversation with the Bassa himself.

He was at first inclined to believe, that the man must be pleased with his own condition, whom all approached with reverence, and heard with obedience, and who had the power to extend his edicts to a whole kingdom. "There can be no pleasure," said he, "equal to that of feeling at once the joy of thousands all made happy by wise administration. Yet, since by the law of subordination this sublime delight can be in one nation but the lot of one, it is surely reasonable to think, that there is some satisfaction more popular and accessible, and that millions can hardly be subjected to the will of a single man only to fill his particular breast with incommunicable content.

These thoughts were often in his mind, and he found no solution of the difficulty. But as presents and civilities gained him more familiarity, he found that almost every man who stood high in employment hated all the rest, and was hated by them, and that their lives were a continual succession of plots and detections, stratagems and escapes, faction and treachery. Many of those who surround the Bassa, were sent only to watch and report his conduct; every tongue was muttering censure, and every eye was searching for a fault.

At last the letters of revocation arrived, the Bassa was carried in chains to Constantinople, and his name was mentioned no more.

"What are we now to think of the prerogatives of power," said Rasselas to his sister; "is it without any efficacy to good? or, is the subordinate degree only dangerous, and the supreme safe and glorious? Is the Sultan the only happy man in his dominions? or, is the Sultan himself, subject to the torments of suspicion, and the dread of enemies?"

In a short time the second Bassa was deposed. The Sultan, that had advanced him, was murdered by the Janizaries, and his successor had other views and different favorites.

THE PRINCESS PURSUES HER INQUIRY WITH MORE DILIGENCE THAN SUCCESS.

The Princess, in the meantime, insinuated herself into many families; for there are few doors through which liberality, joined with good humor, cannot find its way. The daughters of many houses were airy and cheerful, but Nekayah had been too long accustomed to the conversation of Imlac and her brother to be much pleased with childish levity and prattle which had no meaning. She found their thoughts narrow, their wishes law, and their merriment often artificial. Their pleasures, poor as they were, could not be preserved pure, but were embittered by petty competitions and worthless emulation. They were always jealous of the beauty of each other, of a quality to which solicitude can add nothing, and from which detraction can take nothing away. Many were in love with triflers like themselves, and many fancied that they were in love when in truth they were only idle. Their affection was fixed neither on sense or virtue, and therefore seldom ended but in vexation. Their grief, however, like their joy, was transient; everything floated in their mind unconnected with the past or future, so that one desire easily gave way to another, as a second stone cast in the water effaces and confounds the circles of the first.

With these girls she played as with inoffensive animals, and found them proud of her confidence and weary of her company.

But her purpose was to examine more deeply, and her affability easily persuaded the hearts that were swelling with sorrow to discharge their secrets in her ear; and those whom hope flattered, or prosperity delighted, often courted her to partake their pleasures.

The Princess and her brother commonly met in the evening, in a private summer house on the bank of the Nile, and related to each other the occurrences of the day. As they were sitting together, the Princess cast her eyes upon the river that flowed before her. "Answer," said she, "great father of waters, thou that rollest thy floods through eighty nations, to the invocations of the daughters of thy native king. Tell if thou waterest, through all thy course, a single habitation from which thou dost not hear the murmurs of complaint?"

"You are, then," said Rasselas, "not more successful in private houses than I have been in court."

"I have, since the last partition of our provinces," said the Princess, "enabled myself to enter familiarly into many families, where there was the fairest show of prosperity and peace, and know not one house that is not haunted by some fury that destroys their quiet.

"I did not see ease among the poor, because I concluded that there it could not be found. But I saw many poor, whom I had supposed to live in affluence. Poverty has, in large cities, very different appearances: it is often concealed in splendor, and often in extravagance. It is the care of a very great part of mankind to conceal their indigence from the rest; they support themselves by temporary expedients, and every day is lost in contriving for the morrow.

"This, however, was an evil which, though frequent, I saw with less pain, because I could relieve it. Yet some have refused my bounties; more offended with my quickness to detect their wants, than pleased with my readiness to succor them; and others, whose exigencies compelled them to admit my kindness, have never been able to forgive their benefactress. Many, however, have been sincerely grateful, without the ostentation or gratitude, or the hope of other favors."

THE PRINCESS CONTINUES HER REMARKS UPON PRIVATE LIFE.

Nekayah, perceiving her brother's attention fixed, proceeded in her narrative.

"In families, where there is or is not poverty, there is commonly discord; if a kingdom be, as Imlac tells us, a great family, a family likewise is a little kingdom, torn with factions, and exposed to revolutions. An unpracticed observer expects the love of parents and children to be constant and equal; but this kindness seldom continues beyond the years of infancy: in a short time the children become rivals to their parents. Benefits are allayed by reproaches, and gratitude debased by envy.

"Parents and children seldom act in concert; each child endeavors to appropriate the esteem or fondness of the parents, and the parents, with yet less temptation, betray each other to their children; thus some place their confidence in the father, and some in the mother, and by degrees the house is filled with artifices and feuds.

"The opinions of children and parents, of the young and the old, are naturally opposite, by the contrary effects of hope and despondency, of expectation and experience, without crime or folly on either side. The colors of life in youth and age appear different, as the face of nature in spring and winter. And how can children credit the assertions of parents, which their own eyes show them to be false?

"Few parents act in such a manner as much to enforce their maxims by the credit of their lives. The old man trusts wholly to slow contrivance and gradual progression; the youth expects to force his way by genius, vigor, and precipitance. The old man pays regard to riches, and the youth reverences virtue. The old man deifies prudence; the youth commits himself to magnanimity and chance. The young man, who intends no ill, believes that none is intended, and therefore acts with openness and candor; but his father, having suffered the injuries of fraud, is impelled to suspect, and too often allured to practice it. Age looks with anger on the temerity of youth, and youth with contempt on the scrupulosity of age. Thus parents and children, for the greatest part, live on to love less and less; and, if those whom nature has thus closely united are the torments of each other, where shall we look for tenderness and consolation?"

"Surely," said the Prince, "you must have been unfortunate in your choice of acquaintance; I am unwilling to believe that the most tender of all relations is thus impeded in its effects by natural necessity."

"Domestic discord," answered she, "is not inevitably and fatally necessary; but yet it is not easily avoided. We seldom see that a whole family is virtuous; the good and evil cannot well agree; and the evil can yet less agree with one another; even the virtuous fall sometimes to variance, when their virtues are of different kinds, and tending to extremes. In general, those parents have most reverence who most deserve it; for he that lives well cannot be despised.

"Many other evils infest private life. Some are the slaves of servants whom they have trusted with their affairs. Some are kept in continual anxiety by the caprice of rich relations, whom they cannot please and dare not offend. Some husbands are imperious, and some wives perverse; and as it is always more easy to do evil than good, though the wisdom or virtue of one can very rarely make many happy, the folly or vice of one may often make many miserable."

"If such be the general effect of marriage," said the Prince, "I shall, for the future, think it dangerous to connect my interests with that of another, lest I should be unhappy by my partner's fault."

"I have met," said the Princess, "with many who live single for that reason; but I never found that their prudence ought to raise envy. They dream away their time without friendship, without fondness, and are driven to rid themselves of the day, for which they have no use, by childish amusements or vicious delights. They act as beings under the constant sense of some known inferiority, that fills their minds with rancor, and their tongues with censure. They are peevish at home, and malevolent abroad; and, as the outlaws of human nature, make it their business and their pleasure to disturb that society which debars them from its privileges. To live without feeling or exciting sympathy, to be fortunate without adding to the felicity of others, or afflicted without tasting the balm of pity, is a state more gloomy than solitude; it is not retreat, but exclusion from mankind. Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasure."

"What then is to be done?" said Rasselas; "the more we inquire, the less we can resolve. Surely he is most likely to please himself that has no other inclination to regard."

THE DEBATE ON MARRIAGE.

"Marriage is evidently the dictate of nature; men and women are made to be the companions of each other, and therefore I cannot be persuaded but that marriage is one of the means of happiness."

"I know not," said the Princess, "whether marriage be more than one of the innumerable modes of human misery. When I see and reckon the various forms of connubial infelicity, the unexpected causes of lasting discord, the diversities of temper, the oppositions of opinion, the rude collisions of contrary desire where both are urged by violent impulses, the obstinate contests of disagreeable virtues, where both are supported by consciousness of good intentions, I am sometimes disposed to think with the severer casuists of most nations, that marriage is rather permitted than approved, and that none, but by the instigation of a passion too much indulged, entangle themselves with indissoluble compacts."

"You seem to forget," replied Rasselas, "that you

have, even now, represented celibacy as less happy than marriage. Both conditions may be bad, but they cannot both be worst. Thus it happens when wrong opinions are entertained, that they mutually destroy each other, and leave the mind open to truth."

"I did not expect," answered the princess, "to hear that imputed to falsehood which is the consequence only of frailty. To the mind, as to the eye, it is difficult to compare with exactness objects vast in their extent, and various in their parts. Where we see or conceive the whole at once, we readily note the discriminations, and decide the preference; but of two systems, of which neither can be surveyed by any human being in its full compass of magnitude and multiplicity of complication, where is the wonder, that judging of the whole by parts, I am alternately affected by one and the other as either presses on my memory or fancy? We differ from ourselves just as we differ from each other, when we see only part of the question, as in the multifarious relations of politics and morality; but when we perceive the whole at once, as in numerical computations, all agree in one judgment, and none ever varies his opinion."

"Let us not add," said the Prince, "to the other evils of life, the bitterness of controversy, or endeavor to vie with each other in subtilities of argument. We are employed in a search of which both are equally to enjoy the success, or suffer by the miscarriage. It is therefore fit that we assist each other. You surely conclude too hastily from the infelicity of marriage against its institution; will not the misery of life prove equally that life cannot be the gift of heaven? The world must be peopled by marriage, or peopled without it."

"How the world is to be peopled," returned Nekayah, "is not my care, and need not be yours. I see no danger that the present generation should omit to leave successors behind them; we are not now inquiring for the world, but for ourselves."

"The good of the whole," says Rasselas, "is the same with the good of all its parts. If marriage be best for mankind, it must be evidently best for individuals, or a permanent and necessary duty must be the cause of evil, and some must be inevitably sacrificed to the convenience of others. In the estimate which you have made of the two states, it appears that the incommodities of a single life are, in a great measure, necessary and certain, but those of the conjugal state accidental and avoidable.

"I cannot forbear to flatter myself that prudence and benevolence will make marriage happy. The general folly of mankind is the cause of general complaint. What can be expected but disappointment and repentance from a choice made in the immaturity of youth, in the ardor of desire, without judgment, without foresight, without inquiry after conformity of opinions, similarity of manners, rectitude of judgment, or purity of sentiment?

"Such is the common process of marriage. A youth and maiden meeting by chance, or brought together by artifice, exchange glances, reciprocate civilities, go home and dream of one another. Having little to divert their attention, or diversify thought, they find themselves uneasy when they are apart, and therefore conclude that they shall be happy together. They marry, and discover what nothing but voluntary blindness before had concealed; they wear out life in altercations, and charge nature with cruelty.

"From those early marriages proceeds likewise the rivalry of parents and children; the son is eager to enjoy the world before the father is willing to forsake it, and there is hardly room at once for two generations. The daughter begins to bloom before the mother can be content to fade, and neither can forbear to wish for the absence of the other.

"Surely all these evils may be avoided by that deliberation and delay which prudence prescribes to irrevocable choice. In the variety and jollity of youthful pleasures life may be well enough supported without the help of a partner. Longer time will increase experience, and wider views will allow better opportunities of inquiry and selection; one advantage, at least, will be certain: the parents will be visibly older than their children."

"What reason cannot collect," said Nekayah, "and what experiment has not yet taught, can be known only from the report of others. I have been told that late marriages are not eminently happy. This is a question too important to be neglected, and I have often proposed it to those whose accuracy of remark, and comprehensiveness of knowledge, made their suffrages worthy of regard. They have generally determined that it is dangerous for a man and woman to suspend their fate upon each other, at a time when opinions are fixed, and habits are established; when friendships have been contracted on both sides, when life has been planned into method, and the mind has long enjoyed the contemplation of its own prospects.

"It is scarcely possible that two traveling through the world under the conduct of chance, should have been both directed to the same path, and it will not often happen that either will quit the track which custom has made pleasing. When the desultory levity of youth has settled into regularity, it is soon succeeded by pride ashamed to yield, or obstinacy delighting to contend. And even though mutual esteem produces mutual desire to please, time itself, as it modifies unchangeably the external mien, determines likewise the direction of the passions, and gives an inflexible rigidity to the manners. Long customs are not easily broken; he that attempts to change the course of his own life, very often labors in vain: and how shall we do that for others, which we are seldom able to do for ourselves?"

"But surely," interposed the Prince, "you suppose the chief motive of choice forgotten or neglected. Whenever I shall seek a wife, it shall be my first question, whether she be willing to be led by reason?"

"Thus it is," said Nekayah, "that philosophers are

deceived. There are a thousand familiar disputes which reason never can decide; questions that elude investigation, and make logic ridiculous cases; where something must be done, and where little can be said. Consider the state of mankind, and inquire how few can be supposed to act upon any occasion, whether small or great, with all the reasons of action present to their minds. Wretched would be the pair above all names of wretchedness, who should be doomed to adjust by reason, every morning, all the minute details of a domestic day.

"Those who marry at an advanced age will probably escape the encroachments of their children; but, in diminution of this advantage, they will be likely to leave them, ignorant and helpless, to a guardian's mercy; or, if that should not happen, they must at least go out of the world before they see those whom they love best either wise or great.

"From their children, if they have less to fear, they have less also to hope, and they lose, without equivalent, the joys of early love, and the convenience of uniting with manners pliant, and minds susceptible of new impressions, which might wear away their dissimilitudes by long cohabitation, as soft bodies, by continual attrition, can form their surfaces to each other.

"I believe it will be found that those who marry late are best pleased with their children, and those who marry early with their partners."

"The union of these two affections," said Rasselas, "would produce all that could be wished. Perhaps there is a time when marriage might unite them, a time neither too early for the father, nor too late for the husband."

"Every hour," answered the Princess, "confirms my prejudice in favor of the position so often uttered by the mouth of Imlac. 'That nature sets her gifts on the right hand and on the left.' Those conditions which flatter hope and attract desire, are so constituted that, as we approach one, we recede from another. There are goods so opposed that we cannot seize both, but, by too much prudence, may pass between them at too great a distance to reach either. This is often the fate of long consideration; he does nothing who endeavors to do more than is allowed to humanity. Flatter not yourself with contrarieties of pleasure. Of the blessings set before you make your choice and be content. No man can taste the fruits of autumn while he is delighting his scent with the flowers of spring; no man can, at the same time, fill his cup from the source and from the mouth of the Nile."

THE PHILOSOPHER'S STONE.

RICHARD STEELE.

Charity is a virtue of the heart, and not of the hands, says an old writer. Gifts and alms are the expressions, not the essence, of this virtue. A man may bestow great sums on the poor and indigent without being charitable, and may be charitable when he is not able to bestow anything. Charity therefore is a habit of good-will, or benevolence, in the soul, which disposes us to the love, assistance, and relief of mankind, especially of those who stand in need of it. The poor man who has this excellent frame of mind is no less entitled to the reward of this virtue than the man who founds a college. For my own part, I am charitable to an extravagance this way. I never saw an indigent person in my life without reaching out to him some of this imaginary relief. I cannot but sympathize with every one I meet that is in affliction; and if my abilities were equal to my wishes, there should be neither pain nor poverty in the world.

To give my reader a right notion of myself in this particular, I shall present him with the secret history of one of the most remarkable parts of my life.

I was once engaged in search of the philosopher's stone. It is frequently observed of men who have been busied in this pursuit, that though they have failed in their principal design, they have however made such discoveries in their way to it as have sufficiently recompensed their inquiries. In the same manner, though I cannot boast of my success in that affair, I do not repent of my engaging in it, because it produced in my mind such an habitual exercise of charity as made it much better than perhaps it would have been had I never been lost in so pleasing a delusion.

As I did not question but I should soon have a new Indies in my possession, I was perpetually taken up in considering how to turn it to the benefit of mankind. In order to it I employed a whole day in walking about this great city to find out proper places for the erection of hospitals. I had likewise entertained that project, which has since succeeded in another place, of building churches at the court-end of the town, with this only difference, that instead of fifty, I intended to have built a hundred, and to have seen them all finished in less than one year.

I had with great pains and application got together a list of all the French Protestants; and, by the best accounts I could come at, had calculated the value of all those estates and effects which every one of them had left in his own country for the sake of his religion, being fully determined to make it up to him, and return some of them double of what they had lost.

As I was one day in my laboratory, my operator, who was to fill my coffers for me, and used to foot it from the other end of the town every morning, complained of a sprain in his leg that he had met with over-against St. Clement's Church. This so affected me, that as a standing mark of my gratitude to him, and out of compassion to the rest of my fellow-citizens, I resolved to new-pave every street within the liberties, and entered a memorandum in my pocket-book accordingly. About the same time I entertained some thoughts of mending all the highways on this side the Tweed, and of making all the rivers in England navigable.

But the project I had most at heart was the settling upon every man in Great Britain three pounds a year (in which sum may be comprised, according to Sir William Pettit's observations, all the necessities of life), leaving to them whatever else they could get by their own industry to lay out on superfluities.

I was about a week debating in myself what I should do in the matter of impropriations, but at length came to a resolution to buy them all up, and restore them to the church.

As I was one day walking near St. Paul's, I took some time to survey that structure, and not being entirely satisfied with it, though I could not tell why, I had some little thoughts of pulling it down, and building it up anew at my own expense.

For my own part, as I have no pride in me, I intended to take up with a coach and six, half a dozen footmen, and live like a private gentleman.

It happened about this time that public matters looked very gloomy, taxes came hard, the war went on heavily, people complained of the great burdens that were laid upon them. This made me resolve to set aside one morning to consider seriously the state of the nation. I was the more ready to enter on it because I was obliged, whether I would or no, to sit at home in my morning-gown, having, after a most incredible expense, pawned a new suit of clothes, and a full-bottomed wig, for a sum of money, which my operator assured me was the last he should want to bring all our matters to bear. After having considered many projects, I at length resolved to beat the common enemy at his own weapons, and laid a scheme which would have blown him up in a quarter of a year had things succeeded to my wishes. As I was in this golden dream somebody knocked at my door. I opened it, and found it was a messenger that brought me a letter from the laboratory. The fellow looked so miserably poor that I was resolved to make his fortune before he delivered his message. But seeing he brought a letter from my operator, I concluded I was bound to it in honor, as much as a prince is, to give a reward to one that brings him the first news of a victory. I knew this was the long expected hour of projection, and which I had waited for with great impatience above half a year before. In short, I broke open my letter in a transport of joy, and found it as follows :—

"Sir:—After having got out of you everything you can conveniently spare, I scorn to trespass upon your generous nature, and therefore must ingenuously confess to you that I know no more of the philosopher's stone than you do. I shall only tell you for your comfort, that I could never yet bubble a blockhead out of his money. They must be men of wit and parts who are for my purpose. This made me apply myself to a person of your wealth and ingenuity. How I have succeeded you yourself can best tell.—Your humble Servant to command,

"Thomas White."

"I have locked up the laboratory, and laid the key under the door."

I was very much shocked at the unworthy treatment of this man, and not a little mortified at my disappointment, though not so much for what I myself as what the public suffered by it. I think, however, I ought to let the world know what I designed for them, and hope that such of my readers who find they had a share in my good intentions will accept the will for the deed.

WINTER IN LONDON.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

The streets were empty. Pitiless cold had driven all who had the shelter of their own roof to their homes; and the northeast blast seemed to howl in triumph above the untrodden snow. Winter was at the heart of all things. The wretched, dumb with excessive misery, suffered, in stupid resignation, the tyranny of the season. Human blood stagnated in the breast of want; and death in that despairing hour, losing its terrors, looked in the eyes of many a wretch a sweet deliverer. It was a time when the very poor, barred from the commonest things of earth, take strange counsel with themselves, and in the deep humility of destitution believe they are the burden and the offal of the world.

It was a time when the easy, comfortable man, touched with finest sense of human suffering, gives from his abundance; and, whilst bestowing, feels almost ashamed that, with such widespread misery circled around him, he has all things fitting, all things grateful. The smitten spirit asks wherefore he is not of the multitude of wretchedness; demands to know for what especial excellence he is promoted above the thousand thousand starving creatures; in his very tenderness for misery, tests his privilege of exemption from a woe that withers manhood in man, bowing him downward to the brute. And so questioned, this man gives in modesty of spirit—in very thankfulness of soul. His alms are not cold, formal charities; but reverent sacrifices to his suffering brother.

It was a time when selfishness hugs itself in its own warmth, with no other thoughts than of its pleasant possessions, all made pleasanter, sweeter, by the desolation around; when the mere worldling rejoices the more in his warm chamber, because it is so bitter cold without; when he eats and drinks with whetted appetite, because he hears of destitution prowling like a wolf around his well-barred house; when, in fine, he bears his every comfort about him with the pride of a conqueror. A time when such a man sees in the misery of his fellow-beings nothing save his own victory of fortune—his own successes in a suffering world. To such a man, the poor are but the tattered slaves that grace his triumph.

It was a time, too, when human nature often shews its true divinity, and with misery like a gar-

ment clinging to it, forgets its wretchedness in sympathy with suffering. A time when, in the cellars and garrets of the poor, are acted scenes which make the noblest heroism of life; which prove the immortal texture of the human heart not wholly seared by the branding-iron of the torturing hours. A time when in want, in anguish, in throes of mortal agony, some seed is sown that bears a flower in heaven.

LIFE'S APOGEE.

HONORE DE BALZAC.

Every life has its apogee—a period during which, the causes which operate are in exact proportion with the results they produce. This high noon of existence, in which every moving force is in equilibrium and is manifested in its highest state, is common, not only to organize beings, but to cities, nations, ideas, institutions, trades, enterprises; all of which like noble families and dynasties, spring up, come to perfection, and fall. Whence comes the severe impartiality with which this theme of increase and decay is applied to all earthly organizations? For death itself, in times of plague or epidemic, now advances, now slackens its course now revives and now sleeps. Our globe itself is perhaps a mere rocket, a little more durable than the rest. History, is perpetually repeating the causes of the greatness and decline of everything that has been seen on earth, ought, one would think, to warn mankind of the proper time to arrest the play of their faculties; but neither conquerors nor actors, neither women nor authors, ever listen to its salutary voice.

Cesar Birotteau, who should have regarded himself as having arrived at the apogee of his fortunes, chose to consider this halting-time as a new point of departure. He did not know—and neither nations nor kings have sought to write them in ineffaceable characters—the causes of the downfalls with which history is rife, and of which both mercantile and sovereign houses have furnished such terrible examples. Why should not new pyramids be erected, to keep continually before the world this principle, applicable not only to the politics of nations but to the economy of private individuals, that *whenever the effect produced has ceased to be in direct connection and in equal proportions with its cause, disorganization has begun?* Such movements, however, are everywhere to be seen, in the traditions and stories which speak to us of the past, which embody the caprices of ungovernable destiny, whose hand effaces our dreams and shows us that the greatest events are summed up in an idea. Troy and Napoleon are nought but poems. May this history be the poem of the obscure domestic vicissitudes in behalf of which no voice has been raised, all destitute, as they appear, of greatness; while on the contrary, and for the same reason, they are immense. We are not now treating of individual woes, but of the sufferings of a people.

GOOD BREEDING.

LORD CHESTERFIELD.

A friend of yours and mine has very justly defined good breeding to be "the result of much good sense, some good nature, and a little self-denial for the sake of others, and with a view to obtain the same indulgence from them." Taking this for granted—as I think it can not be disputed—it is astonishing to me that anybody, who has good sense and good nature, can essentially fail in good breeding. As to the modes of it, indeed, they vary according to persons, places, and circumstances, and are only to be acquired by observation and experience; but the substance of it is everywhere and eternally the same. Good manners are to particular societies what good morals are to society in general—their cement and their security. And as laws are enacted to enforce good morals, or at least to prevent the ill effects of bad ones, so there are certain rules of civility, universally implied and received, to enforce good manners and punish bad ones. And indeed there seems to me to be less difference, both between the crimes and punishments, than at first one would imagine. The immoral man, who invades another's property, is justly hanged for it; and the ill-bred man, who by his ill manners invades and disturbs the quiet and comforts of private life, is by common consent justly banished society. Mutual complaisances, attentions, and sacrifices of little conveniences, are as natural an implied compact between civilized people as protection and obedience are between kings and subjects; whoever, in either case, violates that compact, justly forfeits all advantages arising from it. For my own part, I really think that, next to the consciousness of doing a good action, that of doing a civil one is the most pleasing; and the epithet which I should covet the most, next to that of Aristides, would be that of well bred.

EVIL SPEAKING.

JOHN SELDEN—"TABLE TALK."

1. He that speaks ill of another, commonly before he is aware, makes himself such a one that he speaks against; for if he had civility or breeding, he would forbear such kind of language.

2. A gallant man is above ill words. An example we have in the old lord of Salisbury, who was a great wise man. Stone had called some lord about court, fool; the lord complained, and has Stone whipped; Stone cries: "I might have called my lord of Salisbury fool often enough before he would have had me whipped."

3. Speak not ill of a great enemy, but rather give him good words, that he may use you the better if you chance to fall into his hands. The Spaniard did this when he was dying; his confessor told him, to work him to repentance, how the devil tormented the wicked that went to hell; the Spaniard replying,

called the devil, my lord: "I hope my lord the devil is not so cruel." His confessor reproved him. "Excuse me," said the Don, "for calling him so; I know not into what hands I may fall; and if I happen into his, I hope he will use me the better for giving him good words."

THANKFULNESS.

ISAAC WALTON—"THE COMPLETE ANGLER."

"Well, scholar, having now taught you to paint your rod, and we having still a mile to Tottenham High Cross, I will, as we walk towards it in the cool shade of this sweet honeysuckle hedge, mention to you some of the thoughts and joys that have possessed my soul since we met together. And these thoughts shall be told you, that you also may join with me in thankfulness to the Giver of every good and perfect gift for our happiness. And that our present happiness may appear to be the greater, and we the more thankful for it, I will beg you to consider with me how many do, even at this very time, lie under the torment of the stone, the gout, and toothache; and this we are free from. And every misery that I miss is a new mercy; and therefore let us be thankful. There have been, since we met, others that have met disasters of broken limbs; some have been blasted, others thunder-strucken; and we have been freed from these and all those many other miseries that threaten human nature; let us therefore rejoice and be thankful. Nay, which is a far greater mercy, we are free from the insupportable burden of accusing, tormenting conscience—a misery that none can bear; and therefore let us praise Him for His preventing grace, and say, Every misery that I miss is a new mercy. Nay let me tell you, there be many that have forty times our estates, that would give the greatest part of it to be healthful and cheerful like us, who, with the expense of a little money, have ate and drank, and laughed, and angled, and sung, and slept securely; and rose next day, and cast away care, and sung, and laughed, and angled again, which are blessings rich men cannot purchase with all their money. Let me tell you, scholar, I have a rich neighbour that is always so busy that he has no leisure to laugh; the whole business of his life is to get money, and more money; he is still drudging on, and says that Solomon says, "The hand of the diligent maketh rich;" and it is true indeed; but he considers not that it is not in the power of riches to make a man happy: for it was wisely said by a man of great observation, "That there be as many miseries beyond riches as on this side of them." And yet God deliver us from pinching poverty, and grant that, having a competency, we may be content and thankful! Let us not repine, or so much as think the gifts of God unequally dealt, if we see another abound with riches, when as God knows the cares that are the keys that keep those riches hang often so heavily at the rich man's girdle, that they clog him with weary days and restless nights, even when others sleep quietly. We see but the outside of the rich man's happiness; few consider him to be like the silkworm, that, when she seems to play, is at the very same time spinning her own bowels, and consuming herself; and this many rich men do, loading themselves with corroding cares, to keep what they have probably unconscionably got. Let us therefore be thankful for health and competence, and, above all, for a quiet conscience. Let not the blessings we receive daily from God make us not to value, or not praise Him, because they be common; let us not forget to praise Him for the innocent mirth and pleasure we have met with since we met together. What would a blind man give to see the pleasant rivers, and meadows, and flowers, and fountains that we have met with since we met together? I have been told, that if a man that was born blind could obtain to have his sight for but only one hour during his whole life, and should, at the first opening of his eyes, fix his sight upon the sun when it was in his full glory, either at the rising or setting of it, he would be so transported and amazed, and so admire the glory of it, that he would not willingly turn his eyes from the first ravishing object to behold all the other various beauties this world could present to him. And this, and many other like blessings, we enjoy daily. And for most of them because they be so common, most men forget to pay their praises; but let not us, because it is a sacrifice so pleasing to Him that made that sun and us, and still protects us and gives us flowers and showers, and stomachs, and meat, and content, and leisure to go a fishing.

SLEEP.

THOMAS DEKKER.

For do but consider what an excellent thing sleep is: it is so inestimable a jewel that, if a tyrant would give his crown for an hour's slumber, it cannot be bought: of so beautiful a shape is it that, though a man live with an empress, his heart cannot be at quiet till he leaves her embracements to be at rest with the other; yea, so greatly are we indebted to this kinsman of death, that we owe the better tributary half of our life to him; and there is good cause why we should do so; for sleep is that golden chain that ties health and our bodies together. Who complains of want, of wounds, of cares, of great men's oppressions, of captivity, whilst he sleepeth? Beggars in their beds take as much pleasure as kings. Can we therefore surfeit on this delicate ambrosia? Can we drink too much of that, whereof to taste too little tumbles us into a churchyard; and to use it but indifferently throws us into Bedlam? No, no. Look upon *Endymion*, the moon's minion, who slept threescore and fifteen years; and was not a hair the worse for it!

THE RHIME OF THE ANCIENT MARINER.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

PART I.

It is an ancient mariner,
And he stoppeth one of three;
'By thy long gray beard and glittering eye,
Now wherefore stopp'st thou me?

'The bridegroom's doors are opened wide,
And I am next of kin;
The guests are met, the feast is set;
Mayst hear the merry din.'

He holds him with his skinny hand;
'There was a ship,' quoth he.
'Hold off; unhand me, gray-beard loon;'
Eftsoons his hand dropt he.

He holds him with his glittering eye—
The wedding-guest stood still,
And listens like a three-years' child;
The mariner hath his will.

The wedding-guest sat on a stone,
He cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

'The ship was cheered, the harbour cleared,
Merrily did we drop
Below the kirk, below the hill,
Below the light-house top.

'The sun came up upon the left,
Out of the sea came he;
And he shone bright, and on the right
Went down into the sea.

'Higher and higher every day,
Till over the mast at noon '——
The wedding-guest here beat his breast,
For he heard the loud bassoon.

The bride hath paced into the hall,
Red as a rose is she;
Nodding their heads before her goes
The merry minstrelsy.

The wedding-guest he beat his breast,
Yet he cannot choose but hear;
And thus spake on that ancient man,
The bright-eyed mariner:

'And now the storm-blast came, and he
Was tyrannous and strong;
He struck with his o'ertaking wings,
And chased us south along.

'With sloping masts and dripping prow,
As who pursued with yell and blow
Still treads the shadow of his foe,
And forward bends his head,
The ship drove fast, loud roared the blast,
And southward aye we fled.

'And now there came both mist and snow,
And it grew wondrous cold;
And ice mast-high came floating by
As green as emerald.

'And through the drifts the snowy cliffs
Did send a dismal sheen;
Nor shapes of men nor beasts we ken—
The ice was all between.

'The ice was here, the ice was there,
The ice was all around;
It cracked and growled, and roared and howled,
Like noises in a swound!

'At length did cross an albatross
Through the fog it came;
As if it had been a Christian soul,
We hailed it in God's name.

'It ate the food it ne'er had eat,
And round and round it flew;
The ice did split with a thunder-fit;
The helmsman steered us through!

'And a good south wind sprung up behind,
The albatross did follow,
And every day for food or play,
Came to the mariner's hollo!

'In mist or cloud, on mast or shroud,
It perched for vespers nine;
Whiles all the night, through fog-smoke white
Glimmered the white moonshine.'

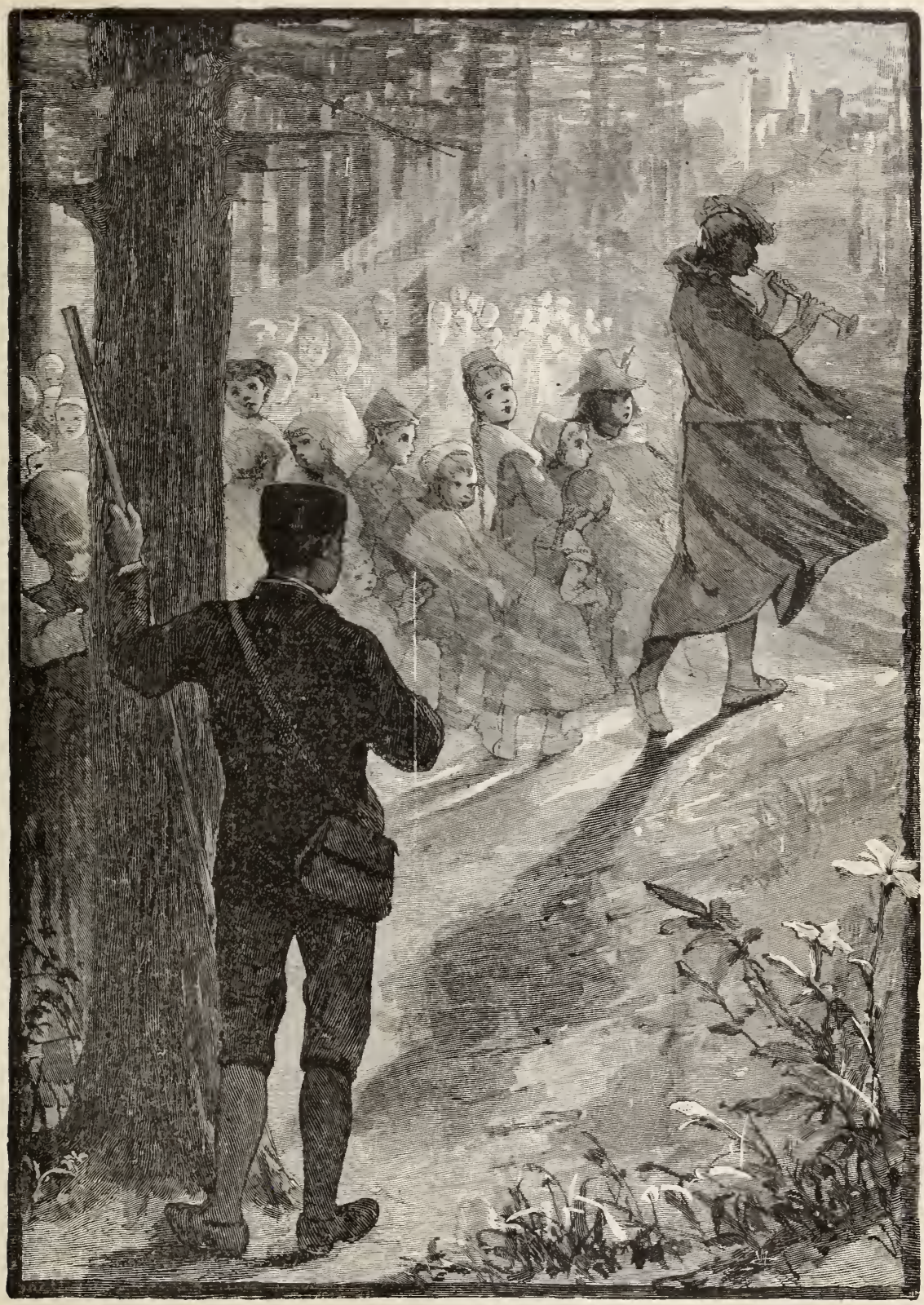
'God save thee, ancient mariner,
From the fiends that plague thee thus!
Why look'st thou so?' 'With my cross-bow
I shot the albatross.'

PART II.

'The sun now rose upon the right,
Out of the sea came he;
Still hid in mist, and on the left
Went down into the sea.

'And the good south-wind still blew behind,
But no sweet bird did follow;
Nor any day for food or play
Came to the mariner's hollo!

'And I had done a hellish thing,
And it would work 'em woe;



THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

For all averred I had killed the bird
That made the breeze to blow.
"Ah, wretch," said they, "the bird to slay
That made the breeze to blow!"

'Nor dim nor red, like God's own head,
The glorious sun uprist;
Then all averred I had killed the bird
That brought the fog and mist.
"'Twas right," said they, "such birds to slay
That bring the fog and mist."

'The fair breeze blew, the white foam flew,
The furrow followed free;
We were the first that ever burst
Into that silent sea.

'Down dropt the breeze, the sails dropt down,
'Twas sad as sad could be;
And we did speak only to break
The silence of the sea!

'All in a hot and copper sky,
The bloody sun at noon
Right up above the mast did stand,
No bigger than the moon.

'Day after day, day after day,
We stuck, nor breath nor motion;
As idle as a painted ship
Upon a painted ocean.

'Water, water everywhere,
And all the boards did shrink;
Water, water everywhere,
Nor any drop to drink.

'The very deep did rot; O Christ!
That ever this should be!
Yea, slimy things did crawl with legs
Upon the slimy sea.

'About, about, in reel and rout
The death-fires danced at night;
The water, like a witch's oils,
Burnt green, and blue, and white.

'And some in dreams assured were
Of the spirit that plagued us so;
Nine fathom deep he had followed us
From the land of mist and snow.

'And every tongue, through utter drought,
Was withered at the root;
We could not speak, no more than if
We had been choked with soot.

'Ah, well-a-day! what evil looks
Had I from old and young!
Instead of the cross, the albatross
About my neck was hung.

PART III.

'There passed a weary time. Each throat
Was parched, and glazed each eye.
A weary time? a weary time!
How glazed each weary eye!
When looking westward I beheld
A something in the sky.

'At first it seemed a little speck,
And then it seemed a mist;
It moved and moved, and took at last
A certain shape, I wist.

'A speck, a mist, a shape, I wist!
And still it neared and neared:
As if it dodged a water-sprite,
It plunged, and tacked, and veered.

'With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
We could nor laugh nor wail;
Through utter drought all dumb we stood;
I bit my arm, I sucked the blood,
And cried: "A sail! a sail!"

'With throats unslaked, with black lips baked,
Agape they heard me call;
Gramercy they for joy did grin,
And all at once their breath drew in,
As they were drinking all.

'"See! see!" I cried, "she tacks no more,
Hither to work us weal;
Without a breeze, without a tide,
She steadies with upright keel."

'The western wave was all a-flame,
The day was well-nigh done,
Almost upon the western wave
Rested the broad bright sun;
When that strange shape drove suddenly
Betwixt us and the sun.

'And straight the sun was flecked with bars—
Heaven's mother send us grace!—
As if through a dungeon grate he peered
With broad and burning face.

'Alas! thought I, and my heart beat loud,
How fast she nears and nears;
Are those her sails that glance in the sun
Like restless gossameres?

'Are those her ribs through which the sun
Did peer, as through a grate;
And is that woman all her crew?
Is that a death, and are there two?
Is death that woman's mate?

'Her lips were red, her looks were free,
Her locks were yellow as gold;

Her skin was as white as leprosy,
The nightmare Life-in-death was she,
Who thicks man's blood with cold.

'The naked hulk alongside came,
And the twain were casting dice;
"The game is done! I've won, I've won!"
Quoth she, and whistles thrice.

'The sun's rim dips, the stars rush out,
At one stride comes the dark;
With far-heard whisper, o'er the sea
Off shot the spectre-bark.

'We listened and looked sideways up;
Fear at my heart, as at a cup,
My life-blood seemed to sip.
The stars were dim, and thick the night,
The steersman's face by his lamp gleamed white;
From the sails the dew did drip—
Till clomb above the eastern bar
The horned moon, with one bright star
Within the nether tip.

'One after one, by the star-dogged moon,
Too quick for groan or sigh,
Each turned his face with a ghastly pang,
And cursed me with his eye.

'Four times fifty living men—
And I heard nor sigh nor groan—
With heavy thump, a lifeless lump,
They dropped down one by one.

'The souls did from their bodies fly—
They fled to bliss or woe!
And every soul it passed me by
Like the whizz of my cross-bow.

PART IV.

'I fear thee, ancient mariner,
I fear thy skinny hand!
And thou art long, and lank, and brown,
As is the ribbed sea-sand.

'I fear thee and thy glittering eye,
And thy skinny hand so brown.'
'Fear not, fear not, thou wedding-guest,
This body dropped not down.

'Alone, alone, all, all alone,
Alone on a wide, wide sea!
And never a saint took pity on
My soul in agony.

'The many men so beautiful!
And they all dead did lie:
And a thousand thousand slimy things
Lived on, and so did I.

'I looked upon the rotting sea,
And drew my eyes away;
I looked upon the rotting deck,
And there the dead men lay.

'I looked to heaven, and tried to pray;
But or ever a prayer had gushed,
A wicked whisper came, and made
My heart as dry as dust.

'I closed my lids, and kept them close,
And the balls like pulses beat;
For the sky and the sea, and the sea and the sky,
Lay like a load on my weary eye,
And the dead were at my feet.

'The cold sweat melted from their limbs,
Nor rot nor reek did they;
The look with which they looked on me
Had never passed away.

'An orphan's curse would drag to hell
A spirit from on high;
But oh! more horrible than that
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse,
And yet I could not die.

'The moving moon went up the sky,
And nowhere did abide:
Softly she was going up,
And a star or two beside.

'Her beams bemocked the sultry main,
Like April hoarfrost spread;
But where the ship's huge shadow lay
The charmed water burnt alway
A still and awful red.

'Beyond the shadow of the ship
I watched the water-snakes;
They moved in tracks of shining white,
And when they reared, the elfish light
Fell off in hoary flakes.

'Within the shadow of the ship
I watched their rich attire:
Blue, glossy green, and velvet black,
They coiled and swam; and every track
Was a flash of golden fire.

'O happy living things! no tongue
Their beauty might declare:
A spring of love gushed from my heart,
And I blessed them unaware:
Sure my kind saint took pity on me,
And I blessed them unaware.

'The self-same moment I could pray;
And from my neck so free
The albatross fell off, and sank
Like lead into the sea.

PART V.

'Oh, sleep! it is a gentle thing,
Beloved from pole to pole!
To Mary Queen the praise be given!
She sent the gentle sleep from heaven,
That slid into my soul.

'The silly buckets on the deck,
That had so long remained,
I dreamt that they were filled with dew;
And when I awoke it rained.

'My lips were wet, my throat was cold,
My garments all were dank;
Sure I had drunken in my dreams,
And still my body drank.

'I moved, and could not feel my limbs:
I was so light—almost
I thought that I had died in sleep,
And was a blessed ghost.

'And soon I heard a roaring wind:
It did not come anear;
But with its sound it shook the sails,
That were so thin and sere

'The upper air burst into life!
And a hundred fire-flags sheen;
To and fro they were hurried about!
And to and fro, and in and out,
The wan stars danced between.

'And the coming wind did roar more loud,
And the sails did sigh like sedge;
And the rain poured down from one black cloud;
The moon was at its edge.

'The thick black cloud was cleft, and still
The moon was at its side:
Like waters shot from some high crag,
The lightning fell with never a jag,
A river steep and wide.

'The loud wind never reached the ship,
Yet now the ship moved on!
Beneath the lightning and the moon
The dead men gave a groan.

'They groaned, they stirred, they all uprose,
Nor spake, nor moved their eyes;
It had been strange, even in a dream,
To have seen those dead men rise.

'The helmsman steered, the ship moved on,
Yet never a breeze up blew;
The mariners all 'gan work the ropes
Where they were wont to do;
They raised their limbs like lifeless tools—
We were a ghastly crew.

'The body of my brother's son
Stood by me, knee to knee:
The body and I pulled at one rope,
But he said nought to me.'

'I fear thee, ancient mariner!'
'Be calm, thou wedding-guest!
'Twas not those souls that fled in pain,
Which to their corses came again,
But a troop of spirits blest:

'For when it dawned, they dropped their arms,
And clustered round the mast,
Sweet sounds rose slowly through their mouths,
And from their bodies passed.

'Around, around, flew each sweet sound,
Then darted to the sun;
Slowly the sounds came back again,
Now mixed, now one by one.

'Sometimes a-dropping from the sky
I heard the sky-lark sing;
Sometimes all little birds that are,
How they seemed to fill the sea and air
With their sweet jargoning!

'And now 'twas like all instruments,
Now like a lonely flute;
And now it is an angel's song,
That makes the heavens be mute.

'It ceased; yet still the sails made on
A pleasant noise till noon,
A noise like of a hidden brook
In the leafy month of June,
That to the sleeping woods all night
Singeth a quiet tune.

'Till noon we quietly sailed on,
Yet never a breeze did breathe:
Slowly and smoothly went the ship,
Moved onward from beneath.

'Under the keel nine fathom deep,
From the land of mist and snow,
The spirit slid: and it was he
That made the ship to go
The sails at noon left off their tune,
And the ship stood still also.

'The sun, right up above the mast,
Had fixed her to the ocean:
But in a minute she 'gan stir,
With a short uneasy motion—
Backwards and forwards half her length
With a short uneasy motion.

'Then like a pawing horse let go,
She made a sudden bound:
It flung the blood into my head,
And I fell down in a swound.

'How long in that same fit I lay,
I have not to declare;
But ere my living life returned,
I heard and in my soul discerned
Two voices in the air.

'"Is it he?" quoth one, "Is this the man?
By him who died on cross,
With his cruel bow he laid full low
The harmless Albatross.

'"The spirit who bideth by himself
In the land of mist and snow,
He loved the bird that loved the man
Who shot him with his bow."

'The other was a softer voice,
As soft as honey-dew:
Quoth he, "The man hath penance done,
And penance more will do."

PART VI.

FIRST VOICE.

'But tell me, tell me! speak again,
Thy soft response renewing—
What makes that ship drive on so fast?
What is the ocean doing?

SECOND VOICE.

'Still as a slave before his lord,
The ocean hath no blast;
His great bright eye most silently
Up to the moon is cast—

'If he may know which way to go;
For she guides him smooth or grim.
See, brother, see! how graciously
She looketh down on him.

FIRST VOICE.

'But why drives on that ship so fast,
Without a wave or wind?

SECOND VOICE.

'The air is cut away before,
And closes from behind.

'Fly, brother, fly! more high, more high!
Or we shall be belated:
For slow and slow that ship will go,
When the Mariner's trance is abated.

'I woke, and we were sailing on
As in a gentle weather:
'Twas night, calm night, the moon was high;
The dead men stood together.

'All stood together on the deck,
For a charnel-dungeon fitter:
All fixed on me their stony eyes,
That in the moon did glitter.

'The pang, the curse, with which they died,
Had never passed away:
I could not draw my eyes from theirs,
Nor turn them up to pray.

'And now this spell was snapt: once more
I viewed the ocean green,
And looked far forth, yet little saw
Of what had else been seen—

'Like one, that on a lonesome road
Doth walk in fear and dread,
And having once turned round walks on,
And turns no more his head;
Because he knows a frightful fiend
Doth close behind him tread.

'But soon there breathed a wind on me,
Nor sound nor motion made:
Its path was not upon the sea,
In ripple or in shade.

'It raised my hair, it fanned my cheek
Like a meadow-gale of spring—
It mingled strangely with my fears,
Yet it felt like a welcoming.

'Swiftly, swiftly flew the ship,
Yet she sailed softly too:
Sweetly, sweetly blew the breeze—
On me alone it blew.

'Oh! dream of joy! is this indeed
The lighthouse top I see?
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?
Is this mine own countree?

'We drifted o'er the harbour-bar,
And I with sobs did pray—
O let me be awake, my God!
Or let me sleep alway.

'The harbour-bay was clear as glass,
So smoothly it was strewn!
And on the bay the moonlight lay,
And the shadow of the moon.

'The rock shone bright, the kirk no less,
That stands above the rock:
The moonlight steeped in silentness
The steady weathercock.

'And the bay was white with silent light,
Till rising from the same,
Full many shapes, that shadows were,
In crimson colours came.

'A little distance from the prow
Those crimson shadows were:
I turned my eyes upon the deck—
O Christ! what saw I there!

'Each corse lay flat, lifeless and flat,
And, by the holy rood!
A man all light, a seraph-man,
On every corse there stood.

'This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
It was a heavenly sight!
They stood as signals to the land,
Each one a lovely light;

'This seraph-band, each waved his hand:
No voice did they impart—
No voice; but oh! the silence sank
Like music on my heart.

'But soon I heard the dash of oars,
I heard the Pilot's cheer;
My head was turned perforce away,
And I saw a boat appear.

'The Pilot and the Pilot's boy,
I heard them coming fast:
Dear Lord in Heaven! it was a joy
The dead men could not blast.

'I saw a third—I heard his voice:
It is the Hermit good!
He singeth loud his godly hymns
That he makes in the wood.
He'll shrieve my soul, he'll wash away
The Albatross's blood.

PART VII.

'This Hermit good lives in that wood
Which slopes down to the sea.
How loudly his sweet voice he rears!
He loves to talk with mariners
That come from a far countree.

'He kneels at morn, and noon, and eve—
He hath a cushion plump:
It is the moss that wholly hides
The rotted old oak-stump.

'The skiff-boat neared: I heard them talk,
"Why, this is strange, I trow!
Where are those lights so many and fair,
That signal made but now?"

'"Strange, by my faith!" the Hermit said—
"And they answered not our cheer!
The planks looked warped! and see those sails,
How thin they are and sere!
I never saw aught like to them,
Unless perchance it were

'"Brown skeletons of leaves that lag
My forest brook along;
When the ivy tod is heavy with snow,
And the owlet whoops to the wolf below
That eats the she-wolf's young."

'"Dear Lord! it hath a fiendish look—
(The Pilot made reply)
I am a feared"—"Push on, push on!"
Said the Hermit cheerily.

'The boat came closer to the ship,
But I nor spake nor stirred;
The boat came close beneath the ship,
And straight a sound was heard.

'Under the water it rumbled on,
Still louder and more dread:
It reached the ship, it split the bay;
The ship went down like lead.

'Stunned by that loud and dreadful sound,
Which sky and ocean smote,
Like one that hath been seven days drowned
My body lay afloat;
But swift as dreams, myself I found
Within the Pilot's boat.

'Upon the whirl where sank the ship,
The boat spun round and round;
And all was still, save that the hill
Was telling of the sound.

'I moved my lips—the Pilot shrieked
And fell down in a fit;
The holy Hermit raised his eyes,
And prayed where he did sit.

'I took the oars: the Pilot's boy,
Who now doth crazy go,
Laughed loud and long, and all the while
His eyes went to and fro.
"Ha! ha!" quoth he, "full plain I see,
The Devil knows how to row.

'And now, all in my own countree,
I stood on the firm land!
The Hermit stepped forth from the boat,
And scarcely he could stand.

'"Oh shrieve me, shrieve me, holy man!"
The Hermit crossed his brow.
"Say quick," quoth he, "I bid thee say—
What manner of man art thou?"

'Forthwith this frame of mine was wrenched
With a woful agony,
Which forced me to begin my tale;
And then it left me free.

'Since then, at an uncertain hour,
That agony returns:
And till my ghastly tale is told,
This heart within me burns.

'I pass, like night, from land to land;
I have strange power of speech;
That moment that his face I see,
I know the man that must hear me:
To him my tale I teach.

'What loud uproar bursts from that door!
The wedding guests are there:
But in the garden-bower the bride
And bride maids singing are:
And hark the little vesper bell,
Which biddeth me to prayer!

'O Wedding-guest! this soul hath been
Alone on a wide, wide sea:
So lonely 'twas, that God himself
Scarce seemed there to be.

'O sweeter than the marriage feast,
'Tis sweeter far to me,
To walk together to the kirk
With a goodly company!—

'To walk together to the kirk,
And all together pray,
While each to his great Father bends,
Old men, and babes, and loving friends,
And youths and maidens gay!

'Farewell, farewell! but this I tell
To thee, thou Wedding guest!
He prayeth well, who loveth well
Both man and bird and beast.

'He prayeth best, who loveth best
All things both great and small;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

'The Mariner, whose eye is bright,
Whose beard with age is hoar,
Is gone: and now the Wedding-guest
Turned from the bridegroom's door.

'He went like one that hath been stunned,
And is of sense forlorn:
A sadder and wiser man,
He rose the morrow morn.

MAUD MULLER.

JOHN GREENLEAF WHITTIER.

Maud Muller, on a summer's day,
Raked the meadows sweet with hay.

Beneath her torn hat glowed the wealth
Of simple beauty and rustic health.

Singing, she wrought, and a merry glee
The mock-bird echoed from his tree.

But when she glanced to the far-off town,
White from its hill-slope looking down,

The sweet song died, and a vague unrest
And a nameless longing filled her breast—

A wish, that she hardly dared to own,
For something better than she had known.

The judge rode slowly down the lane,
Smoothing his horse's chestnut mane;

He drew his bridle in the shade
Of the apple-trees, to greet the maid,

And ask a draught from the spring that flowed
Through the meadows across the road.

She stooped where the cool spring bubbled up,
And filled for him her small tin cup,

And blushed as she gave it, looking down
On her feet so bare, and her tattered gown.

"Thanks!" said the judge, "a sweeter draught
From a fairer hand was never quaff'd."

He spoke of the grass, and flowers, and trees,
Of the singing birds and the humming bees;

Then talked of the haying, and wondered whether
The cloud in the west would bring foul weather.

And Maud forgot her briar-torn gown,
And her graceful ankles bare and brown;

And listened, while a pleased surprise
Looked from her long-lashed hazel eyes.

At last, like one who for delay
Seeks a vain excuse, he rode away.

Maud Muller looked and sighed: "Ah, me!
That I the judge's bride might be!

"He would dress me up in silks so fine,
And praise and toast me at his wine.

"My father should wear a broad-cloth coat;
My brother should sail a painted boat.

"I'd dress my mother so grand and gay,
And the baby should have a new toy each day.

"And I'd feed the hungry and clothe the poor;
And all should bless me who left our door."

The judge looked back as he climbed the hill,
And saw Maud Muller standing still.

"A form more fair, a face more sweet,
Ne'er hath it been my lot to meet.

"And her modest answer and graceful air,
Show her wise and good as she is fair.

"Would she were mine, and I to-day
Like her a harvester of hay:

"No doubtful balance of rights and wrongs,
And weary lawyers with endless tongues;

"But low of cattle and song of birds,
And health of quiet and loving words."

But he thought of his sisters, proud and cold,
And his mother, vain of her rank and gold.

So, closing his heart, the judge rode on,
And Maud was left in the field alone.

But the lawyers smiled that afternoon,
When he hummed in court an old love-tune;

And the young girl mused beside the well
Till the rain on the unraked clover fell.

He wedded a wife of richest dower,
Who lived for fashion, as he for power.

Yet oft, in his marble hearth's bright glow,
He watched a picture come and go:

And sweet Maud Muller's hazel eyes
Looked out in their innocent surprise.

Oft when the wine in his glass was red,
He longed for the wayside well instead;

And closed his eyes on his garnished rooms,
To dream of meadows and clover blooms.

And the proud man sighed, with a secret pain:
"Ah, that I were free again!

"Free as when I rode that day,
Where the barefoot maiden raked her hay."

She wedded a man unlearned and poor,
And many children played round her door.

But care and sorrow, and child-birth pain,
Left their traces on heart and brain.

And oft when the summer sun shone hot
On the new-mown hay in the meadow lot,

And she heard the little spring-brook fall
Over the roadside, through the wall,

In the shade of the apple-tree again
She saw a rider draw his rein:

And, gazing down with timid grace,
She felt his pleased eye read her face.

Sometimes her narrow kitchen walls
Stretched away into stately halls;

The weary wheel to a spinnet turned,
The tallow candle an astral burned,

And for him who sat by the chimney-lug,
Dozing and grumbling o'er pipe and mug,

A manly form at her side she saw,
And joy was duty, and love was law.

Then she took up her burden of life again,
Saying only, "It might have been!"

Alas! for Maiden, alas! for Judge,
For rich repiner and household drudge!

God pity them both! and pity us all,
Who vainly the dreams of youth recall.

For of all sad words of tongue or pen,
The saddest are these: "It might have been!"

Ah, well! for us all some sweet hope lies
Deeply buried from human eyes:

And, in the hereafter, angels may
Roll the stone from its grave away.

ADDRESS TO AN EGYPTIAN MUMMY.

HORACE SMITH.

And thou has walk'd about (how strange a story!)
In Thebes' streets three thousand years ago,
When the Memnonium was in all its glory,
And Time had not begun to overthrow
Those temples, palaces, and piles stupendious,
Of which the very ruins are tremendous!

Speak! for thou long enough hast acted dummy;
Thou hast a tongue, come, let us hear its tune;
Thou'rt standing on thy legs above ground mummy!
Revisiting the glimpses ot the moon.
Not like thin ghosts or disembodied creatures,
But with thy bones and flesh, and limbs and features.

Tell us—for doubtless thou canst recollect—
To whom should we assign the Sphinx's fame?
Was Cheops or Cephrenes the architect
Of either pyramid that bears his name?
Is Pompey's pillar really a misnomer?
Had Thebes a hundred gates, as sung by Homer?

Perhaps thou wert a mason, and forbidden
By oath to tell the secrets of thy trade—
Then say, what secret melody was hidden
In Memnon's statue, which at sunrise played?
Perhaps thou wert a priest—if so my struggles
Are vain, for priestcraft never owns its juggles.

Perchance that very hand, now pinioned flat,
Has hob-a-nobbed with Pharaoh, glass to glass;
Or dropped a halfpenny in Homer's hat,
Or dofted thine own to let Queen Dido pass,
Or held, by Solomon's own invitation,
A torch at the great Temple's dedication.

I need not ask thee if that hand, when armed,
Has any Roman soldier mauled and knuckeled,
For thou wert dead, and buried, and embalmed,
Ere Romulus and Remus had been suckled:
Antiquity appears to have begun
Long after thy primeval race was run.

Thou couldst develop, if that withered tongue
Might tell us what those sightless orbs have seen,
How the world looked when it was fresh and young,
And the great Deluge still had left it green;
Or was it then so old, that history's pages
Contained no record of its early ages?

Still silent, incommunicative elf!
Art sworn to secrecy? then keep thy vows,
But prithee tell us something of thyself;
Reveal the secrets of thy prison-house;
Since in the world of spirits thou hast slumbered,
What hast thou seen—what strange adventures numbered?

Since first thy form was in this box extended,
We have, above-ground, seen some strange mutations;
The Roman empire has begun and ended,
New worlds have risen—we have lost old nations,
And countless kings have into dust been humbled,
Whilst not a fragment of thy flesh has crumbled.

Didst thou not hear the pother o'er thy head,
When the great Persian conqueror, Cambyses,
Marched armies o'er thy tomb with thundering tread,
O'erthrew Osiris, Orus, Apis, Isis,
And shook the pyramids with fear and wonder,
When the gigantic Mennon fell asunder?

If the tomb's secrets may not be confessed,
The nature of thy private life unfold:
A heart has throbbed beneath that leathern breast,
And tears adown that dusky cheek have rolled:
Have children climbed those knees, and kissed that face?
What was thy name and station, age and race?

Statute of flesh—immortal of the dead!
Imperishable type of evanescence!
Posthumous man, who quitt'st thy narrow bed,
And standest undecayed within our presence,
Thou wilt hear nothing till the Judgment morning,
When the great trump shall thrill thee with its warning.

Why should this worthless tegument endure,
If its undying guest be lost for ever?
Oh, let us keep the soul embalmed and pure
In living virtue, that, when both must sever,
Although corruption may our frame consume,
The immortal spirit in the skies may bloom.

THE SHANDON BELLS.

REV. FRANCES MAHONEY—(FATHER PROUT.)

With deep affection
And recollection,
I oft think of
Those Shandon bells,
Whose sounds so wild would,
In the days of childhood,
Fling round my cradle
Their magic spells.
On this I ponder,
Where'er I wander,
And thus grow fonder,
Sweet Cork, of thee;
With thy bells of Shandon,
That sounds so grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.

I've heard bells chiming,
Full many a clime in,
Toiling sublime in
Cathedral shrine;
While at a glibe rate,
Brass tongues would vibrate—
But all their music
Spoke nought like thine;
For memory dwelling
On each proud swelling
Of the belfry knelling
Its bold notes free,
Made the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
Of the river Lee.
I've heard bells tolling
Old 'Adrian's Mole' in,
Their thunder rolling
From the Vatican;
And cymbals glorious
Swinging uproarious
In the gorgeous turrets
Of Notre Dame.

But thy sounds were sweeter
Than the dome of Peter
Flings o'er the Tiber,
  Pealing solemnly—
Oh the bells of Shandon
Sound far more grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

There's a bell in Moscow,
While on tower and kiosk O,
In Saint Sophia,
  The Turkman gets;
And loud in air
Calls men to prayer,
From the tapering summits
  Of tall minarets.
Such empty phantom
I freely grant them;
But there is an anthem
  More dear to me—
'Tis the bells of Shandon,
That sound so grand on
The pleasant waters
  Of the river Lee.

OLD FAMILIAR FACES.

CHARLES LAMB.

I have had playmates, I have had companions,
In my days of childhood, in my joyful school days,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have been laughing, I have been carousing,
Drinking late, sitting late, with my bosom cronies,
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I loved a love once, fairest among women;
Closed are her doors on me, I must not see her—
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

I have a friend, a kinder friend has no man;
Like an ingrate, I left my friend abruptly;
Left him, to muse on the old familiar faces.

Ghost-like I paced round the haunts of my childhood;
Earth seem'd a desert I was bound to traverse,
Seeking to find the old familiar faces.

Friend of my bosom, thou more than a brother,
Why wert thou not born in my father's dwelling?
So might we talk of the old familiar faces—

How some they have died, and some they have left me,
And some are taken from me: all are departed;
All, all are gone, the old familiar faces.

UNA AND THE REDCROSS KNIGHT.

EDMUND SPENCER—"FAERY QUEEN."

A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
Yclad in mighty arms and silver shield,
Wherein old dints of deep wounds did remain,
The cruel marks of many a bloody field;
Yet arms till that time did he never wield:
His angry steed did chide his foaming bit,
As much disdaining to the curb to yield:
Full jolly knight he seemed, and fair did sit,
As one for knightly jousts and fierce encounters fit.

And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
And dead—as living ever—him adored:
Upon his shield the like was also scored,
For sovereign hope, which in his help he had:
Right faithful true he was in deed and word;
But of his cheer did seem too solemn sad:
Yet nothing did he dread, but ever was ydrad.

Upon a great adventure he was bound,
That greatest Gloriana to him gave—
That greatest glorious queen of Faery loud—
To win him worship, and her grace to have,
Which of all earthly things he most did crave;
And ever as he rode, his heart did yearn
To prove his puissance in battle brave
Upon his foe, and his new force to learn;
Upon his foe, a dragon horrible and stern.

A lovely lady rode him fair beside,
Upon a lowly ass more white than snow;
Yet she much whiter, but the same did hide
Under a veil that wimpled was full low.
And over all a black stole she did throw,
As one that inly mourned; so was she sad,
And heavy sat upon her palfrey slow;
Seemed in heart some hidden care she had,
And by her in a line a milk-white lamb she led.

So pure and innocent, as that same lamb,
She was in life and every virtuous lore,
And by descent from royal lineage came
Of ancient kings and queens, that had of yore,
Their sceptres strecht from east to western shore,
And all the world in their subjection held;
Till that infernal fiend with foul uproar
Forewasted all their land and them expelled:
Whom to avenge, she had this knight from far compelled.

Behind her far away a dwarf did lag,
That lazy seemed in being ever last,
Or wearied with bearing of her bag
Of needments at his back. Thus as they past
The day with clouds was sudden overcast,
And angry Jove an hideous storm of rain

Did pour into his leman's lap so fast,
That every wight to shroud it did constrain,
And this fair couple eke to shroud themselves were fain.

Enforced to seek some covert nigh at hand,
A shady grove not far away they spied,
That promised aid the tempest to withstand;
Whose lofty trees, yclad with summer's pride,
Did spread so broad, that heaven's light did hide,
Nor pierceable with power of any star:
And all within were paths and alleys wide,
With footing worn, and leading inward far:
Fair harbour, that them seems; so in they entered are.

And forth they pass, with pleasure forward led,
Joying to hear the birds' sweet harmony,
Which therein shrouded from the tempest dread,
Seemed in their song to scorn the cruel sky
Much can they praise the trees so straight and high,
The sailing pine, the cedar proud and tall,
The vine-prop elm, the poplar never dry,
The builder oak, sole king of forests all,
The aspin good for staves, the cypress funeral.

The laurel, meed of mighty conquerors
And poets sage, the fir that weepeth still,
The willow, worn of forlorn paramours,
The yew obedient to the bender's will,
The birch for shafts, the sallow for the mill,
The myrrh sweet bleeding in the bitter wound,
The warlike beech, the ash for nothing ill,
The fruitful olive, and the plantain round,
The carver holme, the maple seldom inward sound:

Led with delight, they thus beguile the way,
Until the blustering storm is overblown,
When, weening to return, whence they did stray,
They cannot find that path which first was shewn,
But wander to and fro in ways unknown,
Furthest from end then, when they nearest ween,
That makes them doubt their wits be not their own:
So many paths, so many turnings seen,
That which of them to take, in divers doubt they been.

ADVENTURE OF UNA WITH THE LION.

EDMUND SPENCER—"FAERY QUEEN."

Nought is there under heaven's wide hollowness,
That moves more dear compassion of mind,
Than beauty brought to unworthy wretchedness
Through envy's snares or fortune's freaks unkind.
I, whether lately through her brightness blind,
Or through allegiance and fast fealty,
Which I do owe unto all womankind,
Feel my heart pressed with so great agony,
When such I see, that all for pity I could die. . .

Yet she, most faithful lady, all this while
Forsaken, woful, solitary maid,
Far from all people's press, as in exile,
In wilderness and wasteful deserts strayed,
To see her knight; who, subtily betrayed
Through that late vision which th' enchanter wrought,
Had her abandoned; she of nought afraid
Through woods and wasteness wide him daily sought;
Yet wished tidings none of him unto her brought.

One day, nigh weary of the irksome way,
From her unhasty beast she did alight;
And on the grass her dainty limbs did lay,
In secret shadow, far from all men's sight;
From her fair head her fillet she undight,
And laid her stole aside: her angel's face,
As the great eye of heaven, shined bright,
And made a sunshine in the shady place;
Did never mortal eye behold such heavenly grace.

It fortuned, out of the thickest wood
A ramping lion rushed suddenly,
Hunting full greedy after savage blood:
Soon as the royal virgin he did spy,
With gaping mouth at her ran greedily,
To have at once devoured her tender corse:
But to the prey when as he drew more nigh,
His bloody rage assuaged with remorse,
And with the sight amazed forgat his furious force.

Instead thereof he kissed her weary feet,
And licked her lily hands with fawning tongue;
As he her wronged innocence did weet.
O how can beauty master the most strong,
And simple truth subdue avenging wrong!
Whose yielded pride and proud submission,
Still dreading death, when she had marked long,
Her heart gan melt in great compassion,
And drizzling tears did shed for pure affection.

'The lion, lord of every beast in field,'
Quoth she, 'his princely puissance doth abate,
And mighty proud to humble weak does yield,
Forgetful of the hungry rage, which late
Him pricked, in pity of my sad estate:
But he, my lion, and my noble lord,
How does he find in cruel heart to hate
Her that him loved, and ever most adored,
As the God of my life? why hath he me abhorred?'

Redounding tears did choke th' end of her plaint,
Which softly echoed from the neighbour wood;
And, sad to see her sorrowful constraint,
The kingly beast upon her gazing stood:
With pity calmed down fell his angry mood.
At last, in close heart shutting up her pain,
Arose the virgin born of heavenly brood,
And to her snowy palfrey got again,
To seek her strayed champion if she might attain.

The lion would not leave her desolate,
But with her went along, as a strong guard
Of her chaste person, and a faithful mate
Of her sad troubles and misfortunes hard:
Still when she slept, he kept both watch and ward;
And when she waked, he waited diligent,
With humble service to her will prepared;
From her fair eyes he took commandment,
And ever by her looks conceived her intent.

THE BOWER OF BLISS.

EDMUND SPENCER—"FAERY QUEEN."

There the most dainty paradise on ground
Itself doth offer to his sober eye,
In which all pleasures plenteously abound,
And none does others' happiness envy;
The painted flowers, the trees upshooting high,
The dales for shade, the hills for breathing space,
The trembling groves, the crystal running by;
And that which all fair works doth most aggrace,
The art which all that wrought, appeared in no place.

One would have though—so cunningly the rude
And scorned parts were mingled with the fine—
That nature had for wantonness ensued
Art, and that art at nature did repine;
So striving each th' other to undermine,
Each did the other's work more beautify:
So differing both in wills, agreed in fine:
So all agreed through sweet diversity,
This garden to adorn with all variety.

And in the midst of all a fountain stood
Of richest substance that on earth might be,
So pure and shiny, that the silver flood
Through every channel running one might see;
Most goodly it with curious imagery
Was overwrought, and shapes of naked boys,
Of which some seemed with lively jollity
To fly about, playing their wanton toys,
While others did embay themselves in liquid joys.

And over all, of purest gold, was spread
A trail of ivy in his native hue:
For the rich metal was so coloured,
That wight, who did not well advised it view,
Would surely deem it to be ivy true:
Low his lascivious arms adown did creep,
That themselves dipping in the silver dew,
Their fleecy flowers they fearfully did steep,
Which drops of crystal seemed for wantonness to weep.

Infinite streams continually did well
Out of this fountain, sweet and fair to see,
The which into an ample laver fell,
And shortly grew to so great quantity,
That like a little lake it seemed to be;
Whose depth exceeded not three cubits height,
That through the waves one might the bottom see,
All paved beneath with jasper shining bright,
That seemed the fountain in that sea did sail upright.

And all the margin round about was set
With shady laurel trees, thence to defend
The sunny beams, which on the billows beat,
And those which therein bathed might offend.

Eftsoons they heard a most melodious sound,
Of all that might delight a dainty ear,
Such as at once might not on living ground,
Save in this paradise, be heard elsewhere:
Right hard it was for wight which did it hear,
To read what manner music that might be:
For all that pleasing is to living ear,
Was there consorted in one harmony;
Birds, voices, instruments, winds, waters, all agree.

The joyous birds, shrouded in cheerful shade,
Their notes unto the voice attempered sweet;
Th' angelical soft trembling voices made
To th' instruments divine respondence meet;
The silver sounding instruments did meet
With the base murmur of the water's fall:
The water's fall with difference discreet,
Now soft, now loud, unto the wind did call:
The gentle warbling wind low answered to all.

The while, some one did chant this lovely lay:
'Ah see, whose fair thing dost fain to see,
In springing flower the image of thy day!
Ah see the virgin rose, how sweetly she
Doth first peep forth with bashful modesty,
That fairer seems, the less ye see her may!
Lo, see soon after, how more bold and free
Her bared bosom she doth broad display;
Lo, see soon after, how she fades and falls away!

'So passeth, in the passing of a day,
Of mortal life, the leaf, the bud, the flower,
Nor more doth flourish after first decay,
That erst was sought to deck both bed and bower
Of many a lady, and many a paramour,
Gather therefore the rose, while yet is prime,
For soon comes age, that will her pride deflower;
Gather the rose of love, while yet is time,
While loving thou mayst be with equal crime!

A HYMN.

JAMES THOMSON—"SEASONS."

These as they change, Almighty Father, these,
Are but the varied God. The rolling year
Is full of thee. Forth in the pleasing spring
Thy beauty walks, thy tenderness and love.
Wide flush the fields; the softening air is balm;
Echo the mountains round; the forest smiles;

And every sense, and every heart, is joy.
Then comes thy glory in the summer months,
With light and heart refulgent. Then thy sun
Shoots full perfection through the swelling year;
And oft thy voice in dreadful thunder speaks—
And oft at dawn, deep noon, or falling eve,
By brooks and groves, in hollow-whispering gales.
Thy bounty shines in autumn unconfined,
And spreads a common feast for all that lives.
In winter, awful thou! with clouds and storms
Around thee thrown, tempest o'er tempest roll'd,
Majestic darkness! on the whirlwind's wing
Riding sublime, thou bidd'st the world adore,
And humblest nature with thy northern blast.
Mysterious round! what skill, what force divine,
Deep felt, in these appear! a simple train,
Yet so delightful mix'd, with such kind art,
Such beauty and beneficence combined;
Shade, unperceived, so softening into shade;
And all so forming an harmonious whole;
That, as they still succeed, they ravish still.
But wondering oft, with brute unconscious gaze,
Man marks not thee, marks not the mighty hand
That, ever-busy, wheels the silent spheres;
Works in the secret deep; shoots, steaming, thence
The fair profusion that o'erspreads the spring;
Flings from the sun direct the flaming day:
Feeds every creature; hurls the tempest forth;
And, as on earth this greatful change revolves,
With transport touches all the springs of life.
Nature, attend! join every living soul,
Beneath the spacious temple of the sky,
In adoration join; and, ardent, raise
One general song! To him ye vocal gales,
Breathe soft, whose Spirit in your freshness breathes:
Oh talk of him in solitary glooms!
Where, o'er the rock, the scarcely waving pine
Fills the brown shade with a religious awe.
And ye whose bolder note is heard afar,
Who shake the astonish'd world, lift high to heaven.
The impetuous song, and say from whom you rage.
His praise, ye brooks, attune, ye trembling rills;
And let me catch it as I muse along.
Ye headlong torrents, rapid, and profound;
Ye softer floods, that lead the humid maze
Along the vale; and thou, majestic main,
A secret word of wonder in thyself,
Sound his stupendous praise—whose greater voice
Or bids you roar, or bids your roaring fall.
Soft-roll your incense, herbs, and fruits, and flowers,
In mingled clouds to him—whose sun exalts,
Whose breath perfumes you, and whose pencil paints.
Ye forests bend, ye harvests wave, to Him;
Breathe your still song into the reaper's heart,
As home he goes beneath the joyous moon.
Ye that keep watch in heaven, as earth asleep
Unconscious lies, effuse your mildest beams,
Ye constellations, while your angels strike,
Amid the spangled sky, the silver lyre.
Great source of day! best image here below
Of thy Creator, ever pouring wide,
From world to world, the vital ocean round,
On nature write with every beam his praise.
The thunder rolls; be hush'd the prostrate world:
While cloud to cloud returns the solemn hymn.
Bleat out afresh, ye hills; ye mossy rocks,
Retain the sound; the broad responsive low,
Ye valleys, raise; for the great Shepherd reigns;
And his unsuffering kingdom yet will come.
Ye woodlands all, awake; a boundless song
Burst from the groves; and when the restless day,
Expiring, lays the warbling world asleep,
Sweetest of birds! sweet Philomela charm
The listening, shades and teach the night his praise
Ye chief, for whom the whole creation smiles,
As once the head, the heart, and tongue of all.
Crown the great hymn! in swarming cities vast,
Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long-resounding voice, oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses, through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven.
Or if you rather choose the rural shade,
And find a fane in every sacred grove;
There let the shepherd's flute, the virgin's lay,
The prompting seraph, and the poet's lyre,
Still sing the God of seasons, as they roll.
For me, when I forget the darling theme.
Whether the blossom blows, the summer ray
Russets the plain, inspiring autumn gleams,
Or winter rises in the blackening east,
Be my tongue mute—my fancy paint no more,
And, dead to joy, forget my heart to beat!
Should fate command me to the farthest verge
Of the green earth, to distant barbarous climes,
Rivers unknown to song—where first the sun
Gilds Indian mountains, or his setting beam
Flames on the Atlantic isles—'tis nought to me:
Since God is ever present, ever felt,
In the void waste as in the city full;
And where he vital spreads there must be joy.
When even at last the solemn hour shall come,
And wing my mystic flight to future worlds,
I cheerful will obey; there, with new powers,
Will rising wonders sing, I cannot go
Where universal love not smiles around,
Sustaining all your orbs, and all their sons;
From seeming evil still educing good,
And better thence again, and better still,
In infinite progression.—But I lose
Myself in Him in light ineffable!
Come then, expressive silence, muse his praise.

THE GRAVE.

ROBERT BLAIR.

On this side and on that, men see their friends
Drop off, like leaves in autumn; yet launch out
Into fantastic schemes, which the long livers
In the world's hall and undegen'rate days

Could scarce have leisure for.—Fools that we are,
Never to think of death and of ourselves,
At the same time; as if to learn to die
Were no concern of ours—Oh! more than sottish,
For creatures of a day in gamesome mood,
To frolic on eternity's dread brink
Unapprehensive; when, for aught we know,
The very first swoll'n surge shall sweep us in.
Think we, or think we not, time hurries on
With a restless unremitting stream;
Yet treads more soft than e're did midnight thief,
That slides his hand under the miser's pillow,
And carries off his prize—What is this world?
What? but a spacious burial-field unwall'd,
Strew'd with death's spoils, the spoils of animals
Savage and tame, and full of dead men's bones.
The very turf on which we tread once liv'd;
And we that live must lend our carcasses
To cover our own offspring: In their turns
They too must cover theirs—'Tis here all meet,
The shiv'ring Icelander and sunburn'd Moor;
Men of all climes, that never met before;
And of all creeds, the Jew, the Turk, the Christian.
Here the proud prince, and favorite yet prouder,
His sovereign's keeper, and the people's scourge,
Are huddled out of sight.—Here lie abash'd
The great negotiators of the earth,
And celebrated masters of the balance,
Deep read in stratagems, and wiles of courts.
Now vain their treaty-skill:—Death scorns to treat;
Here the o'erloaded slave flings down his burden
From his gall'd shoulders; and when the stern tyrant,
With all his guards and tools of power about him,
Is meditating new unheard of hardships,
Mocks his short arm,—and quick as thought escapes
Where tyrants vex not, and the weary rest.
Here the warm lover, leaving the cool shade,
The tell-tale echo, and the babbling stream
(Time out of mind the favorite seats of love),
Fast by his gentle mistress lays him down,
Unblasted by foul tongue.—Here friends and foes
Lie close; unmindful of their former feuds.
The lawn-rob'd prelate and plain presbyter,
Erewhile that stood aloof, as shy to meet,
Familiar mingle here, like sister streams
That some rude interposing rock has split.
Here is the large limb'd peasant;—here the child
Of a span long, that never saw the sun,
Nor press'd the nipple, strangled in life's porch.
Here is the mother, with her sons and daughters:
The barren wife, and long-demurring maid,
Whose lonely unappropriated sweets
Smil'd like yon knot of cowslips on the cliff,
Not to be come at by the willing hand.
Here are the prude, severe, and gay coquette,
The sober widow, and the young green virgin,
Cropp'd like a rose before 'tis fully blown,
Or half its worth disclos'd. Strange medley here!
Here garrulous old age winds up his tale;
And jovial youth, of lightsome vacant heart,
Whose ev'ry day was made of melody,
Hears not the voice of mirth.—The shrill tongu'd shrew,
Meek as the turtle-dove, forgets her chiding.
Here the wise, the generous, and the brave;
The just, the good, the worthless, and profane;
The downright clown, and perfectly well-bred;
The fool, the churl, the scoundrel, and the mean;
The supple statesman, and the patriot stern;
The wrecks of nations, and the spoils of time,
With all the lumber of six thousand years.

Where are the mighty thunderbolts of war?
The Roman Cæsars and the Grecian chiefs,
The boast of story? Where the hot-brained youth,
Who the tiara at his pleasure tore
From kings of all then discovered globe;
And cried, foresooth, because his arm was hampered,
And had not room enough to do its work?
Alas, how slim—dishonourably slim!
And crammed into a space we blush to name!
Proud royalty! How altered is thy looks!
How blank thy features, and how wan thy hue!
Son of the morning! whither art thou gone?
Where hast thou hid thy many-spangled head,
And the majestic menace of thine eyes
Felt from afar? Pliant and powerless now:
Like new-born infant wound up in his swathes,
Or victim tumbled flat upon his back,
That throbs beneath his sacrificer's knife;
Mute must thou bear the strife of little tongues,
And coward insults of the base-born crowd,
That grudge a privilege thou never hadst,
But only hoped for in the peaceful grave—
Of being unmolested and alone!
Arabia's gums and odoriferous drugs,
And honours by the heralds duly paid
In mode and form, e'en to a very scruple
(O cruel irony!); these come too late,
And only mock when they were meant to honour!

Strength, too! thou surely and less gently boast
Of those that laugh loud at the village ring!
A fit of common sickness pulls thee down
With greater ease than e'er thou didst the stripling
That rashly dared thee to the unequal fight.
What groan was that I heard? Deep groan, indeed,
With anguish heavy laden! let me trace it:
From yonder bed it comes, where the strong man,
By stronger arm belaboured, gasps for breath
Like a hard-hunted beast. How his great heart
Beats thick! his roomy chest by far too scant
To give the lungs full play! What now avail
The strong-built sinewy limbs and well spread shoulders?
See how he tugs for life, and lays about him,
Mad with his pain! Eager he catches hold
Of what comes next to hand, and grasps it hard,
Just like a creature drowning. Hideous sight!
O how his eyes stand out, and stare full ghastly!

While the distemper's rank and deadly venom
Shoots like a burning arrow 'cross his bowels,
And drinks his marrow up. Heard you that groan?
It was his last. See how the great Goliah,
Just like a child that brawled itself to rest,
Lies still. What mean'st thou then, O mighty boaster,
To vaunt of nerves of thine? What means the bull,
Unconscious of his strength, to play the coward,
And flee before a feeble thing like man;
That, knowing well the slackness of his arm,
Trusts only in the well invented knife?

THE VAGABONDS.

JOHN TOWNSEND TROWBRIDGE.

We are two travelers—Roger and I:
Roger's my dog. Come here, you scamp!
Jump for the gentleman—mind your eye!
Over the table, look out for the lamp—
The rogue is growing a little old:
Five years we've tramped through wind and weather,
And slept out-doors when nights were cold,
And ate and drank—and starved together.

We've learned what comfort is, I tell you—
A bed on the floor, a bit of rosin,
A fire to thaw our thumbs (poor fellow,
The paw he holds up there's been frozen),
Plenty of catgut for my fiddle—
This out-door business is bad for strings—
And a few nice buck-wheats hot from the griddle,
And Roger and I set up for kings.

No, thank ye, sir—I never drink,
Roger and I are exceedingly moral—
Aren't we Roger? See him wink!
Well, something hot, then, we won't quarrel.
He's thirsty, too, see him nod his head!
What a pity, sir, that dogs can't talk!
He understands every word that's said—
And he knows good milk from water and chalk.

The truth is, sir, now I reflect,
I have been so sadly given to grog,
I wonder I've not lost the respect
(Here's to you, sir) even of my dog.
But he sticks by, through thick and thin;
And this old coat with its empty pockets,
And rags that smell of tobacco and gin,
He'll follow while he has eyes in his sockets.

There isn't another creature living
Would do it, and prove through every disaster
So fond, so faithful, and so forgiving
To such a miserable, thankless master.
No, sir—see him wag his tail and grin!
By George, it makes my old eyes water!
That is, there's something in this gin
That chokes a fellow—but no matter.

We'll have some music—if you're willing;
And Roger—h'm, what a plague a cough is, sir—
Shall march a little. Start, you villian:
Stand straight, 'bout face, salute your officer.
Put up that paw—dress—take your rifle
(Some dogs have arms, you see), now, hold your
Cap while the gentlemen give a trifle
To aid a poor old patriotic soldier!

March, halt—now, show how the rebel shakes
When he stands up to hear his sentence;
Now tell how many drams it takes
To honour a jolly new acquaintance.
Five yelps! that's five, he's mighty knowing.
The night's before us—fill the glasses;
Quick, sir; I'm ill, my brain is going—
Some brandy?—thank you—there, it passes!

Why not reform?—that's easily said:
But I've gone through such wretched treatment,
Sometimes forgetting the taste of bread,
And scarce remembering what meat meant,
That my poor stomach's past reform;
And there are times when, mad with thinking,
I'd sell out heaven for something warm
To prop a horrible inward sinking.

Is there a way to forget to think?
At your age, sir, home, fortune, friends—
A dear girl's love—but I took to drink—
The same old story; you know how it ends.
If you could have seen these classic features—
You need'nt laugh, sir, they were not then
Such a burning libel on God's creatures—
I was one of your handsome men.

If you had have seen her, so fair and young,
Whose head was happy on this breast;
If you could have heard the songs I sung
When the wine went round, you would'nt have guessed,
That ever I, sir, should be straying
From door to door with fiddle and dog,
Ragged and penniless, and playing
To you to-night for a glass of grog.

She's married since—a parson's wife:
'Twas better for her that we should part,
Better the soberest prosiest life
Than a blasted home and a broken heart.
Have I seen her?—once: I was weak and spent:
On the dusty road a carriage stopped;
But little she dreamed as on she went,
Who kiss'd the coin that her fingers dropped.

You've set me talking, sir; I'm sorry:
It makes me wild to think of the change—
What d'ye care for a beggar's story:
Is it amusing?—you find it strange?
I had a mother so proud of me;
'Twas well she died before. Do you know

If the happy spirits in heaven can see
The ruined and wretchedness here below?

Another glass, and strong!—to deaden
This pain; then Roger and I will start.
I wonder has he such a lumpish leaden
Aching thing in place of a heart?
He is sad sometimes, and would weep if he could,
No doubt remembering things that were—
A virtuous kennel with plenty of food,
And himself a sober respectable cur.

I'm better now—that glass was warming:
You rascal limber your lazy feet;
We must be fiddling and performing
For supper and bed—or starve in the street.
Not a very gay life to lead, you think?
But soon we will go where lodgings are free,
And the sleepers need neither victuals nor drink—
The sooner the better for Roger and me.

THE PAUPER'S DRIVE.

THOMAS NOEL.

There's a grim one-horse hearse in a jolly round trot;
To the churchyard a pauper is going, I wot;
The road it is rough, and the hearse has no springs,
And hark to the dirge that the sad driver sings:—
Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

Oh! where are the mourners? Alas! there are none;
He has left not a gap in the world now he's gone;
Not a tear in the eye of child, woman, or man;—
To the grave with his carcass as fast as you can.
Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

What a jolting, and creaking, and splashing, and din!
The whip how it cracks, and the wheels how they spin!
How the dirt right and left o'er the hedges is hurled!
The pauper at length makes a noise in the world.
Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

Poor pauper defunct! He has made some approach
To gentility, now that he's stretched in a coach;
He's taking a drive in his carriage at last,
But it will not be long if he goes on so fast!
Rattle his bones over the stones;
He's only a pauper, whom nobody owns.

LOVE.

ROBERT SOUTHEY—"THE CURSE OF KEHAMA."

They sin who tell us Love can die.
With life all other passions fly,
All others are but vanity
In heaven Ambition cannot dwell,
Nor Avarice in the vaults of hell;
Earthly these passions of the earth,
They perish where they had their birth.
But Love is indestructible:
Its holy flame for ever burneth,
From heaven it came, to heaven returneth.
Too oft on earth a troubled guest,
At times deceived, at times oppressed,
It here is tried and purified,
Then hath in heaven its perfect rest:
It soweth here with toil and care,
But the harvest-time of Love is there.
Oh! when a mother meets on high
The babe she lost in infancy,
Hath she not then, for pains and fears,
The day of woe, the watchful night,
For all her sorrows, all her tears,
An over-payment of delight?

"I REMEMBER."

THOMAS HOOD.

I remember, I remember
The house where I was born,
The little window where the sun
Came peeping in at morn;
He never came a wink too soon,
Nor brought too long a day;
But now I often wish the night
Had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember
The roses red and white,
The violets and the lily-cups—
Those flowers made of light:
The lilacs were the robin's buildt,
And where my brother set,
The laburnum on his birth-day—
The tree is living yet!

I remember, I remember
Where I was used to swing,
And thought the air would rush as fresh
To swallows on the wing;
—My spirit flew on feathers then,
That is so heavy now;
And summer pool could hardly cool
The fever on my brow!

I remember, I remember
The fir-tree, dark and high;
I used to think their slender spires
Were close against the sky.
It was a childish ignorance—
But now 'tis little joy
To know, I'm farther off from heaven,
Than when I was a boy!

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

WHICH FURNISH A THEME FOR REFLECTION, AND A TEXT FOR MENTAL DISCOURSE.

Danger:

Let terror strike slaves mute;
Much danger makes great hearts most resolute.
—*Marston.*

What is danger more than the weakness of our apprehension?
A poor cold part o' the blood; whom takes it hold of?
Cowards and wicked livers; valiant minds
Were made the masters of it.
—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

But there are human natures so allied
Unto the savage love of enterprise,
That they will seek for peril as a pleasure.
—*Byron.*

Death:

Death is a fearful thing:
The wearied and most loathed earthly life,
That age, ache, penury and imprisonment
Can lay on nature, is a Paradise
To what we fear of death! —*Shakspeare.*

Death, when unmask'd, shows us a friendly face,
And is a terror only at a distance. —*Goldsmith.*

How sweetly could I lay my head
Within the cold grave's silent breast
Where sorrow's tears no more are shed,
No more the ills of life molest. —*Moore.*

Decay:

It is sad
To see the light of beauty wane away,
Know eyes are dimming, bosoms shriveling,
Feet losing their springs, and limbs their lily roundness;
But it is worse to feel our heartspring gone,
To lose hope, care not for the coming thing,
And feel all things go to decay with us. —*Bailey.*

The very iron, rock and steel
Impervious as they now appear,
The gnawing tooth of Time must feel,
And waste with each succeeding year.
—*Watson.*

Delay:

Shun delays, they breed remorse;
Take thy time while time is lent thee;
Creeping snails have weakest force;
Fly their fault, lest thou repent thee.
Good is best when soonest wrought,
Lingering labors come to naught.
—*Southwell.*

Oh! how many deeds
Of deathless virtue and immortal crime,
The world had wanted, had the actor said,
I will do this to-morrow.
—*Lord John Russell.*

Deceit:

The Devil can cite Scripture for his purpose.
An evil soul producing holy witness,
Is like a villain with a smiling face,
A goodly apple, rotten at the core.
—*Shakspeare.*

'Tis not my talent to conceal my thoughts,
Or carry smiles and sunshine in my face,
While discontent sits heavy at my heart.
—*Addison.*

As thistles wear the softest down,
To hide their prickles till they're grown,
And then declare themselves, and tear
Whatever ventures to come near;
So a smooth knave does greater feats
Than one that idly rails and threats,
And all the mischief that he meant,
Does, like the rattlesnake, prevent. —*Butler.*

Delicacy:

She bore herself
So gently, that the lily on its stalk
Bends not so easily its dewy head.
—*Percival.*

May the snowy wings of innocence and love protect thee. —*Akenside.*

Disappointment:

The hopes my soul had cherished
Have withered one by one,
And tho' life's flowers have perish'd,
I am left to linger on. —*Stultz.*

The best enjoyment is half disappointment
To that we mean, or we have in this world.
—*Bailey*

Oh, ever thus from childhood's hour,
I've seen my fondest hopes decay;
I never loved a tree or flower
But 'twas the first to fade away. —*Moore.*

Determination:

Let come what will, I mean to bear it out,
And either live with glorious victory,
Or die with fame, renowned for chivalry.
He is not worthy of the honey-comb,
That shuns the hives because the bees have stings.
—*Shakspeare.*

Dreams:

Dreams are but the children of a brain,
Begot of nothing but vain fantasy.
—*Shakspeare.*

Dreams are but interludes which fancy makes;
When monarch reason sleeps, this mimic wakes;
And many monstrous forms in sleep we see,
Which neither were, nor are, nor e'er can be.
—*Dryden.*

A WISH.

D. HUNTINGTON.

Be my few days with peace and friendship blessed;
Nor will I at my humble lot repine,
Though neither wealth, nor fame, nor luxury be mine.
O give me yet, in some recluse abode,
Encircled with a faithful few, to dwell,
Where power cannot oppress, nor care corrode,
Nor venomed tongues the tale of slander tell;
Or bear me to some solitary cell,
Beyond the reach of every human eye;
And let me bid a long and last farewell
To each alluring object 'neath the sky,
And there in peace await my hour, in peace to die.

STRUGGLE FOR LIFE.

CHARLES DARWIN—"ORIGIN OF SPECIES."

As the species of the same genius usually have, though by no means invariably, much similarity in habits and constitution, and always in structure, the struggle will generally be more severe between them, if they come into competition with each other, than between the species of distinct genera. We see this in the recent extension over parts of the United States of one species of swallow having caused the decrease of another species. The recent increase of the missel-thrush in parts of Scotland has caused the decrease of the song-thrush. How frequently we hear of one species of rat taking the place of another species under the most different climates! In Russia the small Asiatic cockroach has everywhere driven before it its great congener. In Australia the important hive-bee is rapidly exterminating the small, stingless native bee. One species of charlock has been known to supplant another species; and so in other cases. We can dimly see why the competition should be most severe between allied forms, which fill nearly the same place in the economy of nature; but probably in no one case could we precisely say why one species has been victorious over another in the great battle of life.

A corollary of the highest importance may be deduced from the foregoing remarks, namely, that the structure of every organic being is related, in the most essential, yet often hidden manner, to that of all the other organic beings with which it comes into competition for food or residence, or from which it has to escape, or on which it preys. This is obvious in the structure of the teeth and talons of the tiger; and in that of the legs and claws of the parasite which clings to the hair on the tiger's body. But in the beautifully plumed seed of the dandelion, and in the flattened and fringed legs of the water-beetle, the relation seems at first confined to the elements of air and water. Yet the advantage of plumed seeds, no doubt, stands in the closest relation to the land being already thickly clothed with other plants; so that the seeds may be widely distributed and fall on unoccupied ground. In the water-beetle, the structure of its legs, so well adapted for diving, allows it to compete with other aquatic insects, to hunt for its own prey, and to escape serving as prey to other animals.

The store of nutriment laid up within the seeds of many plants seems at first sight to have no sort of relation to other plants. But from the strong growth of young plants produced from such seeds as peas and beans, when sown in the midst of long grass, it may be suspected that the chief use of the nutriment in the seed is to favor the growth of the seedlings, whilst struggling with other plants growing vigorously all around.

Look at a plant in the midst of its range, why does it not double or quadruple its numbers? We know that it can perfectly well withstand a little more heat or cold, dampness or dryness, for elsewhere it ranges into slightly hotter or colder, damper or drier districts. In this case we can clearly see that if we wish in imagination to give the plant the power of increasing in number, we should have to give it some advantage over its competitors, or over the animals which prey on it. On the confines of its geographical range, a change of constitution, with respect to climate, would clearly be an advantage to our plant; but we have reason to believe that only a few plants or animals range so far, that they are destroyed exclusively by the rigour of the climate. Not until we reach the extreme confines of life, in the Arctic regions or on the borders of an utter desert, will competition cease. The land may be extremely cold or dry, yet there will be competition between some few species, or between the individuals of the same species, for the warmest or dampest spots.

Hence we can see that when a plant or animal is placed in a new country, amongst new competitors, the conditions of its life will generally be changed in an essential manner, although the climate may be exactly the same as in its former home. If its average numbers are to increase in its new home, we should have to modify it in a different way to what we should have had to do in its native country; for we should have to give it some advantage over a different set of competitors or enemies.

It is good thus to try in imagination to give to any one species an advantage over another. Probably in no single instance should we know what to do. This ought to convince us of our ignorance on the mutual relations of all organic beings; a conviction as necessary as it is difficult to acquire. All that we can do is to keep steadily in mind that each organic being is striving to increase in a geometrical ratio; that each at some period of its life, during some season of the year, during each generation or at intervals, has to struggle for life and to suffer great destruction. When we reflect on this struggle, we may console ourselves with the full belief, that the war of nature is not incessant, that no fear is felt, that death is generally prompt, and that the vigorous, the healthy, and the happy survive and multiply.

GOVERNOR SANCHO PANZA.

CERVANTES—"DON QUIXOTE."

The duke and duchess being so well pleased with the adventure of the afflicted duenna were encouraged to proceed with other projects, seeing that there was nothing too extravagant for the credulity of the knight and the squire. The necessary orders were accordingly issued to their servants and vassals with regard to their behavior towards Sancho in his government of the promised island. The day after the flight of Clavileno, the duke bid Sancho prepare and get himself in readiness to assume his office, for his islanders were already wishing for him, as for rain in May. Sancho made a low bow, and said, "Ever since my journey to heaven, when I looked down and saw the earth so very small, my desire to be a governor has partly cooled; for what mighty matter is it to command on a spot no bigger than a grain of mustard-seed? Where is the majesty and pomp of governing half a dozen creatures no bigger than hazel-nuts? If your lordship will be pleased to offer me some small portion of heaven, though it be but half a league, I would jump at it sooner than for the largest island in the world." "Look you, friend Sancho," answered the duke, "I can give away no part of heaven, not even a nail's breadth; for God has reserved to himself the disposal of such favors; but, what it is in my power to give, I give you with all my heart; and the island I now present to you is ready made, round and sound, well-proportioned, and above measure fruitful, and where, by good management, you may yourself, with the riches of the earth, purchase an inheritance in heaven." "Well, then," answered Sancho, "let this island be forthcoming, and it shall go hard with me, but I will be such a governor that, in spite of rogues, heaven will take me in. Nor is it one of covetousness that I forsake my humble cottage and aspire to greater things, but the desire I have to taste what it is to be governor." "If once you taste it, Sancho," quoth the duke, "you will lick your fingers after it:—so sweet it is to command and be obeyed. And certain I am, when your master becomes an emperor, of which there is no doubt, as matters proceed so well, it would be impossible to wrest his power from him, and his only regret will be that he had it not sooner." "Faith, sir, you are in the right," quoth Sancho, "it is pleasant to govern, though it be but a flock of sheep." Let me be buried with you, Sancho," replied the duke, "if you know not something of every thing, and I doubt not you will prove a pearl of a governor. But enough of this for the present; to-morrow you surely depart for your island, and this evening you shall be fitted with suitable apparel and with all things necessary for your appointment." "Clothe me as you will," said Sancho, "I shall still be Sancho Panza." "That is true," said the duke, "but the garb should always be suitable to the office and rank of the wearer: for a lawyer to be habited like a soldier, or a soldier like a priest, would be preposterous; and you, Sancho, must be clad partly like a scholar, and partly a soldier; as, in the office you will hold, arms and learning are united." "As for learning," replied Sancho, "I have not much of that, for I hardly know my A, B, C; but to be a good governor it will be enough that I am able to make my Christ-cross; and as to arms, I shall handle such as are given me till I fall, and so God help me." "With so good an intention," quoth the duke, "Sancho cannot do wrong." At this time Don Quixote came up to them, and hearing how soon Sancho was to depart to his government, he took him by the hand, and, with the duke's leave, led him to his chamber, in order to give him some advice, respecting his conduct in office; and, having entered, he shut the door, and, almost by force, made Sancho sit down by him, and, with much solemnity, addressed him in these words:

"I am thankful to heaven, friend Sancho, that, even before fortune has crowned my hopes, prosperity has gone forth to meet thee. I, who had trusted in my own success for the reward of thy services, am still but on the road to advancement, whilst thou, prematurely and before all reasonable expectation, art come into full possession of thy wishes. Some must bribe, importune, solicit, attend early, pray, persist, and yet do not obtain what they desire; whilst another comes, and without knowing how, jumps at once into the preferment for which so many had sued in vain. It is truly said that 'merit does much, but fortune more.' Thou, who in respect to me, art but a very simpleton, without either early rising or late watching, without labor of body or mind, by the air alone of knight-errantry breathing on thee, findest thyself the governor of an island, as if it were a trifle, a thing of no account!

"All this I say, friend Sancho, that thou mayest not ascribe the favor done thee to thy own merit, but give thanks, first to heaven, which disposeth things so kindly; and in the next place acknowledge with gratitude the inherent grandeur of the profession of knight errantry. Thy heart being disposed to believe what I have now said to thee, be attentive, son, to me thy Cato, who will be thy counsellor, thy north-star, and guide, to conduct and steer thee safe into port, out of that tempestuous sea on which thou art going to embark, and where thou wilt be in danger of being swallowed up in a gulp of confusion.

"First, my son, fear God: for, to fear him is wisdom; and being wise, thou canst not err.

"Secondly, consider what thou art, and endeavor to know thyself, which is the most difficult study of all others. The knowledge of thyself will preserve thee from vanity, and the fate of the frog that foolishly vied with the ox, will serve thee as a caution; the recollection, too, of having been formerly a swineherd in thine own country will be to thee, in the loftiness of thy pride, like the ugly feet of the peacock." "It is true," said Sancho, "that I once did keep swine, but I was only a boy then; when I

grew towards man I looked after geese, and not hogs. But this, methinks, is nothing to the purpose, for all governors are not descended from kings." "That I grant," replied Don Quixote; "and therefore those who have not the advantage of noble descent should fail not to grace the dignity of the office they bear with gentleness and modesty, which when accompanied with discretion, will silence those murmurs which few situations in life can escape.

"Conceal not the meanness of thy family, nor think it disgraceful to be descended from peasants: for, when it is seen that thou art not thyself ashamed, none will endeavor to make thee so; and deem it more meritorious to be a virtuous humble man than a lofty sinner. Infinite is the number of those who, born low of extraction, have risen to the highest dignities, both in church and state; and of this truth I could tire thee with examples.

"Remember, Sancho, if thou takest virtue for the rule of life, and valuest thyself upon acting in all things conformable thereto, thou wilt have no cause to envy lords and princes; for blood is inherited, but virtue is a common property and may be acquired by all; it has, moreover, an intrinsic worth which blood has not. This being so, if peradventure any one of thy kindred visit thee in thy government, do not slight, nor affront him; but receive, cherish, and make much of him, for in so doing thou wilt please God, who allows none of his creatures to be despised; and thou wilt also manifest therein a well-disposed nature.

"If thou takest thy wife with thee (and it is not well for those who are appointed to governments to be long separated from their families) teach, instruct, and polish her from her natural rudeness: for it often happens that all the consideration a wise governor can acquire is lost by an ill-bred and foolish woman.

"If thou shouldst become a widower (an event which is possible) and thy station entitles thee to a better match, seek not one to serve thee for a hook and angling rod, or a friar's hood to receive alms in, for, believe, me, whatever the judge's wife receives, the husband must account for at the general judgment, and shall be made to pay four-fold for all that of which he has rendered no account during his life.

Be not under the dominion of thine own will; it is the vice of the ignorant, who vainly presume on their own understanding.

"Let the tears of the poor find more compassion, but not more justice, from thee than the applications of the wealthy.

"Be equally solicitous to sift out the truth amidst the presents and promises of the rich, and the signs and entreaties of the poor.

"Whenever equity may justly temper the rigor of the law, let not the whole force of it bear upon the delinquent; for it is better that a judge should lean on the side of compassion than severity.

"If, perchance, the scales of justice be not correctly balanced, let the error be imputable to pity, not to gold.

"If, perchance, the cause of thine enemy come before thee, forget thy injuries, and think only on the merits of the case.

"Let not private affection blind thee in another man's cause; for the errors thou shalt thereby commit are often without remedy, and at the expense both of thy reputation and fortune.

"When a beautiful woman comes before thee to demand justice, consider maturely the nature of her claim, without regarding either her tears or her sighs, unless thou wouldst expose thy judgment to the danger of being lost in the one, and thy integrity in the other.

"Revile not with words him whom thou hast to correct with deeds; the punishment which the unhappy wretch is doomed to suffer is sufficient, without the addition of abusive language.

"When the criminal stands before thee, recollect the frail and depraved nature of man, and, as much as thou canst, without injustice to the suffering party, show pity and clemency; for, though the attributes of God are all equally adorable, yet his mercy is more shining and attractive in our eyes than his justice.

"If, Sancho, thou observest these precepts, thy days will be long and thy fame eternal; thy recompense full, and thy felicity unspeakable. Thou shalt marry thy children to thy heart's content, and they and thy grandchildren shall want neither honors nor titles. Beloved by all men, thy days shall pass in peace and tranquility; and when the inevitable period comes, death shall steal on thee in a good and venerable old age, and thy grandchildren's children, with their tender and pious hands, shall close thine eyes.

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After having traveled a certain distance, governor Sancho, with all his attendants, arrived at a town which contained not less than a thousand inhabitants, and was one of the most considerable in the duke's territories. He was informed that it was called the island of Barataria, either because Barataria was really its name, or on account of the easy rate in which he had come in possession of it. On his arrival near the gates of the town—for it was surrounded by a wall—the magistrates came out to receive him, the bells rang, and the people gave demonstrations of general joy, and, with much pomp, conducted him to the great church to give thanks to God. The keys of the town were then delivered to him with certain ceremonies, and he was formally declared perpetual governor of the island of Barataria. The short thick figure, the garb and deportment of the new governor, held in admiration all who were not in the secret history of his appointment—nay, even those who were so, and they were not a few. As soon as they had brought him out of the church they conducted him to the tribunal of justice, and having placed him in the chair, the duke's steward said to him: "It is an ancient custom here, my lord governor, that he who is appointed to the command

of this far-famed island shall, on his first taking possession, give answer to some intricate and difficult question, by which the people are enabled to judge of the capacity of their new governor, and thereby determine whether to rejoice or grieve at his arrival."

While the Steward was speaking, Sancho's eyes were fixed upon some large letters written on the wall opposite to his chair; and when the steward had done, he asked him the meaning of those marks on the wall. "Sir," said he, "it is there written on what day your honor took possession of this island; and these are the words of the inscription: 'This day (naming the day of the month and year) Signor Don Sancho Panza took possession of this island: long may he enjoy it!'" "And pray," quoth he, "who is it they call Don Sancho Panza?" "Your lordship," answered the steward; "for no other Panza, except him in the chair, ever came into this island." "Take notice, brother," quoth Sancho, "Don does not belong to me, nor ever did to any of my family. I am called plain Sancho Panza; my father was a Sancho, and my grandfather a Sancho, and they were all Panzas, without any addition of Dons or Donnas. I take it there must be more Dons than pebbles in this island; but enough—God knows my meaning; if my government lasts four days, it shall go hard, but I will clear the island of these vermin, which, by their numbers, must needs be as troublesome as gnats. Now for your question, master steward; and I will answer the best I can, let the people grieve or not grieve."

At this instant two men came into the court; the one appeared to be a country-fellow, and the other a tailor, having a pair of shears in his hand. "My lord governor," said the tailor, "we come before your worship by reason this honest man came yesterday to my shop—for, saving your presence, I am a tailor, and, praised be heaven, have passed my examination—and, putting a piece of cloth into my hands, 'Sir,' said he, 'is there cloth enough here to make me a cap?' Whereupon I, after measuring the piece, answered 'Yes.' Now he, supposing, as I suppose (and, indeed, I was right), that, doubtless, I had a mind to cabbage some of his cloth—grounding his suspicion upon his own knavery, and the bad character of tailors—bid me look at it again, and see if there was not enough for two. I guessed his drift, and told him there was. He, firm in his knavish conception, went on increasing the number of caps, till we came to five caps. Well, the caps I made, and just now he came for them I offered them to him, but he refused to pay me for my work, and now wants me either to return him his cloth, or pay him for it!" "Is all this so, friend?" demanded Sancho. "Yes," answered the other man; "but pray, my lord, make him show the five caps he has made me." "With all my heart," answered the tailor; and, pulling his hand from under his cloak, he showed the five caps on the ends of his fingers and thumb, saying, "Here are the five caps this honest man would have me make, and, on my soul and conscience, not a shred of the cloth is left; and as to the workmanship, I am ready to submit it to the view of any inspectors of the trade." All present laughed at the number of the caps, and the novelty of the suit. The governor mused upon the case, and, after a little consideration, he said: "This matter, to my thinking, need not keep us long, but may be settled off-hand; and therefore I pronounce that the tailor lose his labor, and the countryman his cloth, and that the caps be given among the poor prisoners—so there is an end of that." If his sentence on the purse of the herdsman excited the admiration of the bystanders, this provoked their laughter. The commands of the governor were, nevertheless, duly executed.

Two old men next presented themselves before him, the one holding a cane-staff in his hand. "My lord," said he who had no staff, "some time ago I lent this man ten crowns of gold, to oblige and serve him, upon condition he should return them on demand. I let some time pass without asking for them, being loth to put him to a greater strait to pay me than he was in when I lent them. But at length, thinking it full time to be repaid, I asked him for my money more than once, but to no purpose; he not only refuses payment, but denies the debt, and says I never lent him any such sum, or, if I did, that he had already paid me. I have no witnesses to the loan, nor has he of the payment which he pretends to have made, but which I deny; yet, if he will swear before your worship that he has returned the money, I from this minute acquit him before God and the world." "What say you to this, old gentleman?" quoth Sancho. "I confess, my lord," replied the old fellow, "that he did lend me the money; and if your worship pleases to hold down your wand of justice, since he leaves it to my oath, I will swear I have really and truly returned it to him." The governor accordingly held down his wand, and the old fellow, seeming encumbered with his staff, gave it to his creditor to hold, while he was swearing, and then, taking hold of the cross of the wand, he said it was true indeed the other had lent him ten crowns, but that he had restored them to him, into his own hand; but having, he supposed, forgotten it, he was continually dunning him for them. Upon which his lordship, the governor, demanded of the creditor what he had to say in reply to the solemn declaration he had heard. He said that he submitted, and could not doubt that his debtor had said the truth; for he believed him to be an honest man, and a good Christian; and that as the fault must have been in his own memory, he would thenceforward ask him no more for his money. The debtor now took his staff again, and, bowing to the governor, went out of court.

Sancho having observed the defendant take his staff and walk away, and noticing also the resignation of the plaintiff, he began to meditate; and, lay-

ing the fore-finger of his right hand upon his forehead, he continued a short time apparently full of thought, and then, raising his head, he ordered the old man with the staff to be called back; and when he had returned, "Honest friend," said the governor, "give me that staff, for I have occasion for it." "With all my heart," answered the old fellow, and delivered it into his hand. Sancho took it, and immediately giving it to the other old man, he said, "There, take that, and go about your business, in God's name, for you are now paid." "I paid, my lord!" answered the old man; "what! is this cane worth ten golden crowns?" "Yes," quoth the governor, "or I am the greatest dunce in the world; and it shall now appear whether or not I have a head to govern a whole kingdom." He then ordered the cane to be broken in court; which being done, ten crowns of gold were found within it. All the spectators were struck with admiration, and began to look upon their new governor as a second Solomon. They asked him how he had discovered that the ten crowns were in the cane. He told them that, having observed the defendant give it to the plaintiff to hold, while he took his oath that he had truly restored the money into his own hands, and, that being done, he take his staff again, it came into his head that the money in dispute must be inclosed within it. From this, he added, they might see that it sometimes pleased God to direct the judgments of those who govern, though otherwise little better than blockheads. Besides, he had heard the curate of his parish tell of such another business, which was still in his mind;—indeed, he had so special a memory that, were it not that he was so unlucky as to forget all that he chiefly wanted to remember, there would not have been a better in the whole world. The cause being ended, the two old men went away, the one abashed and the other satisfied; and the secretary who minuted down the words, actions, and behavior of Sancho Panza, could not yet determine in his own mind whether he should set him down for wise or simple.

The history relates that Sancho Panza was conducted from the court of justice to a sumptuous palace, where, in a great hall, he found a magnificent entertainment prepared. He no sooner entered than his ears were saluted by the sound of instruments, and four pages served him with water to wash his hands, which the governor received with becoming gravity. The music having ceased, Sancho now sat down to dinner in a chair of state, placed at the upper end of the table; for there was but one seat, and only one plate and napkin. A personage, who, as it afterwards appeared, was a physician, took his stand at one side of his chair, with a whalebone rod in his hand. They then removed the beautiful white cloth, which covered a variety of fruits and other eatables. Grace was said by one in a student's dress, and a laced bib was placed, by a page, under Sancho's chin. Another, who performed the office of sewer, now set a plate of fruit before him, but he had scarcely tasted it when, on being touched by the wand-bearer, it was snatched away, and another containing meat instantly supplied its place. Yet, before Sancho could make a beginning, it vanished, like the former, on a signal of the wand. The governor was surprised at this proceeding, and looking around him, asked if this dinner was only to show off their slight of hand. "My lord," said the wand-bearer, "your lordship's food must here be watched with the same care as is customary with the governors of other islands. I am a doctor of physic, sir, and my duty, for which I receive a salary, is to attend the governor's health, whereof I am more careful than of my own. I study his constitution night and day, that I may know how to restore him when sick, and therefore think it incumbent on me to pay especial regard to his meals, at which I constantly preside, to see that he eats what is good and salutary, and prevent his touching whatever I imagine may be prejudicial to his health, or offensive to his stomach. It was for that reason, my lord," continued he, "I ordered the dish of fruit to be taken away, as being too watery, and that other dish as being too hot, and over-seasoned with spices, which are apt to provoke thirst: and he that drinks much destroys and consumes the radical moisture, which is the fuel of life." "Well, then," quoth Sancho, "that plate of roast partridges, which seem to me to be very well seasoned, I suppose will do me no manner of harm?" Hold," said the doctor; "my lord governor shall not eat them while I live to prevent it." "Pray, why not?" quoth Sancho. "Because," answered the doctor, "our great master Hippocrates, the north-star and luminary of medicine, says in one of his aphorisms, 'Omnie saturatio mala, perdicis autem pessima;' which means, 'All repletion is bad, but that from partridges the worst.'" "If it be so," quoth Sancho, "pray cast your eye signor doctor, over all these dishes here on the table and see which will do me the most good, or the least harm, and let me eat of it, without whisking it away with your conjuring stick: for, by my soul, and as God shall give me life to enjoy this government, I am dying with hunger; and to deny me food—let signor doctor say what he will—is not the way to lengthen my life, but to cut it short." "Your worship is in the right, my lord governor," answered the physician, "and therefore I am of opinion you should not eat of those stewed rabbits, as being a food that is tough and acute; of that veal, indeed, you might have taken a little, had it been neither roasted nor stewed; but as it is, not a morsel." "What think you, then," said Sancho, "of that huge dish there, smoking hot, which I take to be an olla-podrida?—for, among the many things contained in it, I surely may light upon something both wholesome and toothsome." "Absit," quoth the doctor; "far be such a thought from us. Olla-podrida! there is no worse dish in the world;—leave them to prebends and rectors of colleges, or lusty feeders at

country weddings; but let them not be seen on the tables of governors, where nothing contrary to health and delicacy should be tolerated. Simple medicines are always more estimable and safe, for in them there can be no mistake; whereas, in such as are compounded, all is hazard and uncertainty. Therefore, what I would at present advise my lord governor to eat, in order to corroborate and preserve his health, is about a hundred small rolled-up wafers, with some thin slices of marmalade, that may sit upon the stomach, and help digestion."

Sancho, hearing this, threw himself backward in his chair, and, looking at the doctor from head to foot very seriously, asked him his name, and where he had studied. To which he answered, "My lord governor, my name is Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero; I am a native of a place called Tirteafuera, lying between Caraquel and Almoddobar del Campo, on the right hand, and I have taken my doctor's degree in the university of Ossuna." "Then hark you," said Sancho, in a rage, "signor Doctor Pedro Rezio de Aguero, native of Titeafuera, lying on the right hand as we go from Caraquel to Almoddobar del Campo, graduate in Ossuna, get out of my sight this instant—or, by the light of heaven, I will take a cudgel, and beginning with your carcase, will so belabor all the physic-mongers in the island, that not one of the tribe shall be left!—I mean of those like yourself, who are ignorant quacks; for those who are learned and wise I shall make much of, and honor as so many angels. I say again, signor Pedro Rezio, begone! or I shall take the chair I sit on, and comb your head with it to some tune; and, if I am called to an account for it when I give up my office, I will prove that I have done a good service, in ridding the world of a bad physician, who is a public executioner. Body of me! Give me something to eat, or let them take back their government; for an office that will not find a man in victuals is not worth two beans."

On seeing the governor in such a fury, the doctor would have fled out in the hall, had not the sound of a courier's horn at that instant been heard in the street. "A courier from my lord duke," said the sewer (who had looked out of the window), "and he must certainly have brought dispatches of importance." The courier entered hastily, foaming with sweat, and in great agitation, and, pulling a packet out of his bosom, he delivered it into the governor's hands, and by him it was given to the steward, telling him to read the superscription, which was this: "To Don Sancho Panza, governor of the island of Barataria, to be delivered only to himself, or to his secretary." "Who is my secretary?" said Sancho. "It is I, my lord," answered one who was present, "for I can read and write, and am, besides, a Biscainer." "With that addition," quoth Sancho, "you may very well be secretary to the emperor himself;—open the packet, and see what it holds." The new secretary did so, and having run his eye over the contents, he said it was a business which required privacy. Accordingly, Sancho commanded all to retire, excepting the steward and the sewer; and when the hall was cleared, the secretary read the following letter:

"It has just come to my knowledge, signor Don Sancho Panza, that certain enemies of mine intend very soon to make a desperate attack, by night, upon the island under your command; it is necessary, therefore, to be vigilant and alert, that you may not be taken by surprise. I have also received intelligence, from trusty spies, that four persons in disguise are now in your town, sent thither by the enemy, who, fearful of your great talent, have a design upon your life. Keep a strict watch; be careful who are admitted to you, and eat nothing sent you as a present. I will not fail to send you assistance if you are in want of it. Whatever may be attempted, I have full reliance on your activity and judgment.

Your friend, the DUKE."

"From this place, the 16th of August, at four in the morning."

Sancho was astonished at this information, and the others appeared to be no less so: at length, turning to the steward, "I will tell you," said he, "the first thing to be done, which is to clap doctor Rezio into a dungeon; for if anybody has a design to kill me, it is he, and that by the lingering and worst of all deaths—starvation." "Be that as it may," said the steward, "it is my opinion your honor would do well to eat none of the meat here upon the table, for it was presented by some nuns, and it is a saying, 'The devil lurks behind the cross.'" "You are in the right," quoth Sancho, "and for the present give me only a piece of bread and some four pounds of grapes:—there can be no poison in them; for, in truth, I cannot live without food, and, if we must keep in readiness for these battles that threaten us, it is fit that we should be well-fed; for the guts uphold the heart, and the heart the belly. Do you, Mr. Secretary, answer the letter of my lord duke, and tell him his commands shall be obeyed throughout most faithfully; and present my dutiful respects to my lady duchess, and beg her not to forget to send a special messenger with my letter and bundle to my wife Teresa Panza, which I shall take as a particular favor, and will be her humble servant to the utmost of my power. And, by the way, you may put in my hearty service to my master Don Quixote de la Mancha, that he may see that I am neither forgetful nor ungrateful; and as to the rest, I leave it to you, as a good secretary and a true Biscainer, to add whatever you please, or that may turn to the best account. Now away with this cloth, and bring me something that may be eaten, and then let these spies, murderers, and enchanters see how they meddle with me or my island."

A page now entered, saying, "Here is a countryman who would speak with your lordship on business, as he says, of great importance." "It is very strange," quoth Sancho, "that these men of business

should be so silly as not to see that this is not a time for such matters. What! we who govern and are judges, belike, are not made of flesh and bones like other men? We are made of marble, stone, forsooth, and have no need of rest or refreshment!—Before God, and upon my conscience, if my government lasts, as I have a glimmering it will not, I shall hamper more than one of these men of business! Well, for this once, tell the fellow to come in:—but first see that he is no spy nor one of my murderers." "He looks, my lord, answered the page, "like a simple fellow; and I am much mistaken if he be not as harmless as a crust of bread." "Your worship need not fear," quoth the steward, "since we are with you." "But now that doctor Pedro Rezio is gone," quoth Sancho, "may I not have something to eat of substance and weight, though it were but a luncheon of bread and an onion?" "At night your honor shall have no cause to complain," quoth the sewer, "supper shall make up for the want of dinner." "God grant it may," replied Sancho.

The countryman, who was of a goodly presence, then came in, and it might be seen a thousand leagues off that he was an honest, good soul. "Which among you here is the lord governor?" said he. "Who should it be," answered the secretary, "but he who is seated in the chair?" "I humble myself in his presence," quoth the countryman, and kneeling down, he begged for his hand to kiss. Sancho refused it, and commanded him to rise and tell his business. The countryman did so, and said, "My lord, I am a husbandman, a native of Miguel Turra, two leagues from Ciudad Real." "What! another Tirteafuera?" quoth Sancho,—say on, brother, for let me tell you, I know Miguel Turra very well; it is not very far from my own village." "The business is this, sir," continued the peasant. "By the mercy of God, I was married in peace and in the face of the holy Catholic Roman Church. I have two sons, bred scholars; the youngest studies for bachelor, and the elder for licentiate. I am a widower,—for my wife died, or rather, a wicked physician killed her, by purging her when she was with child; and, if it had been God's will that the child had been born and had proved a son, I would have put him to study for doctor, that he might not envy his two brothers, the bachelor and licentiate." "So that if your wife," quoth Sancho, "had not died, or had not been killed, you had not been a widower!" "No, certainly, my lord, answered the peasant. "We are much the nearer," replied Sancho,—go on, friend; for this is an hour rather for bed than business." "I say then," quoth the countryman, "that my son who is to be the bachelor, fell in love with a damsel in the same village, called Clara Perlerino, daughter of Andres Perlerino, a very rich farmer, which name of Perlerino came not to them by lineal or any other descent, but because all of that race are paralytic; and to mend the name, they call them Perlerinos:—indeed, to say the truth, the damsel is like any oriental pearl, and, looked at on the right side, seems a very flower of the field; but on the left, not quite so fair, for on that side she wants an eye, which she lost by the small-pox; and though the pits in her face are many and deep, her admirers say they are not pits but graves, wherein the hearts of her lovers are buried. So clean and delicate, too, is she that, to prevent defiling her face, she carries her nose so hooked up that it seems to fly from her mouth: yet for all that she looks charmingly; for she has a large mouth; and, did she not lack half a score or a dozen front teeth and grinders, she might pass and make a figure among the fairest. I say nothing of her lips, for they are so thin that were it the fashion to reel lips, one might make a skein of them; but, being of a different color from what is usual in lips, they have a marvellous appearance, for they are streaked with blue, green, and orange-tawney. Pardon me, good my lord governor, if I paint so minutely the parts of her who is about to become my daughter; for, in truth, I love and admire her more than I can tell." "Paint what you will," quoth Sancho, "for I am mightily taken with the picture; and had I but dined, I would have desired no better dessert." "It shall be always at your service," replied the peasant, "and the time may come when we may be acquainted, though we are not so now; and I assure you, my lord, if I could but paint her genteel air, and the tallness of her person, you would be amazed: but that cannot be, because she is doubled and folded up together in such wise that her knees touch her mouth; yet you may see plainly that, could she but stand upright, her head, for certain, would touch the ceiling. In fine, long ere now would she have given her hand to my bachelor in marriage, but that she cannot stretch it out, it is so shrunk: nevertheless, her long guttered nails show the goodness of its make."

"So far, so good," quoth Sancho; "and now, brother, that you have painted her from head to foot, what is it you would be at? come to the point without so many windings and turnings." "What I desire, my lord," answered the countryman, "is, that your lordship would do me the favor to give me a letter of recommendation to her father, begging his consent to the match, since we are pretty equal in the gifts of fortune and of nature: for, to say the truth, my lord governor, my son is possessed, and scarcely a day passes in which the evil spirits do not torment him three or four times; and, having thereby once fallen into the fire, his face is as shrivelled as a piece of scorched parchment, and his eyes are somewhat bleared and running; but, bless him! he has the temper of an angel; and did he not buffet and belabor himself, he would be a very saint for gentleness." "Would you have anything else, honest friend?" said Sancho. "One thing more I would ask," quoth the peasant, "but that I dare not:—yet out it shall:—come what may, it shall not rot in my breast. I say then, my lord, I could wish your wo-

ship to give me three or six hundred ducats towards mending the fortunes of my bachelor,—I mean to assist in furnishing his house; for it is agreed they shall live by themselves, without being subject to the impertinences of their fathers-in-law." "Well," quoth Sancho, "see if there is any thing else you would have, and be not squeamish in asking." "No, nothing more," answered the peasant. The governor then rising, and seizing the chair on which he had been seated, exclaimed, "I vow to God, Don lubberly, saucy bumpkin, if you do not instantly get out of my sight, I will break your head with this chair! At this time of day to come and ask me for six hundred ducats! Where should I have them, stinkard! And if I had them, jibbing fool! why should I give them to thee? What care I for Miguel Turra, or for the whole race of the Perlerinos? Begone, I say, or by the life of my lord duke, I will be as good as my word. Thou art no native of Miguel Turra, but some scoffer sent from hell to tempt me. Impudent scoundrel! I have not yet had the government a day and a half, and you expect I should have six hundred ducats!" The sewer made signs to the countryman to go out of the hall, which he did, hanging down his head, and seemingly much afraid lest the governor should put his threat into execution; for the knave knew very well how to play his part.

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We left the great governor much out of humor from the provocation he had received from the picture-drawing knave of a peasant, who was one of the steward's instruments for executing the duke's projects upon Sancho. Nevertheless, simple, rough, and round as he was, he held out toughly against them all; and, addressing himself to those about him, among others the doctor, Pedro Rezio (who had returned after the private dispatch had been read), "I now plainly perceive," said he, "that judges and governors must, or ought to, be made of brass, to endure the importunities of your men of business, who, intent upon their own affairs alone, will take no denial, but must needs be heard at all hours and at all times; and if his poor lordship does not think fit to attend to them, either because he cannot, or because it is not a time for business, then, forsooth, they murmur and peck at him, rake up the ashes of his grandfather, and gnaw the very flesh from their bones. Men of business!—out upon them!—meddling, troublesome fools!—take the proper times and seasons for your affairs, and come not when men should eat and sleep! for judges are made of flesh and blood, and must give to their nature what nature requires; except, indeed, miserable I, who am forbidden to do so by mine, thanks to signor Pedro Rezio Tirteafuera, here present, who would have me die of hunger, and swears that this kind of dying is the only way to live!—God grant the same life to him, and all those of his tribe!—I mean quacks and impostors; for good physicians deserve palms and laurels." All who knew Sancho Panza were in admiration at his improved oratory, which they could not account for, unless it be that offices and weighty employments quicken and polish some men's minds, as they perplex and stupefy others.

At length the bowels of doctor Pedro Rezio de Tirteafuera relented, and he promised the governor he should sup that night, although it were in direct opposition to all the aphorisms of Hippocrates. With this promise his excellency was satisfied, and looked forward with great impatience to the hour of supper; and though time, as he thought, stood stock-still, yet the wished-for moment came at last, when messes of cow-beef, hashed with onions, and boiled calves' feet, somewhat of the stalest, were set before him. Nevertheless he laid about him with more relish than if they had given him Milan godwits, Roman pheasants, veal of Sorento, Partridges of Moron, or geese of Lavajos: and, in the midst of supper, turning to the doctor, "Look you, master doctor," said he, "never trouble yourself again to provide me your delicacies or your tit-bits; for they will only unhinge my stomach, which is accustomed to goats'-flesh, cow-beef, and bacon, with turnips and onions; and if you ply me with court kickshaws, it will only make my stomach queasy and loathing. However, if master sewer will now and then set before me one of those—how do you call them—olla podridas, which are a jumble of all sorts of good things, and to my thinking, the stronger they are the better they smack—but stuff them as you will, so it be but an eatable—I shall take it kindly, and will one day make you amends. So let nobody play their jests upon me, for either we are or we are not; and let us all live and eat together in peace and good friendship; for when God sends daylight, it is morning to all. I will govern this island, without either waiving right or pocketing bribe. So let every one keep a good look-out, and each mind his own business; for I would have them to know the devil is in the wind, and, if they put me upon it, they shall see wonders. Aye, aye, make yourselves honey, and the wasps will devour you." "Indeed, my lord governor," quoth the sewer, "your lordship is much in the right in all you have said; and I dare engage, in the name of all the inhabitants of this island, that they will serve your lordship with all punctuality, love, and good-will; for your gentle way of governing, from the very first, leaves us no room to do or think any thing to the disadvantage of your worship." "I believe as much," replied Sancho; "and they would be little better than fools if they did or thought otherwise; therefore, I tell you once again, it is my pleasure that you look well to me and my Dapple in the article of food; for that is the main point; and when the hour comes, we will go the round, as my intention is to clear this island of all manner of filth and rubbish, especially vagabonds, idlers and sharpers; for I would have you to know, friends, that your idle and lazy people in a commonwealth are like

drones in a beehive, which devour the honey that the laboring bees gather. My design is to protect the peasants, maintain the gentry in their privileges, reward virtue, and, above all, to have a special regard to religion, and the reverence due to holy men. What think you of this, my good friends? Do I say something, or do I crack my brains to no purpose?" "My lord governor speaks so well," replied the steward, "that I am all admiration to hear one devoid of learning, like your worship, utter so many notable things, so far beyond the expectation of your subjects or those who appointed you. But every day produces something new in the world; jests turn into earnest, and the biters are bit."

Now the morning dawned that succeeded the night of the governor's round; the remainder of which the sewer passed, not in sleep, but in pleasing thoughts of the lovely face and charming air of the disguised damsel; and the steward in writing an account to his lord and lady of the words and actions of the new governor, who appeared to him a marvelous mixture of ignorance and sagacity. His lordship being risen, they gave him, by order of Dr. Pedro Rezio, a little conserve, and four draughts of clear spring-water, which, however, he would gladly have exchanged for a luncheon of bread and a few grapes. But, seeing it was rather a matter of compulsion than choice, he submitted, although with much grief of heart and mortification of appetite: being assured by his doctor that spare and delicate food sharpened that acute judgment which was so necessary for persons in authority and high employment, where a brawny strength of body is much less needful than a vigorous understanding. By this sophistry Sancho was induced to struggle with hunger, while he inwardly cursed the government, and even him that gave it.

Nevertheless, on this fasting fare did the worthy magistrate attend to the administration of justice; and the first business that occurred on that day was an appeal to his judgment in a case which was thus stated by a stranger—the appellant: "My lord," said he, "there is a river which passes through the domains of a certain lord, dividing it into two parts —I beseech your honor to give me your attention, for it is a case of great importance, and some difficulty. I say, then, that upon this river there was a bridge, and, at one end of it, a gallows, and a kind of courthouse, where four judges sit to try, and pass sentence upon, those who are found to transgress a certain law, enacted by the proprietor, which runs thus: 'Whoever would pass over this bridge must first declare, upon oath, whence he comes, and upon what business he is going; and, if he swears the truth, he shall pass over; but, if he swears to a falsehood, he shall certainly die upon the gibbet there provided.' After this law was made known, many persons ventured over it, and the truth of what they swore being admitted, they were allowed freely to pass. But a man now comes demanding a passage over the bridge; and, on taking the required oath, he swears that he is going to be executed upon the gibbet before him, and that he has no other business. The judges deliberated, but would not decide. 'If we let this man pass freely,' said they, 'he will have sworn falsely, and, by the law, he ought to die; and, if we hang him, he will verify his oath, and he, having sworn the truth, ought to have passed unmolested, as the law ordains.' The case, my lord, is yet suspended, for the judges know not how to act, and therefore, having heard of your lordship's great wisdom and acuteness, they have sent me humbly to beseech your lordship, on their behalf, to give your opinion in so intricate and perplexing a case." "To deal plainly with you," said Sancho, "these gentlemen judges who sent you to me might have saved themselves and you the labor; for I have more of the blunt than the acute in me. However, let me hear your question once more, that I may understand it the better, and mayhap I may chance to hit the right nail on the head." The man accordingly told his tale once or twice more, and when he had done, the governor thus delivered his opinion: "To my thinking," said he, "this matter may be soon settled; and I will tell you how. The man, you say, swears he is going to die upon the gallows, and, if he is hanged, it would be against the law, because he swore the truth; and, if they do not hang him, why then he swore a lie, and ought to have suffered." "It is just as you say, my lord governor," said the messenger, "and nothing more is wanting to the right understanding of the case." "I say then," continued Sancho, "that they must let that part of the man pass that swore the truth, and hang the part that swore a lie, and thereby the law will be obeyed." "If so, my lord," replied the stranger, "the man must be divided into two parts; and if so, he will certainly die, and thus the law, which we are bound to observe, is in no respect complied with." "Harkee, honest man," said Sancho, "either I have no brains, or there is as much reason to put this passenger to death as to let him live, and pass the bridge; for, if the truth saves him, the lie also condemns him; and this being so, you may tell those gentlemen who sent you to me that, since the reasons for condemning and acquiting him are equal, they should let the man pass freely: for it is always more commendable to do good than to do harm; and this advice I would give you under my hand, if I could write. Nor do I speak thus of my own head, but on the authority of my master, Don Quixote, who, on the night before the day I came to govern this island, told me, among many other good things, that, when justice was doubtful, I should lean to the side of mercy; and God has been pleased to bring it to my mind in the present case, in which it comes pat to the purpose." "It does so," answered the steward; "and, for my part, I think Lycurgus himself, who gave laws to the Lacedæmonians, could not have decided more wisely than the great Panza has just

done. And now let the business of the court cease for this morning, and I will give orders that my lord governor shall dine to-day much to his satisfaction." "That," quoth Sancho, "is what I desire; give us fair play, feed us well, and then let cases and questions rain upon me ever so thick, I will dispatch them in a trice."

The steward was as good as his word, for it would have gone much against his conscience to starve so excellent a governor; besides, he intended to come to a conclusion with him that very night, and to play off the last trick he had in commission.

It is vain to expect uniformity in the affairs of this life; the whole seems rather to be in a course of perpetual change. The seasons from year to year run in their appointed circle, spring is succeeded by summer, summer by autumn, and autumn by winter, which is again followed by the season of renovation; and thus they perform their everlasting round. But man's mortal career has no such renewal; from infancy to age it hastens onward to its end, and to the beginning of that state which has neither change nor termination. Such are the reflections of Cid Hamete, the Mahometan philosopher; for many, by a natural sense, without the light of faith, have discovered the changeful uncertainty of our present condition, and the eternal duration of that which is to come. In this place, however, our author alludes only to the instability of Sancho's fortune, and the brief duration of his government, which so suddenly expired, dissolved, and vanished like a dream.

The governor, being in bed on the seventh night of his administration, not sated with bread nor wine, but with sitting in judgment, deciding causes, and making statutes and proclamations; and just at the moment when sleep, in despite of hunger, was closing his eyelids, he heard such a noise of bells and voices that he verily thought the whole island had been sinking. He started up in his bed, and listened with great attention, to find out, if possible, the cause of so alarming an uproar; but far from discovering it, his confusion aud terror were only augmented by the din of an infinite number of trumpets and drums being added to the former noises. Quitting his bed, he put on his slippers, on account of the damp floor; but, without night-gown, or other apparel, he opened his chamber door, and saw more than twenty persons coming along a gallery with lighted torches in their hands, and their swords drawn, all crying aloud, "Arm, arm, my lord governor, arm!—a world of enemies are got into the island, and we are undone forever, if your conduct and valor do not save us." Thus advancing with noise and disorder, they came up to where Sancho stood, astonished and stupefied with what he heard and saw. "Arm yourself quickly, my lord," said one of them, "unless you would be ruined, and the whole island with you." "What have I to do with arming," replied Sancho, "who know nothing of arms or fighting? It were better to leave these matters to my master, Don Quixote, who will dispatch them and secure us in a trice; for, as I am a sinner to God, I understand nothing at all of these hurlyburlies." "How! signor governor?" said another; "what faint-heartedness is this! Here we bring you arms and weapons —harness yourself, my lord, and come forth to the market-place, and be our leader and our captain, which, as governor, you ought to be" "Why then arm me, in God's name," replied Sancho: and instantly they brought two large old targets, which they had provided for the occasion, and, without allowing him to put on other garments, clapped them over his shirt, the one before, and the other behind. They thrust his arms through holes they had made in them, and bound them so fast together with cords that the poor commander remainder cased and boarded up as stiff and straight as a spindle, without power to bend his knees, or stir a single step. They then put a lance into his hand, upon which he leaned to keep himself up; and, thus accoutred, they desired him to lead on and animate his people; for he being their north-pole, their lantern, and their morning star, their affairs could not fail to have a prosperous issue. "How should I march—wretch that I am!" said the governor, "when I cannot stir a joint between these boards, that press into my flesh? Your only way is to carry me in your arms and lay me athwart, or set me upright, at some gate, which I will maintain either with my lance or my body." "Fie, signor governor!" said another, "it is more fear, than the targets, that hinders your marching. Hasten and exert yourself, for time advances, the enemy pours in upon us, and every moment increases our danger."

The unfortunate governor, thus urged and upbraided, made efforts to move, and down he fell with such violence that he thought every bone had been broken, and there he lay, like a tortoise in his shell, or like a flitch of bacon packed between two boards, or like a boat on the sands, keel upwards. Though they saw his disaster, those jesting rogues had no compassion: on the contrary, putting out their torches, they renewed the alarm, and, with terrible noise and precipitation, trampling over his body, and bestowing numerous blows upon the targets, insomuch that, if he had not contrived to shelter his head between the bucklers, it had gone hard with the poor governor, who, pent up within his narrow lodging, and sweating with fear, prayed, from the bottom of his heart, for deliverance from that horrible situation. Some kicked him, others stumbled and fell over him, and one among them jumped upon his body, and there stood as on a watch-tower, issuing his orders to the troops. "There, boys, there! that way the enemy chargest thickest; defend that breach; secure yon gate; down with those scaling-ladders; this way with your kettles of melted pitch, resin, and flaming oil; quick, fly!—get woolpacks and barricade the streets!" In short, he called for all the instruments of death, and every thing

employed in the defence of a city besieged and stormed. All this while Sancho, pressed and battered, lay and heard what was passing, and often said to himself, "Oh that it would please the Lord that this island were but taken, and I could see myself, either dead or delivered out of this devil's den!" Heaven at last heard his prayers, and, when least expecting it, he was cheered with shouts of triumph. "Victory! victory!" they cried; "the enemy is routed! Rise, signor governor, enjoy the conquest, and divide the spoils taken from the foe by the valor of that invincible arm!" "Raise me up," quoth Sancho, in a woeful tone; and when they had placed him upon his legs, he said: "All the enemies I have routed may be nailed to my forehead. I will divide no spoils; but I beg and entreat some friend, if I have any, to give me a draft of wine to keep me from choking with thirst, and help me to dry up this sweat; for I am almost turned into water." They untied the targets, wiped him, and brought him wine; and, when seated upon his bed, such had been his fatigue, agony, and terror, that he fainted away. Those concerned in the joke were now sorry they had laid it on so heavily; but were consoled on seeing him recover. He asked them what time it was, and they told him it was daybreak. He said no more, but proceeded, in silence, to put on his clothes; while the rest looked on, curious to know what were his intentions.

At length, having put on his clothes, which he did slowly, and with much difficulty, from his bruises, he bent his way to the stable, followed by all present, and going straight to Dapple, he embraced him, and gave him a kiss of peace on his forehead. "Come hither," said he, with tears in his eyes, "my friend, and the partner of my fatigues and miseries. When I consorted with thee, and had no other care but mending thy furniture, and feeding that little carcase of thine, happy were my hours, my days, and my years; but since I forsook thee, and mounted the towers of ambition and pride, a thousand toils, a thousand torments, and four thousand tribulations, have seized and worried my soul." While he thus spoke, he fixed the pannel upon his ass without interruption from anybody; and, when he had done, with great difficulty and pain he got upon him, and said to the steward, the secretary, the doctor Pedro Rezio, and many others who were present, "Make way, gentlemen, make way, and let me return to my ancient liberty; let me seek the life I have left, that I may rise again from this grave. I was not born to be a governor, nor to defend islands nor cities from enemies that break in upon them. I understand better how to plough and dig, to plant and prune vines, than to make laws, and take care of provinces or kingdoms. Saint Peter is well at Rome: —I mean to say that nothing becomes a man so well as the employment he was born for. In my hand, a sickle is better than a sceptre. I had rather have my belly-full of my own poor porridge, than be mocked with dainties by an officious doctor, who would kill me with hunger; I had rather lay under the shade of an oak in summer, and wrap myself in a jerkin of double sheep-skin in winter, at my liberty, than lay me down under the slavery of a government, between Holland sheets, and be robed in fine sables. God be with you, gentlefolks; tell my lord duke that naked was I born, and naked I am; I neither win nor lose; for without a penny came I to this government, and without a penny do I leave it—all governors cannot say the like. Make way, gentlemen, I beseech you, that I may go and plaster myself, for I verily believe all my ribs are broken—thanks to the enemies who have been trampling over me all night long."

"It must not be so, signor governor," said the doctor; "for I will give your lordship a balsamic draught, good against all kinds of bruises, that shall presently restore you to your former health and vigor; and as to your food, my lord, I promise to amend that, and let you eat abundantly of whatever you desire." "Your promises come too late, Mr. Doctor," quoth Sancho; "I will as soon turn Turk as remain here. These tricks are not to be played twice—'Fore God, I will no more hold this, nor any other government, though it were served up to me in a covered dish, than I will fly to heaven without wings. I am of the race of the Panzas, who are made of stubborn stuff; and if they once cry, Odd! —odds, it shall be, come of it what will. Here will I leave the pismire's wings that raised me aloft to be pecked at by marlets and other small birds; and be content to walk upon plain ground, with a plain foot; for though it be not adorned with pinked Cordovan shoes, it will not want for hempen sandals. Every sheep with its like; stretch not your feet beyond your sheet; so let me be gone, for it grows late." "Signor governor," said the steward, "we would not presume to hinder your departure, although we are grieved to lose you, because of your wise and Christian conduct: but your lordship knows that every governor, before he lays down his authority, is bound to render an account of his administration. Be pleased, my lord, to do so, for the time which you have been among us; then, peace be with you." "Nobody can require that of me," replied Sancho, "but my lord duke; to him I go, and to him I shall give a fair and square account; though, in going away naked, as I do, there needs nothing more to show that I have governed like an angel." "Before God," said doctor Pedro Rezio, "the great Sancho is in the right, and I am of the opinion we should let him go; for without doubt, his highness will be glad to see him." They all agreed, therefore, that he should be allowed to depart, and also offered to attend him and provide him with whatever was necessary, or convenient, for his journey. Sancho told them he wanted only a little barley for Dapple, and half a cheese and half a loaf for himself; that having so short a distance to travel, nothing more would be

needful. Hereupon, they all embraced him, which kindness he returned with tears in his eyes, and he left them in admiration both of his good sense and unalterable firmness.

CHILDREN.

JEAN PAUL FRIEDRICH RICHTER.

The inner man, like the negro, is born white, but is coloured black by life. In advanced age the grandest moral examples pass by us, and our life-course is no more altered by them than the earth is by a flitting comet; but in childhood the first object that excites the sentiment of love or of injustice, flings broad and deep its light or shadow over the coming years; and as, according to ancient theologians, it was only the first sin of Adam, not his subsequent ones, which descended to us by inheritance, so that since the One Fall we make the rest for ourselves, in like manner the first fall and the first ascent influence the whole life.

HOW CHILDREN LEARN TO WORSHIP.

Sublimity is the staircase to the temple of religion, as the stars are to immensity. When the vast is manifested in nature, as in a storm, thunder the starry firmament, death, then utter the name of God before your child. Signal calamity, rare success, a great crime, a noble action, are the spots upon which to erect the child's tabernacle of worship.

Always exhibit before children, even upon the borders of the holy land of religion, solemn and devout emotions. These will extend to them, unveiling at length the object by which they are excited, though at the beginning they are awe-struck with you, not knowing wherefore. Newton, who uncovered his head when the greatest name was pronounced, thus became, without words, a teacher of religion to children.

Instead of carrying children frequently to public worship, I should prefer simply to conduct them upon great days in nature or in human life into the empty church, and there show them the holy place of adults. To this I might add twilight, night, the organ, the hymn, the priest, exhortation; and so by a mere walk through the building, a more serious impression might remain in their young hearts than after a whole year of common church routine. Let every hour in which their hearts are consecrated to religion, be to them as absorbing as that in which they partake for the first time of the Lord's Supper.

Let the Protestant child show reverence to the Catholic images of saints by the roadside—the same as to the ancient Druidical oak of his ancestors. Let him as lovingly accept different forms of religion among men, as different languages, wherein there is still but one human mind expressed. Every genius has most power in his own tongue, and every heart in its own religion.

SUSCEPTIBILITY OF THE SENSES.

Who has not felt with me, that frequently a rural nosegay, which was our delight when we were children in the village, through its old fragrance produces for us in cities, in the advanced years of manhood, an indescribably rapturous return to godlike childhood, and like a flowery divinity wafts us upward to the first encircling aurora-cloud of our earliest obscure sensations. But could such a remembrance so forcibly surprise us, were not the child's perception of flowers most powerful and interior?

JOYOUSNESS.

How should it be otherwise? I can bear a melancholy man, but never a melancholy child. Into whatever quagmire the former sinks, he may raise his eyes either to the realm of reason or to that of hope; but the little child sinks and perishes in a single black poison-drop of the present time. Only imagine a child conducted to the scaffold—Cupid in a German coffin—or fancy a butterfly crawling like a caterpillar with his four wings pulled off, and you will feel what I mean.

TOYS.

You need not surround your children, like those of the nobility, with a little world of turner's toys. Let their eggs be white, not figured and painted; they can dress them out of their own imaginations. On the contrary, the older man grows, the larger reality appears. The fields which glisten for the young with the morning dew of love's brightness, chill the gray half-blind old man with heavy evening damps, and at last he requires an entire world, even the second, barely to live in.

TRUTH.

Truthfulness is not so much a branch as a blossom of moral, manly strength. The weak, whether they will or not, must lie. As respects children, for the first five years they utter neither truth nor falsehood — they only speak. Their talk is thinking aloud; and as one half of their thought is often an affirmative, and the other a negative, and, unlike us, both escape from them, they seem to lie, while they are only talking with themselves. Besides, at first they love to sport with their new art of speech; and so talk nonsense merely to hear themselves. Often they do not understand your question, and give an erroneous, rather than a false reply. We may ask, besides, whether, when children seem to imagine and falsify, they are not often relating their remembered dreams, which necessarily blend in them with actual experience.

Children everywhere fly on the warm, sunny side of hope. They say, when the bird or the dog has escaped from them, without any reason for the expectation—"he will come back again soon." And since they are incapable of distinguishing hope, that is, imagination, from reflection or truth, their self-delusion consequently assumes the appearance of

falsehood. For instance, a truthful little girl described to me various appearances of a Christ child, telling what it had said and done. In all those cases in which we do not desire to mirror before the child the black image of a lie, it is sufficient to say, "Be sober, have done with play."

Finally, we must distinguish between untruths relating to the future and the past. We do not attribute to a grown man who breaks his word in reference to some future performance, that blackness of perjury which we charge on him who falsifies what has been already done; so with children, before whose brief vision time, like space, is immeasurable, and who are as unable to look through a day, as we through a year, we should widely separate untruthfulness of promise from untruthfulness of assertion. Truth is a divine blossom upon an earthly root; of course, it is in time not the earliest, but the latest virtue.

REVERENCE FOR LIFE.

Only place all life before the child as within the realm of humanity, and thus the greater reveals to him the less. Put life and soul into everything; describe to him even the lily, which he would pull up as an unorganized thing, as the daughter of a slender mother, standing in her garden-bed, from whom her little white offspring derives nutriment and moisture. And let not this be done to excite an empty enervated habit of pity, a sort of inoculation-hospital for foreign pains, but from the religious cultivation of reverence for life, the God all-moving in the tree top and the human brain. The love of animals, like maternal affections, has this advantage, that it is disinterested and claims no return, and can also at every moment find an object and an opportunity for its exercise.

THE SKY.

JOHN RUSKIN.

It is a strange thing how little, in general, people know about the sky. It is the part of creation in which Nature has done more for the sake of pleasing man, more for the sole and evident purpose of talking to him and teaching him, than in any other of her works; and it is just the part in which we least attend to her. There are not many of her other works in which some more material or essential purpose than the mere pleasing of man is not answered by every part of their organization; but every essential purpose of the sky might, so far as we know, be answered if, once in three days or thereabouts, a great, ugly, black rain-cloud were brought up over the blue, and everything well watered, and so all left blue again till next time, with, perhaps, a film of morning and evening mist for dew. And, instead of this, there is not a moment of any day of our lives when Nature is not producing, scene after scene, picture after picture, glory after glory, and working still upon such exquisite and constant principles of the most perfect beauty, that it is quite certain that it is all done for us, and intended for our perpetual pleasure. And every man, wherever placed, however far from other sources of interest or of beauty, has this doing for him constantly. The noblest scenes of the earth ca be seen and known but by few; it is not intended that man should live always in the midst of them; he injures them by his presence; he ceases to feel them if he be always with them. But the sky is for all; bright as it is, it is not 'too bright or good for human nature's daily food;' it is fitted, in all its functions, for the perpetual comfort and exalting of the heart; for the soothing it, and purifying it from its dross and dust. Sometimes gentle, sometimes capricious, sometimes awful; never the same for two moments together; almost human in its passions, almost spiritual in its tenderness, almost Divine in its infinity, its appeal to what is immortal in us is as distinct as its ministry of chastisement or of blessing to what is mortal is essential. And yet we never attend to it; we never make it a subject of thought, but as it has to do with our animal sensations; we look upon all by which it speaks to us more clearly than to brutes, upon all which bears witness to the intention of the Supreme, that we are to receive more from the covering vault than the light and the dew which we share with the weed and the worm, only as a succession of meaningless and monotonous accidents, too common and too vain to be worthy of a moment of watchfulness or a glance of admiration. If, in our moments of utter idleness and insipidity, we turn to the sky as a last resource, which of its phenomena do we speak of? One says it has been wet, and another it has been windy, and another it has been warm. Who, among the whole chattering crowd, can tell me of the forms and precipices of the chain of tall white mountains that gilded the horizon at noon yesterday? Who saw the narrow sunbeam that came out of the south, and smote upon their summits, until they melted and mouldered away in a dust of blue rain? Who saw the dance of the dead clouds, when the sunlight left them last night, and the west wind blew them before it, like withered leaves? All has passed unregretted or unseen or, if the apathy be ever shaken off, even for an instant, it is only by what is gross or what is extraordinary; and yet it is not in the broad and fierce manifestations of the elemental energies, not in the clash of the hail, nor the drift of the whirlwind, that the highest characters of the sublime are developed. God is not in the earthquake nor in the fire, but in the still small voice. They are but the blunt and the low faculties of our nature, which can only be addressed through lampblack and lightning. It is in quiet and subdued passages of unobtrusive majesty; the deep, and the calm, and the perpetual; that which must be sought ere it is seen, and loved ere it is understood; things which the angels work out for us daily, and yet vary eternally, which are never

wanting, and never repeated; which are to be found always, yet each found but once. It is through these that the lesson of devotion is chiefly taught and the blessing of beauty given.

THE STRUGGLE OF LIFE,

WM. M. THACKERAY.

Is a man very wrong for being after all only a man? Which is the most reasonable, and does his duty best: he who stands aloof from the struggle of life, calmly contemplating it, or he who descends to the ground, and takes his part in the contest? "That philosopher," Pen said, "had held a great place amongst the leaders of the world, and enjoyed to the full what it had to give of rank and riches, renown and pleasure, who came, weary-hearted, out of it, and said that all was vanity and vexation of spirit. Many a teacher of those whom we reverence, and who steps out of his carriage up to his carved cathedral place, shakes his lawn ruffles over the velvet cushion, and cries out that the whole struggle is an accursed one, and the works of the world are evil. Many a conscience-stricken mystic flies from it altogether, and shuts himself out from it within convent walls (real or spiritual), whence he can only look up to the sky, and contemplate the heaven out of which there is no rest, and no good.

But the earth, where our feet are, is the work of the same Power as the immeasurable blue yonder, in which the future lies into which we would peer. Who ordered toil as the condition of life, ordered weariness, ordered sickness, ordered poverty, failure, success—to this man a foremost place, to the other a nameless struggle with the crowd—to that a shameful fall, or paralyzed limb, or sudden accident—to each some work upon the ground he stands on, until he is laid beneath it." While they were talking, the dawn came shining through the windows of the room, and Pen threw them open to receive the fresh morning air. "Look, George," said he; "look and see the sun rise: he sees the laborer on his way to a field; the work-girl plying her poor needle; the lawyer at his desk, perhaps; the beauty smiling asleep upon her pillow of down; or the jaded reveler reeling to bed; or the fevered patient tossing on it; or the doctor watching by it, over the throes of the mother for the child that is to be born into the world:—to be born and to take his part in the suffering and struggling, the tears and laughter, the crime, remorse, love, folly, sorrow, rest."

THE FAIR AND HAPPY MILKMAID.

SIR THOMAS OVERBURY.

The fair and happy milkmaid is a country wench that is so far from making herself beautiful by art, that one look of hers is able to put all *face-physic* out of countenance. She knows a fair look is but a dumb orator to commend virtue, therefore minds it not. All her excellences stand in her so silently, as if they had stolen upon her without her knowledge. The lining of her apparel, which is herself, is far better than outsides of tissue; for though she be not arrayed in the spoil of the silk-worm, she is decked in innocence, a far better wearing. She doth not, with lying long in bed, spoil both her complexion and conditions: nature hath taught her, too, immoderate sleep is rust to the soul; she rises, therefore, with Chanticleer, her dame's cock, and at night makes the lamb her curfew. In milking a cow, and straining the teats through her fingers, it seems that so sweet a milk-press makes the milk whiter or sweeter; for never came almond-glore or aromatic ointment on her palm to taint it. The golden ears of corn fall and kiss her feet when she reaps them, as if they wished to be bound and led prisoners by the same hand that felled them. Her breath is her own, which scents, all the year long, of June, like a new-made haycock. She makes her hand hard with labor, and her heart soft with pity; and when winter evenings fall early, sitting at her merry wheel, she bids defiance to the giddy wheel of fortune. She doth all things with so sweet a grace, it seems ignorance will not suffer her to do ill, being her mind is to do well. She bestows her year's wages at next fair, and in choosing her garments, counts no bravery in the world like decency. The garden and beehive are all her physic and surgery, and she lives the longer for it. She dares go alone, and unfold sheep in the night, and fears no manner of ill, because she means none; yet, to say truth, she is never alone, but is still accompanied with old songs, honest thoughts and prayers, but short ones; yet they have their efficacy, in that they are not appalled with ensuing idle cogitations. Lastly, her dreams are so chaste, that she dare tell them; only a Friday's dream is all her superstition; that she conceals for fear of anger. Thus lives she, and all her care is, she may die in the spring-time, to have store of flowers stuck upon her winding-sheet.

WIT THE FLAVOR OF THE MIND.

SIDNEY SMITH.

When wit is combined with sense and information; when it is softened by benevolence and restrained by principle; when it is in the hands of a man who can use it and despise it—who can be witty and something more than witty—who loves honor, justice, decency, good-nature, morality, and religion ten thousand times better than wit—wit is then a beautiful and delightful part of our nature. Genuine and innocent wit like this is surely the flavor of the mind. Man could direct his ways by plain reason, and support his life by tasteless food; but God has given us wit, and flavor, and brightness, and laughter, and perfumes, to enliven the days of man's pilgrimage, and to charm his pained steps over the burning marl.

CONQUEST OF JERUSALEM BY THE CRUSADERS.

EWD. GIBBON—"DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE."

Jerusalem has derived some reputation from the number and importance of her memorable sieges. It was not till after a long and obstinate contest that Babylon and Rome could prevail against the obstinacy of the people, the craggy ground that might supersede the necessity of fortifications, and the walls and towers that would have fortified the most accessible plain. These obstacles were diminished in the age of the crusades. The bulwarks had been completely destroyed and imperfectly restored: the Jews, their nation and worship, were forever banished; but nature is less changeable than man, and the site of Jerusalem, though somewhat softened and somewhat removed, was still strong against the assaults of an enemy. By the experience of a recent siege, and a three years' possession, the Saracens of Egypt had been taught to discern, and in some degree to remedy, the defects of a place which religion as well as honor forbade them to resign. Aladin, of Iftikhar, the caliph's lieutenant, was entrusted with the defence; his policy strove to restrain the native Christians by the dread of their own ruin and that of the holy sepulchre; to animate the Moslems by the assurance of temporal and eternal rewards. His garrison is said to have consisted of forty thousand Turks and Arabians; and if he could muster twenty thousand of the inhabitants, it must be confessed that the besieged were more numerous than the besieging army. Had the diminished strength and numbers of the Latins allowed them to grasp the whole circumference of four thousand yards—about two English miles and a half—to what useful purpose should they have descended into the valley of Ben Himmon and torrent of Cedron, or approached the precipices of the south and east, from whence they had nothing either to hope or fear? Their siege was more reasonably directed against the northern and western sides of the city. Godfrey, of Bouillon, erected his standard on the first swell of Mount Calvary, to the left, as far as St. Stephen's gate, the line of attack was continued by Tancred and the two Roberts; and Count Raymond established his quarters from the citadel to the foot of Mount Sion, which was no longer included within the precincts of the city. On the fifth day the crusaders made a general assault, in the fanatic hope of battering down the walls without engines, and of scaling them without ladders. By the dint of brutal force, they burst the first barrier, but they were driven back with shame and slaughter to the camp: the influence of vision and prophecy was deadened by the too frequent abuse of those pious stratagems, and time and labor were found to be the only means of victory. The time of the siege was indeed fulfilled in forty days, but they were forty days of calamity and anguish. A repetition of the old complaint of famine may be imputed in some degree to the voracious or disorderly appetite of the Franks, but the stony soil of Jerusalem is almost destitute of water; the scanty springs and hasty torrents were dry in the summer season; nor was the thirst of the besiegers relieved, as in the city, by the artificial supply of cisterns and aqueducts. The circumjacent country is equally destitute of trees for the uses of shade or building, but some large beams were discovered in a cave by the crusaders: a wood near Sichem, the enchanted grove of Tasso, was cut down: the necessary timber was transported to the camp by the vigor and dexterity of Tancred; and the engines were framed by some Genoese artists, who had fortunately landed in the harbor of Jaffa. Two movable turrets were constructed at the expense and in the stations of the Duke of Lorraine and the Count of Tholouse, and rolled forwards with devout labor, not to the most accessible, but to the most neglected parts of the fortification. Raymond's tower was reduced to ashes by the fire of the besieged, but his colleague was more vigilant and successful; the enemies were driven by his archers from the rampart; the drawbridge was let down; and on a Friday, at three in the afternoon, the day and hour of the Passion, Godfrey, of Bouillon, stood victorious on the walls of Jerusalem. His example was followed on every side by the emulation of valor; and about four hundred and sixty years after the conquest of Omar, the holy city was rescued from the Mohammedan yoke. In the pillage of public and private wealth, the adventurers had agreed to respect the exclusive property of the first occupant; and the spoils of the great mosque—seventy lamps and massy vases of gold and silver—rewarded the diligence and displayed the generosity of Tancred. A bloody sacrifice was offered by his mistaken votaries to the God of the Christians: resistance might provoke, but neither age nor sex could mollify their implacable rage; they indulged themselves three days in a promiscuous massacre, and the infection of the dead bodies produced an epidemical disease. After seventy thousand Moslems had been put to the sword, and the harmless Jews had been burnt in their synagogue, they could still reserve a multitude of captives whom interest or lassitude persuaded them to spare. Of these savage heroes of the cross, Tancred alone betrayed some sentiments of compassion; yet we may praise the more selfish lenity of Raymond, who granted a capitulation and safe-conduct to the garrison of the citadel. The holy sepulchre was now free; and the bloody victors prepared to accomplish their vow. Bareheaded and barefoot, with contrite hearts, and in a humble posture, they ascended the hill of Calvary amidst the loud anthems of the clergy; kissed the stone which had covered the Saviour of the world, and bedewed with tears of joy and penitence the monument of their redemption.

FEAR.—The religion of personal fear remains nearly at the level of the savage.

THE WIFE OF BATH.

GOEFFREY CHAUCER—"CANTERBURY TALES."

In days of old, when Arthur fill'd the throne,
Whose acts and fame to foreign lands were blown;
The king of elfs and little fairy queen
Gamboll'd on heaths, and danced on every green;
And where the jolly troop had led the round,
The grass unbidden rose, and mark'd the ground:
Nor darkling did they dance, the silver light
Of Phœbe served to guide their steps aright,
And with their tripping pleased, prolong the night.
Her beams they follow'd, where at full she play'd,
No longer than she shed her horns they staid,
From thence with airy flight to foreign lands convey'd.
Above the rest our Britain held they dear,
More solemnly they kept their Sabbaths here,
And made more spacious rings, and revell'd half the year.
I speak of ancient times, for now the swain
Returning late may pass the woods in vain,
And never hope to see the nightly train:
In vain the dairy now with mints is dress'd,
The dairy-maid expects no fairy guest,
To skim the bowls, and after pay the feast.
She sighs, and shakes her empty shoes in vain,
No silver penny to reward her pain:
For priests with prayers, and other godly gear,
Have made the merry goblins disappear;
And where they play'd their merry pranks before
Have sprinkled holy water on the floor:
And friars that through the wealthy regions run,
(Thick as the motes that twinkle in the sun,)
Resort to farmers rich, and bless their halls,
And exorcise the beds, and cross the walls:
This makes the fairy choirs forsake the place,
When once 'tis hallow'd with the rites of grace:
But in the walks where wicked elves have been,
The learning of the parish now is seen:
The midnight parson posting o'er the green
With gown tuck'd up to wakes; for Sunday next,
With humming ale encouraging his text;
Nor wants the holy leer to country-girl betwixt.
From fiends and imps he sets the village free,
There haunts not any incubus but he.
The maids and women need no danger fear
To walk by night, and sanctity so near:
For by some haycock, or some shady thorn,
He tells his beads both even-song and morn.
It so befell in this King Arthur's reign,
A lusty knight was pricking o'er the plain;
A bachelor he was, and of the courtly train.
It happen'd as he rode, a damsel gay
In russet-robes to market took her way:
Soon on the girl he cast an amorous eye,
So straight she walk'd, and on her pasterns high:
If seeing her behind he liked her pace,
Now turning short, he better likes her face.
He lights in haste, and, full of youthful fire,
By force accomplish'd his obscene desire:
This done, away he rode, not unespied,
For swarming at his back the country cried:
And once in view they never lost the sight,
But seized, and pinion'd brought to court the knight.
Then courts of kings were held in high renown,
Ere made the common brothels of the town:
There, virgins honorable vows received,
But chaste as maids in monasteries lived;
The king himself, to nuptial ties a slave,
No bad example to his poets gave:
And they, not bad, but in a vicious age,
Had not, to please the prince, debauch'd the stage.
Now, what should Arthur do? He loved the knight,
But sovereign monarchs are the source of right:
Moved by the damsel's tears and common cry,
He doomed the brutal ravisher to die.
But fair Geneura rose in his defence,
And pray'd so hard for mercy from the prince,
That to his queen the king the offender gave,
And left it in her power to kill or save:
This gracious act the ladies all approve,
Who thought it much a man should die for love;
And with their mistress join'd in close debate,
(Covering their kindness with dissembled hate;)
If not to free him to prolong his fate.
At last agreed, they call'd him by consent
Before the queen and female parliament;
And the fair speaker, rising from the chair,
Did thus the judgment of the house declare:
Sir knight, though I have ask'd thy life, yet still
Thy destiny depends upon my will:
Nor hast thou other surety than the grace
Not due to thee from our offended race.
But as our kind is of a softer mould,
And cannot blood without a sigh behold,
I grant thee life: reserving still the power
To take the forfeit when I see my hour:
Unless thy answer to my next demand
Shall set thee free from our avenging hand.
The question, whose solution I require,
Is—What the sex of women most desire?—
In this dispute thy judges are at strife;
Beware; for on thy wit depends thy life.
Yet, (lest, surprised, unknowing what to say,
Thou damn thyself,) we give thee farther day:
A year is thine to wander at thy will;
And learn from others, if thou want'st the skill.
But, not to hold our proffer'd turn in scorn,
Good sureties will we have for thy return;
That, at the time prefix'd, thou shalt obey,
And, at thy pledge's peril keep thy day.
Woe was the knight at this severe command,
But well he knew 'twas bootless to withstand;
The terms accepted, as the fair ordain,
He put in bail for his return again,
And promised answer at the day assign'd,
The best, with heaven's assistance, he could find.
His leave thus taken, on his way he went

EXPECTATION.

With heavy heart, and full of discontent,
Misdoubting much, and fearful of the event.
'Twas hard the truth of such a point to find,
As was not yet agreed among the kind.
Thus on he went; still anxious more and more,
Ask'd all he met, and knock'd at every door;
Inquired of men; but made his chief request
To learn from women what they loved the best.
They answer'd, each according to her mind,
To please herself, not all the female kind.
One was for wealth, another was for place;
Crones, old and ugly, wish'd a better face.
The widow's wish was, often-times, to wed;
The wanton maids were all for sport abed.
Some said the sex were pleased with handsome lies,
And some gross flattery loved without disguise:
Truth is, says one, he seldom fails to win
Who flatters well, for that's our darling sin.
But long attendance, and a duteous mind,
Will work even with the wisest of the kind.
One thought the sex's prime felicity
Was from the bonds of wedlock to be free:
Their pleasures, hours, and actions all their own,
And uncontroll'd to give account to none.
Some with a husband fool; but such are cursed,
For fools perverse of husbands are the worst:
All women would be counted chaste and wise,
Nor should our spouses see, but with our eyes;
For fools will prate; and though they want the wit
To find close faults, yet open blots will hit:
Though better for their ease to hold their tongue,
For woman-kind was never in the wrong.
So noise ensus, and quarrels last for life;
The wife abhors the fool, the fool the wife.
And some men say, that great delight have we,
To be for truth extoll'd, and secrecy:
And constant in one purpose still to dwell;
And not our husband's counsels to reveal.
But that's a fable: for our sex is frail,
Inventing rather than not tell a tale.
Like leaky sieves no secrets we can hold:
Witness the famous tale that Ovid told.

Midas, the king, as in his book appears,
By Phœbus was endow'd with asses' ears,
Which under his long locks he well conceal'd,
(As monarchs' vices must not be reveal'd)
For fear the people have 'em in the wind,
Who long ago were neither dumb nor blind:
Nor apt to think from Heaven their title springs,
Since Jove and Mars left off begetting kings.
This Midas knew; and durst communicate
To none but to his wife, his ears of state:
One must be trusted, and he thought her fit,
As passing prudent, and a parlous wit.
To this sagacious confessor he went,
And told her what a gift the gods had sent:
But told it under matrimonial seal,
With strict injunction never to reveal.
The secret heard, she plighted him her troth,
(And sacred sure is every woman's oath)
The royal malady should rest unknown,
Both for her husband's honor and her own;
But ne'ertheless she pined with discontent;
The counsel rumbled till it found a vent.
The thing she knew, she was obliged to hide;
By interest and by oath the wife was tied;
But, if she told it not, the woman died.
Loth to betray a husband and a prince,
But she must burst, or blab, and no pretence
Of honor tied her tongue from self-defence.
A marshy ground commodiously was near,
Thither she ran, and held her breath for fear,
Lest if a word she spoke of any thing,
That word might be the secret of the king.
Thus full of counsel to the fen she went,
Griped all the way, and longing for a vent;
Arrived, by pure necessity compell'd,
On her majestic marrow-bones she kneel'd:
Then to the water's brink she laid her head,
And, as a bittern bumps within a reed,
To thee alone, O lake, she said, I tell,
(And, as thy queen, command thee to conceal,)
Beneath his locks, the king, my husband, wears
A goodly royal pair of asses' ears!—
Now I have eased my bosom of the pain,
Till the next longing fit return again.

Thus through a woman was the secret known;
Tell us, and in effect you tell the town.
But to my tale:—The knight with heavy cheer,
Wand'ring in vain, had now consumed the year:
One day was only left to solve the doubt,
Yet knew no more than when he first set out.
But home he must, and as the award had been,
Yield up his body captive to the queen.
In this despairing state he happ'd to ride,
As fortune led him, by a forest side:
Lonely the vale, and full of horror stood,
Brown with the shade of a religious wood:
When full before him at the noon of night,
(The moon was up, and shot a gleamy light,)
He saw a choir of ladies in a round
That featly footing seem'd to skim the ground:
Thus dancing hand in hand, so light they were,
He knew not where they trod, on earth or air.
At speed he drove, and came a sudden guest,
In hope where many women were, at least
Some one, by chance, might answer his request.
But faster than his horse the ladies flew,
And in a trice were vanish'd out of view.

One only hag remain'd; but fouler far
Than grandame apes in Indian forests are;
Against a wither'd oak she lean'd her weight,
Propp'd on her trusty staff, not half upright,
And dropp'd an awkward court'sy to the knight.
Then said, What makes you, sir, so late abroad
Without a guide, and this no beaten road?
Or want you aught that here you hope to find,
Or travel for some trouble in your mind?
The last I guess; and, if I read aright,
Those of our sex are bound to serve a knight;

Perhaps good counsel may your grief assuage,
Then tell your pain; for wisdom is in age.
To this the knight: Good mother, would you know
The secret cause and spring of all my woe?
My life must with to-morrow's light expire,
Unless I tell what women most desire.
Now could you help me at this hard essay,
Or for your inborn goodness, or for pay;
Yours is my life, redeem'd by your advice,
Ask what you please, and I will pay the price:
The proudest kerchief of the court shall rest
Well satisfied of what they love the best.
Plight me thy faith, quoth she, that what I ask,
Thy danger over, and perform'd thy task,
That thou shall give for hire of thy demand;
Here take thy oath, and seal it on my hand;
I warrant thee, on peril of my life,
Thy words shall please both widow, maid, and wife.
More words there needed not to move the knight,
To take her offer, and his truth to plight.
With that she spread a mantle on the ground,
And, first inquiring whither he was bound,
Bade him not fear, though long and rough the way,
At court he should arrive ere break of day;
His horse should find the way without a guide,
She said: with fury they began to ride,
He on the midst, the beldam at his side.
The horse, what devil drove I cannot tell,
But only this, they sped their journey well:
And all the way the crone inform'd the knight,
How he should answer the demand aright.
To court they came; the news was quickly spread
Of his returning to redeem his head.
The female senate was assembled soon,
With all the mob of women in the town:
The queen sat lord chief-justice of the hall,
And bade the crier cite the criminal.
The knight appear'd; and silence they proclaim:
Then first the culprit answer'd to his name:
And, after forms of law, was last required
To name the thing that women most desired.
The offender, taught his lesson by the way,
And by his counsel ordered what to say,
Thus bold began: My lady liege, said he,
What all your sex desire is, Sovereignty!
The wife affects her husband to command;
All must be hers, both money, house, and land.
The maids are mistresses even in their name;
And of their servants full dominion claim.
This, at the peril of my head, I say,
A blunt plain truth, the sex aspires to sway,
You to rule all, while we, like slaves, obey.
There was not one, or widow, maid or wife,
But said the knight had well deserved his life.
Even fair Geneura, with a blush, confess'd
The man had found what women love the best.
Up starts the beldam, who was there unseen,
And, reverence made, accosted thus the queen:
My liege, said she, before the court arise,
May I, poor wretch, find favor in your eyes,
To grant my just request: 'twas I who taught
The knight this answer, and inspired his thought.
None but a woman could a man direct
To tell us women what we most affect.
But first I swore him on his knightly troth
(And here demand performance of his oath),
To grant the boon that next I should desire;
He gave his faith, and I expect my hire:
My promise is fulfill'd; I saved his life,
And claim his debt, to take me for his wife.
The knight was ask'd, nor could his oath deny,
But hoped they would not force him to comply.
The women, who would rather wrest the laws,
Than let a sister-plaintiff lose the cause,
(As judges on the bench more gracious are,
And more attent to brothers of the bar,)
Cried, one and all, the suppliant should have right,
And to the grandame-hag adjudged the knight.
In vain he sigh'd, and oft with tears desired,
Some reasonable suit might be required.
But still the crone was constant to her note;
The more he spoke, the more she stretch'd her throat.
In vain he proffer'd all his goods, to save
His body destined to that living grave.
The liquorish hag rejects the pelf with scorn;
And nothing but the man would serve her turn.
Not all the wealth of eastern kings, said she,
Have power to part my plighted love and me:
And, old and ugly as I am, and poor,
Yet never will I break the faith I swore;
For mine thou art by promise, during life,
And I thy loving and obedient wife.
My love! nay, rather my damnation thou,
Said he; nor am I bound to keep my vow;
The fiend thy sire hath sent thee from below,
Else, how couldst thou my secret sorrows know?
Avaunt, old witch, for I renounce thy bed:
The queen may take the forfeit of my head,
Ere any of my race so foul a crone shall wed.
Both heard, the judge pronounced against the knight,
So was he married in his own despite:
And all day after hid him as an owl,
Not able to sustain a sight so foul.
Perhaps the reader thinks I do him wrong,
To pass the marriage feast, and nuptial song:
Mirth there was none, the man was *a-la-mort*,
And little courage had to make his court.
To bed they went, the bridegroom and the bride:
Was never such an ill-pair'd couple tied:
Restless he toss'd, and tumbled to and fro,
And roll'd and wriggled further off, for woe.
The good old wife lay smiling by his side,
And caught him in her quivering arms, and cried,
When you my ravish'd predecessor saw,
You were not then become this man of straw;
Had you been such, you might have 'scaped the law.
Is this the custom of King Arthur's court?
Are all Round-table Knights of such a sort?

Remember I am she who saved your life,
Your loving, lawful, and complying wife;
Not thus you swore in your unhappy hour,
Nor I for this return employ'd my power.
In time of need I was your faithful friend;
Nor did I since, nor ever will offend.
Believe me, my loved lord, 'tis much unkind;
What fury has possess'd your alter'd mind?
Thus on my wedding-night—without pretence—
Come, turn this way, or tell me my offence.
If not your wife, let reason's rule persuade;
Name but my fault, amends shall soon be made.
Amends! nay, that's impossible, said he;
What change of age or ugliness can be?
Or could Medea's magic mend thy face,
Thou art descended from so mean a race,
That never knight was match'd with such disgrace.
What wonder, madam, if I move my side,
When, if I turn, I turn to such a bride?
And is this all that troubles you so sore?
And what the devil couldst thou wish me more?
Ah, *Benedicite!* replied the crone:
Then cause of just complaining have you none.
The remedy to this were soon applied,
Would you belike the bridegroom to the bride:
But, for you say a long-descended race,
And wealth, and dignity, and power, and place,
Make gentlemen, and that your high degree
Is much disparaged to be match'd with me;
Know this, my lord, nobility of blood
Is but a glittering and fallacious good:
The nobleman is he, whose noble mind
Is fill'd with inborn worth, unborrow'd from his kind.
The King of Heaven was in a manger laid,
And took his earth but from an humble maid;
Then what can birth, or mortal men, bestow,
Since floods no higher than their fountains flow?
We, who for name and empty honor strive,
Our true nobility from him derive.
Your ancestors, who puff your mind with pride,
And vast estates to mighty titles tied,
Did not your honor, but their own advance;
For virtue comes not by inheritance.
If you tralineate from your father's mind.
What are you else but of a bastard kind?
Do as your great progenitors have done,
And, by their virtues, prove yourself their son.
No father can infuse or wit or grace;
A mother comes across, and mars the race:
A grandsire or a grandame taints the blood,
And seldom three descents continue good.
Were virtue by descent, a noble name
Could never villianize his father's fame:
But, as the first, the last of all the line,
Would, like the sun, even in descending, shine.
Take fire, and bear it to the darkest house
Betwixt King Arthur's court and Caucasus;
If you depart, the flame shall still remain,
And the bright blaze enlighten all the plain:
Nor, till the fuel perish, can decay,
By nature form'd on things combustible to prey.
Such is not man, who, mixing better seed
With worse, begets a base degenerate breed:
The bad corrupts the good, and leaves behind
No trace of all the great begetter's mind.
The father sinks within his son, we see,
And oft rises in the third degree;
If better luck a better mother give,
Chance gave us being, and by chance we live.
Such as our atoms were, even such are we,
Or call it chance, or strong necessity:
Thus loaded with dead weight, the will is free.
And thus it needs must be: for seed conjoin'd
Lets into nature's work the imperfect kind:
But fire, the enlivener of the general frame,
Is one, its operation still the same.
Its principle is in itself: while ours
Works, as confederates war, with mingled powers;
Or man or woman, whichsoever fails:
And, oft, the vigor of the worst prevails.
Æther with sulphur blended alters hue,
And casts a dusky gleam of Sodom blue.
Thus, in a brute, their ancient honor ends,
And the fair mermaid in a fish descends:
The line is gone—no longer duke or earl,
But, by himself degraded, turns a churl.
Nobility of blood is but renown
Of thy great fathers by their virtue known,
And a long trail of light, to thee descending down:
If in thy smoke it ends, their glories shine;
But infamy and villianage are thine.
Then what I said before is plainly show'd,
The true nobility proceeds from God:
Nor left us by inheritance, but given
By bounty of our stars, and grace of Heaven.
Thus from a captive Servius Tullius rose,
Whom for his virtues the first Romans chose:
Fabricius from their walls repell'd the foe,
Whose noble hands had exercised the plough.
From hence, my lord, and love, I thus conclude,
That though my homely ancestors were rude,
Mean as I am, yet I may have the grace
To make you father of a generous race:
And noble then am I, when I begin,
In virtue clothed, to cast the rags of sin.
If poverty be my upbraided crime,
And you believe in Heaven, there was a time
When He, the great controller of our fate,
Deign'd to be man, and lived in low estate;
Which He who had the world at his dispose,
If poverty were vice, had never chose.
Philosophers have said, and poets sing,
That a glad poverty's an honest thing.
Content is wealth, the riches of the mind;
And happy he who can that treasure find.
But the base miser starves amidst his store,
Broods on his gold, and, griping still at more,
Sits sadly pining, and believes he's poor.
The ragged beggar, though he want relief,
Has not to lose, and sings before the thief.

Want is a bitter and a hateful good,
Because its virtues are not understood:
Yet many things, impossible to thought,
Have been by need to full perfection brought
The daring of the soul proceeds from thence,
Sharpness of wit, and active diligence;
Prudence at once, and fortitude, it gives,
And, if in patience taken, mends our lives;
For even that indigence, that brings me low,
Makes me myself, and Him above, to know;
A good which none would challenge, few would choose
A fair possession, which mankind refuse.
If we from wealth to poverty descend,
Want gives to know the flatterer from the friend.
If I am old and ugly, well for you;
No lewd adulterer will my love pursue;
Nor jealousy, the bane of married life,
Shall haunt you for a wither'd, homely wife:
For age and ugliness, as all agree,
Are the best guards of female chastity.
Yet since I see your mind is worldly bent,
I'll do my best to further your content.
And therefore of two gifts in my dispose,
Think ere you speak, I grant you leave to choose:
Would you I should be still deform'd and old,
Nauseous to touch, and loathsome to behold;
On this condition, to remain for life,
A careful, tender, and obedient wife,
In all I can contribute to your ease,
And not in deed or word, or thought displease?
Or would you rather have me young and fair,
And take the chance that happens to your share?
Temptations are in beauty and in youth,
And how can you depend upon my truth?
Now weigh the danger with the doubtful bliss,
And thank yourself, if aught should fall amiss.
Sore sigh'd the knight, who this long sermon heard:
At length, considering all, his heart he cheer'd;
And thus replied: My lady, and my wife,
To your wise conduct I resign my life;
Choose you for me, for well you understand
The future good and ill, on either hand:
But, if an humble husband may request,
Provide, and order all things for the best;
Yours be the care to profit, and to please:
And let your subject servant take his ease.
Then thus in peace, quoth she, concludes the strife,
Since I am turn'd the husband, you the wife:
The matrimonial victory is mine,
Which, having fairly gain'd, I will resign.
Forgive if I have said or done amiss,
And seal the bargain with a friendly kiss;
I promised you but one content to share,
But now I will become both good and fair.
No nuptial quarrel shall disturb your ease;
The business of my life shall be to please;
And for my beauty, that, as time shall try,
But draw the curtain first, and cast your eye.
He look'd, and saw a creature heavenly fair,
In bloom of youth, and of a charming air.
With joy he turn'd, and seized her ivory arm;
And, like Pygmalion, found the statue warm.
Small arguments there needed to prevail,
A storm of kisses pour'd as thick as hail.
Thus long in mutual bliss they lay embraced,
And their first love continued to the last:
One sunshine was their life, no cloud between;
Nor ever was a kinder couple seen.
And so may all our lives like theirs be led!
Heaven send the maids young husbands fresh in bed!
May widows wed as often as they can,
And ever for the better change their man!
And some devouring plague pursue their lives,
Who will not well be govern'd by their wives!

THE COMBAT.

SIR WALTER SCOTT—"THE LADY OF THE LAKE."

I.

Fair as the earliest beam of eastern light,
When first, by the bewildered pilgrim spied,
It smiles upon the dreary brow of night,
And silvers o'er the torrent's foaming tide,
And lights the fearful path on mountain side;—
Fair as that beam, although the fairest far,
Giving to horror grace, to danger pride,
Shine martial Faith, and Courtesy's bright star,
Through all the wreckful storms that cloud the brow of War.

II.

That early beam, so fair and sheen,
Was twinkling through the hazel screen,
When, rousing at its glimmer red,
The warriors left their lowly bed,
Looked out upon the dappled sky,
Muttered their soldier matins by,
And then awaked their fire, to steal,
As short and rude, their soldier meal.
That o'er, the Gael around him threw
His graceful plaid of varied hue,
And, true to promise, led the way,
By thicket green and mountain gray.
A wildering path!—they winded now
Along the precipice's brow,
Commanding the rich scenes beneath,
The windings of the Forth and Teith,
And all the vales between that lie,
Till Stirling's turrets melt in sky;
Then, sunk in copse, their farthest glance
Gained not the length of horseman's lance.
'Twas oft so steep, the foot was fain
Assistance from the hand to gain;
So tangled oft, that, bursting through,
Each hawthorn shed her showers of dew,—
That diamond dew, so pure and clear,
It rivals all but Beauty's tear!

III.

At length they came where, stern and steep,
The hills sink down upon the deep.
Here Vennachar in silver flows,
There, ridge on ridge Benledi rose.
Ever the hollow path twined on,
Beneath the steep bank and threatening stone;
A hundred men might hold the post
With hardihood against a host.
The rugged mountain's scanty cloak
Was dwarfish shrubs of birch and oak,
With shingles bare, and cliffs between,
And patches bright of bracken green,
And heather black, that waved so high,
It held the copse in rivalry.
But where the lake slept deep and still,
Dank osiers fringed the swamp and hill;
And oft both path and hill were torn,
Where wintry torrent down had borne,
And heaped upon the cumbered land
Its wreck of gravel, rock and sand.
So toilsome was the road to trace,
The guide, abating of his pace,
Led slowly through the pass's jaws,
And asked Fitz-James, by what strange cause
He sought these wilds? traversed by few,
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu.

IV.

"Brave Gael, my pass, in danger tried,
Hangs in my belt, and by my side;
Yet sooth to tell," the Saxon said,
"I dreamed not now to claim its aid.
When here, but three days since, I came,
Bewildered in pursuit of game,
All seemed as peaceful and as still,
As the mist slumbering on yon hill;
Thy dangerous chief was then afar,
Nor soon expected back from war.
Thus said, at least, my mountain guide,
Though deep perchance the villain lied."—
"Yet why a second venture try?"—
"A warrior thou, and ask me why?—
Moves our free course by such fixed cause,
As gives the poor mechanic laws?
Enough, I sought to drive away
The lazy hours of peaceful day;
Slight cause will then suffice to guide
A knight's free footsteps far and wide,—
A falcon flown, a grayhound strayed,
The merry glance of mountain maid;
Or, if a path be dangerous known,
The danger's self is lure alone."—

V.

"Thy secret keep, I urge thee not;—
Yet, ere again ye sought this spot,
Say, heard ye naught of Lowland war,
Against Clan-Alpine raised by Mar?"—
"No, by my word;—of bands prepared
To guard King James's sports I heard;
Nor doubt I aught, but, when they hear
This muster of the mountaineer,
Their pennons will abroad be flung,
Which else in Doune had peaceful hung."—
"Free be they flung!—for we were loth
Their silken folds should feed the moth.
Free be they flung!—as free shall wave
Clan-Alpine's pine in banner brave.
But Stranger, peaceful since you came,
Bewildered in the mountain game,
Whence the bold boast by which you snow
Vich-Alpine's vowed and mortal foe?"
"Warrior, but yester-morn I knew
Nought of thy Chieftain, Roderick Dhu,
Save as an outlawed desperate man,
The chief of a rebellious clan,
Who, in the Regent's court and sight,
With ruffian dagger stabbed a knight;
Yet this alone might from his part
Sever each true and loyal heart."—

VI.

Wrothful at such arraignment foul,
Dark lowered the clansman's sable scowl.
A space he paused, then sternly said,—
"And heardst thou how he drew his blade?
Heardst thou that shameful word and blow
Brought Roderick's vengeance on his foe?
What recked the Chieftain, if he stood
On Highland Heath or Holy-Rood?
He rights such wrong where it is given,
If it were in the court of Heaven."—
"Still was it outrage;—yet, 'tis true,
Not then claimed sovereignity his due;
While Albany, with feeble hand,
Held borrowed truncheon of command.
The young King, mewed in Stirling tower,
Was stranger to respect and power.
But then, thy Chieftain's robber life!—
Winning mean prey by causeless strife,
Wrenching from ruined Lowland swain
His herds and harvest reared in vain,—
Methinks a soul like thine should scorn
The spoils from such foul forav borne."—

VII.

The Gael beheld him grim tne while,
And answered with disdainful smile,—
"Saxon, from yonder mountain high,
I marked thee send delighted eye,
Far to the south and east, where lay,
Extended in succession gay,
Deep waving fields and pastures green,
With gentle slopes and groves between:—
These fertile plains, that softened vale,
Were once the birthright of the Gael;
The stranger came with iron hand,
And from our fathers reft the land.

Where dwell we now! See, rudely swell
Crag over crag, and fell o'er fell.
Ask we this savage hill we tread,
For fattened steer, or household bread;
Ask we for flocks these shingles dry,
And well the mountain might reply.—
'To you, as to your sires of yore,
Belong the target and claymore!
I give you shelter in my breast,
Your own good blades must win the rest.'—
Pent in this fortress of the North,
Think'st thou we will not sally forth,
To spoil the spoiler as we may,
And from the robber rend the prey?
Ay! by my soul! While on yon plain
The Saxon rears one shock of grain;
While, of ten thousand herds, there strays
But one along yon river's maze,—
The Gael of plain and river heir,
Shall, with strong hand, redeem his share.
Where live the mountain chiefs who hold
That plundering Lowland field and fold
Is aught but retribution true?
Seek other cause 'gainst Roderick Dhu."—

VIII.

Answered Fitz-James, "And if I sought,
Think'st thou no other could be brought?
What deem ye of my path waylaid,
My life given o'er to ambuscade?"
"As of a meed to rashness due:
Hadst sent thou warning fair and true,—
I seek my hound, or falcon strayed,
I seek, good faith, a Highland maid,—
Free hadst thou been to come and go;
But secret path marks secret foe.
Nor yet, for this, even as a spy,
Hadst thou, unheard, been doomed to die,
Save to fulfill an augury."—
"Well, let it pass; nor will I now
Fresh cause of enmity avow,
To chafe thy mood and cloud thy brow.
Enough, I am by promise tied
To match me with this man of pride,
Twice have I sought Clan-Alpine's glen
In peace; but when I come agen,
I come with banner, brand and bow,
As leader seeks his mortal foe.
For love-lorn swain in lady's bower,
Ne'er panted for the appointed hour,
As I, until before me stand
This rebel Chieftain and his band."—

IX.

"Have then thy wish!"—He whistled shrill,
And he was answered from the hill;
Wild as the scream of the curlew,
From crag to crag the signal flew.
Instant, through copse and heath, arose
Bonnets, and spears, and bended bows;
On right, on left, above, below,
Sprung up at once the lurking foe;
From shingles gray their lances start,
The bracken-bush sends forth the dart,
The rushes and the willow-wand
Are bristling into axe and brand,
And every tuft of broom gives life
To plaided warrier armed for strife.
That whistle garrisoned the glen
At once with full five hundred men,
As if the yawning hill to Heaven
A subterranean host had given.
Watching their leader's beck and will,
All silent there they stood and still;
Like the loose crags whose threatening mass
Lay tottering o'er the hollow pass,
As if an infant's touch could urge
Their headlong passage down the verge,
With step and weapon forward flung,
Upon the mountain-side they hung.
The mountaineer cast glance of pride
Along Benledi's living side,
Then fixed his eye and sable brow
Full on Fitz-James—"How say'st thou now?
These are Clan-Alpine's warriors true;
And, Saxon,—I am Roderick Dhu!"—

X.

Fitz-James was brave:—though to his heart
The life-blood thrilled with sudden start,
He manned himself with dauntless air,
Returned the Chief his haughty stare,
His back against a rock he bore,
And firmly placed his foot before:—
"Come one, come all! this rock shall fly
"From its firm base as soon as I!"—
Sir Roderick marked—and in his eyes
Respect was mingled with surprise,
And the stern joy which warriors feel
In foemen worthy of their steel.
Short space he stood—then waved his hand
Down sunk the disappearing band;
Each warrior vanished where he stood,
In broom or bracken, heath or wood;
Sunk brand and spear and bended bow,
In osiers pale and copses low;
It seemed as if their mother Earth
Had swallowed up her warlike birth.
The wind's last breath had tossed in air
Pennon, and plaid, and plumage fair,—
The next but swept a lone hill-side,
Where heath and fern were waving wide;
The sun's last glance was glinted back,
From spear and glaive, from targe and jack,—
The next, all unreflected, shone
On bracken green and cold gray stone.

XI.

Fitz-James looked round—yet scarce believed
The witness that his sight received;

Such apparition well might seem
Delusion of a dreadful dream.
Sir Roderick in suspense he eyed,
And to his look the Chief replied,
"Fear nought—nay, that I need not say—
But—doubt not aught from mine array.
Thou art my guest;—I pledged my word
As far as Coilantogle Ford:
Nor would I call a clansman's brand
For aid against one valiant hand,
Though on our strife lay every vale
Rent by the Saxon from the Gael.
So move we on;—I only meant
To show the reed on which you leant,
Deeming this path you might pursue
Without a pass from Roderick Dhu."—
They moved:—I said Fitz-James was brave,
As ever knight that belted glaive;
Yet dare not say, that now his blood
Kept on its wont and tempered flood,
As, following Roderick's stride, he drew
That seeming lonesome pathway through,
Which yet, by fearful proof, was rife
With lances, that to take his life
Waited but signal from a guide,
So late dishonoured and defied.
Ever, by stealth, his eye sought round
The vanished guardians of the ground,
And still from copse and heather deep,
Fancy saw spear and broad-sword peep,
And in the plover's shrilly strain,
The signal whistle heard again.
Nor breathed he free till far behind
The pass was left; for then they wind
Along a wide and level green,
Where neither tree nor tuft was seen,
Nor rush, nor brush of brooms was near
To hide a bonnet or a spear.

XII.

The Chief in silence strode before,
And reached that torrent's sounding shore,
Which, daughter of three mighty lakes,
From Vennachar in silver breaks,
Sweeps through the plain, and ceaseless mines
On Bochastle the mouldering lines,
Where Rome, the Empress of the world,
Of yore her eagle wings unfurled.
And here his course the Chieftain stayed,
Threw down his target and his plaid,
And to the Lowland warrior said:—
"Bold Saxon! to his promise just,
Vich-Alpine has discharged his trust.
This murderous chief, this ruthless man,
This head of a rebellious clan,
Had led thee safe, through watch and ward,
Far past Clan Alpine's outmost guard.
Now, man to man, and steel to steel,
A chieftain's vengeance thou shalt feel.
See, here, all vantageless I stand,
Armed, like thyself, with single brand;
For this is Coilantogle Ford,
And thou must keep thee with thy sword."—

XIII.

The Saxon paused:—"I ne'er delayed,
When foeman bade me draw my blade;
Nay more, brave Chief, I vowed thy death:
Yet sure thy fair and generous faith,
And my deep debt for life preserved,
A better meed have well deserved:—
Can nought but blood our feud atone?
Are there no means?"—"No, Stranger, none!
And hear,—to fire thy flagging zeal,—
The Saxon cause rests on thy steel;
For thus spoke Fate by prophet bred
Between the living and the dead;
'Who spills the foremost foeman's life
His party conquers in the strife.'"—
"Then, by my word," the Saxon said,
"The riddle is already read.
Seek yonder brake beneath the cliff—
There lies Red Murdoch, stark and stiff.
Thus Fate hath solved her prophecy,
Then yield to Fate, and not to me.
To James, at Stirling, let us go,
When, if thou wilt, be still his foe,
Or if the King shall not agree
To grant thee grace and favour free,
I plight mine honour, oath and word,
That to thy native strengths restored,
With each advantage shalt though stand,
That aids thee now to guard thy land."—

XIV.

Dark lightning flashed from Roderick's eye—
"Soars thy presumption, then, so high,
Because a wretched kerne ye slew,
Homage to name to Roderick Dhu?
He yields not, he, to man nor Fate!
Thou add'st but fuel to my hate:—
My clansman's blood demands revenge.—
Not yet prepared?—By Heaven, I change
My thought, and hold thy valour light
As that of some vain carpet-knight,
Who ill deserved my courteous care,
And whose best boast is but to wear
A braid of his fair lady's hair."—
"I thank thee, Roderick, for the word!
It nerves my heart, it steels my sword;
For I have sworn this braid to stain
In the best blood that warms thy vein.
Now, truce, farewell! and ruth begone!—
Yet think not that by thee alone,
Proud Chief! can courtesy be shown;
Though not from copse, or heath, or cairn,
Start at my whistle clansmen stern,
Of this small horn one feeble blast
Would fearful odds against thee cast.
But fear not—doubt not—which thou wilt—

We try this quarrel hilt to hilt."—
Then each at once his falchion drew,
Each on the ground his scabbard threw,
Each looked to sun, and stream, and plain
As what they ne'er might see again;
Then foot, and point, and eye opposed,
In dubious strife they darkly closed.

XV.

Ill fared it then with Roderick Dhu,
That on the field his targe he threw,
Whose brazen studs and tough bull-hide
Had death so often dashed aside;
For, trained abroad his arms to wield,
Fitz-James's blade was sword and shield;
He practiced every pass and ward.
To thrust, to strike, to feint, to guard;
While, less expert, through stronger far,
The Gael maintained unequal war.
Three times in closing strife they stood,
And thrice the Saxon sword drank blood;
No stinted draught, no scanty tide,
The gushing flood the tartans dyed.
Fierce Roderick felt the fatal drain,
And showered his blows like wintry rain;
And, as firm rock, or castle-roof,
Against the winter shower is proof,
The foe, invulnerable still,
Foiled his wild rage by steady skill;
Till, at advantage ta'en, his brand
Forced Roderick's weapon from his hand,
And, backwards borne upon the lea,
Brought the proud Chieftain to his knee.

XVI.

"Now, yield thee, or, by Him who made
The world, thy heart's blood dyes my blade!"—
"Threats, thy mercy, I defy!
Let recreant yield, who fears to die."—
Like adder darting from his coil,
Like wolf that dashes through the toil,
Like mountain-cat who guards her young,
Full at Fitz-James's throat he sprung,
Received, but recked not of a wound,
And locked his arms his foeman round.—
Now, gallant Saxon, hold thine own!
No maiden's hand is round thee thrown!
That desperate grasp thy frame might feel.
Through bars of brass and triple steel!
They tug, they strain!—down, down, they go,
The Gael above, Fitz-James below.
The Chieftain's gripe his throat compressed,
His knee was planted on his breast;
Across his brow his hand he drew,
His clotted locks he backward threw,
From blood and mist to clear his sight,
Then gleamed aloft his dagger bright!—
But hate and fury ill supplied
The stream of life's exhausted tide,
And all too late the advantage came,
To turn the odds of deadly game;
For while the dagger gleamed on high,
Reeled soul and sense, reeled brain and eye.
Down came the blow! but in the heath
The erring blade found bloodless sheath.
The struggling foe may now unclasp
The fainting Chief's relaxing grasp;
Unwounded from the dreadful close,
But breathless all, Fitz-James arose.

XVII.

He faltered thanks to Heaven for life,
Redeemed, unhoped, from desperate strife;
Next on his foe his look he cast.
Whose every gasp appeared his last;
In Roderick's gore he dipped the braid.—
"Poor Blanche! thy wrongs are dearly paid
Yet with thy foe, must die, or live.
The praise that Faith and Valour give."—
With that he blew a bugle note,
Undid the collar from his throat,
Unbonneted, and by the wave
Sat down his brow and hands to lave

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY ON DEATH

SHAKSPEARE.

To be, or not to be, that is the question—
Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer
The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune,
Or to take arms against a sea of troubles,
And, by opposing, end them? To die—to sleep—
No more; and, by a sleep, to say we end
The heart-ache, and the thousand natural shocks
That flesh is heir to!—'tis a consummation
Devoutly to be wished. To die—to sleep—
To sleep!—perchance to dream!—ay, there's the rub;
For in that sleep of death what dreams may come,
When we have shuffled off this mortal coil,
Must give us pause. There's the respect
That makes calamity of so long life:
For who would bear the whips and scorns of time,
The oppressor's wrong, the proud man's contumely,
The pangs of despised love, the law's delay,
The insolence of office, and the spurns
That patient merit of the unworthy takes,
When he himself might his quietus make
With a bare bodkin? Who would fardels bear,
To groan and sweat under a weary life;
But that the dread of something after death—
That undiscovered country, from whose bourn
No traveller returns—puzzles the will,
And makes us rather bear those ills we have,
Than fly to other that we know not of?
Thus conscience does make cowards of us all;
And thus the native hue of resolution
Is sicklied o'er with the pale cast of thought;
And enterprises of great pith and moment,
With this regard, their currents turn awry,
And lose the name of action.

BONNY KILMENY.

JAMES HOGG—"THE QUEEN'S WAKE."

Bonny Kilmeny gaed up the glen;
But it wasna to meet Duneira's men,
Nor the rosy monk of the ilse to see,
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
It was only to hear the Yorlin sing,
And pu' the cress-flower round the spring;
The scarlet hypp and the hindberrye,
And the nut that hung frae the hazel-tree;
For Kilmeny was pure as pure could be.
But lang may her minny look o'er the wa',
And lang may she seek i' the greenwood shaw;
Lang the laird of Duneira blame,
And lang, lang greet or Kilmeny come hame!
When many a day had come and fled,
When grief grew calm, and hope was dead,
When mass for Kilmeny's soul had been sung,
When the beadsman had prayed, and the dead-bell rung,
Late, late in a gloamin, when all was still,
When the fringe was red on the westlin' hill,
The wood was sere, the moon i' the wane,
The reek o' the cot hung over the plain
Like a little wee cloud in the world its lane;
When the ingle lowed with an eiry leme,
Late, late in the gloamin, Kilmeny came hame!
'Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?
Lang hae we sought baith holt and dean;
By linn, by ford, and greenwood tree,
Yet you are halesome and fair to see.
Where gat ye that joup o' the lily sheen?
That bonny snood of the birk sae green?
And these roses, the fairest that ever were seen?
Kilmeny, Kilmeny, where have you been?'
Kilmeny looked up with a lovely grace,
But nae smile was seen on Kilmeny's face;
As still was her look, and as still was her ee,
As the stillness that lay on the emerant lea,
Or the mist that sleeps on a waveless sea.
For Kilmeny had been she knew not where,
And Kilmeny had seen what she could not declare;
Kilmeny had been where the cock never crew,
Where the rain never fell, and the wind never blew,
But it seemed as the harp of the sky had rung,
And the airs of heaven played round her tongue,
When she spake of the lovely forms she had seen,
And a land where sin had never been. . . .
In yon greenwood there is a walk,
And in that walk there is a wene,
And in that wene there is a maike
That neither hath flesh, blood, nor bane;
And down in yon greenwood he walks his lane!
In that green wene Kilmeny lay,
Her bosom happed wi' the flowrets gay;
But the air was soft, and the silence deep,
And bonny Kilmeny fell sound asleep;
She kend nae mair, nor opened her ee,
Till waked by the hymns of a far countrye,
She wakened on a couch of the silk sae slim,
All striped wi' the bars of the rainbow's rim;
And lovely beings round were rife,
Who erst had traveled mortal life. . . .
They clasped her waist and her hands sae fair,
They kissed her cheek, and they kamed her hair,
And round came many a blooming fere,
Saying, 'Bonny Kilmeny, ye're welcome here!' . .
They lifted Kilmeny, they led her away,
And she walked in the light of a sunless day;
The sky was a dome of crystal bright,
The fountain of vision, and fountain of light;
The emerald fields were of dazzling glow,
And the flowers of everlasting blow.
Then deep in the stream her body they laid,
That her youth and beauty never might fade;
And they smiled on heaven when they saw her lie
In the stream of life that wandered by;
And she heard a song, she heard it sung,
She kend not where, but sae sweetly it rung,
It fell on her ear like a dream of the morn.
'Oh, blest be the day Kilmeny was born!
Now shall the land of the spirits see,
Now shall it ken what a woman may be!
The sun that shines on the world sae bright,
A borrowed gleid frae the fountain of light;
And the moon that sleeks the sky sae dun,
Like a gowden bow, or a beamless sun,
Shall wear away, and be seen nae mair,
And the angels shall miss them traveling the air.
But lang, lang after baith night and day,
When the sun and the world have elyed away;
When the sinner has gane to his waesome doom,
Kilmeny shall smile in eternal bloom!' . . .
Then Kilmeny begged again to see
The friend she had left in her own countrye,
To tell of the place where she had been,
And the glories that lay in the land unseen. . . .
With distant music, soft and deep,
They lulled Kilmeny sound asleep;
And when she awakened, she lay her lane,
All happed with flowers in the greenwood wene.
When seven lang years had come and fled,
When grief was calm, and hope was dead,
When scarce was remembered Kilmeny's name,
Late, late in a gloamin Kilmeny came hame!
And oh, her beauty was fair to see,
But still and steadfast was her ee;
Such beauty bard may never declare,
For there was no pride nor passion there;
And the soft desire of maiden's een,
In that mild face could never be seen.
Her seymar was the lily flower,
And her cheek the moss-rose in the shower;
And her voice like the distant melodye,
That floats along the twilight sea.
But she loved to raike the lanely glen,
And keeped afar frae the haunts of men,
Her holy hymns unheard to sing,
To suck the flowers and drink the spring,

But wherever her peaceful form appeared,
The wild beasts of the hill were cheered;
The wolf played blithely round the field,
The lordly bison lowed and kneeled,
The dun deer wooed with manner bland,
And cowered aneath her lily hand.
And when at eve the woodlands rung,
When hymns of other worlds she sung,
In ecstasy of sweet devotion,
Oh, then the glen was all in motion;
The wild beasts of the forests came,
Broke from their bughts and faulds the tame,
And goved around, charmed and amazed;
Even the dull cattle crooned and gazed,
And murmured, and looked with anxious pain
For something the mystery to explain.
The buzzard came with the throstle-cock;
The corby left her houf in the rock;
The blackbird alang wi' the eagle flew;
The hind came tripping o'er the dew;
The wolf and the kid their raike began,
And the tod, and the lamb, and the leveret ran;
The hawk and the hern attour them hung,
And the merl and the mavis forhooyed their young;
And all in a peaceful ring were hurled:
It was like an eve in a sinless world!
When a month and a day had come and gane,
Kilmeny sought the greenwood wene,
There laid her down on the leaves so green,
And Kilmeny on earth was never mair seen!

FAREWELL TO NANCY.

ROBERT BURNS.

Ae fond kiss and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I'll pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.
Who shall say that fortune grieves him,
While the star of hope she leaves him?
Me, nae cheerfu' twinkle lights me;
Dark despair around benights me.

I'll ne'er blame my partial fancy,
Naething could resist my Nancy:
But to see her, was to love her;
Love but her, and love for ever.—
Had we never lov'd sae kindly,
Had we never lov'd sae blindly,
Never met—or never parted,
We had ne'er been broken-hearted.

Fare thee weel, thou first and fairest!
Fare thee weel, thou best and dearest!
Thine be ilka joy and treasure,
Peace, enjoyment, love and pleasure!
Ae fond kiss, and then we sever;
Ae fareweel, alas, for ever!
Deep in heart-wrung tears I pledge thee,
Warring sighs and groans I'll wage thee.

THE WALK.

SCHILLER.

Hail to thee, mountain belov'd, with thy glittering purple-dyed summit!
Hail to thee also, fair sun, looking so lovingly on!
Thee too, I hail, thou smiling plain, and ye murmuring lindens,
Ay, and the chorus so glad, cradled on yonder high boughs;
Thee, too, peaceable azure, in infinite measure extending
Round the dusky-hued mount, over the forest so green,—
Round about me, who now from my chamber's confinement escaping,
And from vain frivolous talk, gladly seek refuge with thee.
Through me to quicken me runs the balsamic stream of thy breezes,
While the energetical light freshens the gaze as it thirsts,
Bright o'er the blooming meadow the changeable colors are gleaming,
But the strife, full of charms, in its own grace melts away.
Freely the plain receives me, with carpet far away reaching,
Over its friendly green wanders the pathway along.
Round me is humming the busy bee, and with pinion uncertain
Hovers the butterfly gay over the trefoil's red flow'r.
Fiercely the darts of the sun fall on me,—the zephyr is silent,
Only the song of the lark echoes athwart the clear air.
Now from the neighboring copse comes a roar, and the tops of the alders
Bend low down,—in the wind dances the silvery grass;
Night ambrosial circles me round; in the coolness so fragrant
Greets me a beauteous roof, formed by the beeches' sweet shade.
In the depths of the wood the landscape suddenly leaves me,
And a serpentine path guides up my footsteps on high.
Only by stealth can the light through the leafy trellis of branches
Sparingly pierce, and the blue smilingly peeps through the boughs.
But in a moment the veil is rent, and the opening forest
Suddenly gives back the day's glittering brightness to me!
Boundlessly seems the distance before my gaze to be stretching,
And in a purple-tinged hill terminates sweetly the world.

Deep at the foot of the mountain, that under me falls away steeply,
Wanders the greenish-hued stream, looking like glass as it flows.
Endlessly under me see I the Æther, and endlessly o'er me,—
Giddily look I above, shudd'ringly look I below.
But between the infinite height and the infinite hollow
Safely the wanderer moves over a well-guarded path.
Smilingly past me are flying the banks all-teeming with riches,
And the valley so bright boasts of its industry glad.
See how yonder hedgerows that sever the farmer's possessions
Have by Demeter been work'd into the tapestried plain!
Kindly decree of the law, of the Deity mortal-sustaining,
Since from the brazen world Love vanish'd for ever away.
But in freer windings the measur'd pastures are travers'd
(Now swallow'd up in the wood, now climbing up to the hills)
By a glimmering streak, the highway that knits lands together;
Over the smooth-flowing stream, quietly glide on the rafts.

Oft times resound the bells of the flocks in the fields that seem living,
And the shepherd's lone song wakens the echo again.
Joyous villagers crown the stream, in the copse others vanish,
While from the back of the mount, others plunge wildly below.
Man still lives with the land in neighbourly friendship united,
And round his sheltering roof camly repose still his fields;
Trustingly climbs the vine high over the low-reaching window,
While round the cottage the tree circles its far-stretching boughs.
Happy race of the plain! Not yet awaken'd to freedom,
Thou and thy pastures with joy share in the limited law;
Bounded thy wishes all are by the harvest's peaceable circuit,
And thy lifetime is spent e'en as the task of the day!

But what suddenly hides the beauteous view? A strange spirit
Over the still-stranger plain spreads itself quickly afar—
Coyly separates now, what scarce had lovingly mingled,
And 'tis the like that alone joins itself on to the like.
Orders I see depicted; the haughty tribes of the poplars
Marshall'd in regular pomp, stately and beauteous appear.
All gives token of rule and choice, and all has its meaning,—
'Tis this uniform plan points out the Ruler to me.
Brightly the glittering domes in far-away distance proclaim him.
Out of the kernel of rocks rises the city's high wall.
Into the desert without, the Fauns of the forest are driven,
But by devotion is lent life more sublime to the stone.
Man is brought into nearer union with man, and around him
Closer, more actively wakes, swifter moves in him the world.
See! the emulous forces in fiery conflict are kindled,
Much they effect when they strive, more they effect when they join.
Thousands of hands by *one* spirit are mov'd, yet in thousands of bosoms
Beats one heart all alone, by but one feeling inspir'd—
Beats for their native land, and glows for their ancestors' precepts;
Here on the well-belov'd spot, rest now their time-honour'd bones.

Down from the heavens descends the blessed troop of Immortals,
In the bright circle divine making their festal abode;
Granting glorious gifts, they appear: and first of all, Ceres
Offers the gift of the plough, Hermes the anchor bring next,
Bacchus the grape, and Minerva the verdant olive tree's branches,
Even his charger of war brings there Poseidon as well,
Mother Cybele yokes to the pole of her chariot the lions,
And through the wide-open door comes as a citizen in.
Sacred stones! 'Tis from ye that proceed Humanity's founders,
Morals and arts ye sent forth, e'en to the ocean's far isles.
'Twas at these friendly gates that the law was spoken by sages;
In their Penates' defence, heroes rush'd out to the fray.
On the high walls appear'd the mothers, embracing their infants,

Looking after the march, till in the distance 'twas lost,
Then in prayer they threw themselves down at the Deities' altars,
Praying for triumph and fame, praying for your safe return.

Honour and triumph were yours, but nought return'd save your glory,
And by a heart-touching stone, told are your valorous deeds.
"Traveller! when thou com'st to Sparta, proclaim to the people
That thou hast seen us lie here, as by the law we were bid."
Slumber calmly, ye lov'd ones! for sprinkled o'er by your life-blood,
Flourish the olive-trees there, joyously sprouts the good seed.
In its possessions exulting, industry gladly is kindled,
And from the sedge of the stream smilingly signs the blue God.
Crushingly falls the axe on the tree, the Dryad sighs sadly;
Down from the crest of the mount plunges the thundering load.
Wing'd by the lever, the stone from the rocky crevice is loosen'd;
Into the mountain's abyss boldly the miner descends.
Mulciber's anvil resounds with the measur'd stroke of the hammer;
Under the fist's nervous blow, spurt out the sparks of the steel.
Brilliantly twines the golden flax round the swift-whirling spindles,
Through the strings of the yarn whizzes the shuttle away.

Far in the roads the pilot calls, and the vessels are waiting,
That to the foreigner's land carry the produce of home;
Others gladly approach with the treasures of far-distant regions,
High on the mast's lofty head flutters the garland of mirth.
See how yon markets, those centres of life and of gladness, are swarming!
Strange confusion of tongues sounds in the wondering ear.
On to the pile the wealth of the earth is heap'd by the merchant,
All that the sun's scorching rays bring forth on Africa's soil,
All that Arabia prepares, that the uttermost Thule produces,
High with heart-gladdening stores fills Amalthea her horn.

Fortune wedded to Talent gives birth there to children immortal,
Suckled in Liberty's arms, flourish the arts there of joy.
With the image of life the eyes by the sculptor are ravish'd,
And by the chisel inspir'd, speaks e'en the sensitive stone.
Skies artificial repose on slender Ionian columns,
And a Pantheon includes all that Olympus contains.
Light as the rainbow's spring through the air, as the dart from the bowstring,
Leaps the yoke of the bridge over the boisterous stream.

But in his silent chamber the thoughtful sage is projecting
Magical circles, and steal's e'en on the spirit that forms,
Proves the force of matter, the hatreds and loves of the magnet,
Follows the tune through the air, follows through æther the ray,
Seeks the familiar law in chance's miracles dreaded,
Looks for the ne'er-changing pole in the phenomena's flight.
Bodies and voices are lent by writing to thought ever silent,
Over the centuries' stream bears it the eloquent page.
Then to the wondering gaze dissolves the cloud of the fancy,
And the vain phantoms of night yield to the dawning of day.
Man now breaks through his fetters, the happy One! Oh, let him never
Break from the bridle of shame, when from fear's fetters he breaks!
Freedom! is Reason's cry,—ay, Freedom! The wild raging passions
Eagerly cast off the bonds nature divine had impos'd.

Ah! in the tempest the anchors break loose, that warningly held him
On to the shore, and the stream tears him along in its flood,—
Into infinity whirls him,—the coasts soon vanished before him,
High on the mountainous waves rocks all-dismasted the bark;
Under the clouds are hid the steadfast stars of the chariot,
Nought now remains,—in the breast even the God goes astray.
Truth disappears from language, from life all faith and all honour
Vanish, and even the oath is but a lie on the lips.

Into the heart's most trusty bond, and into love's secrets,
Presses the sycophant base, tearing the friend from the friend.
Treason on Innocence leers, with looks that seek to devour,
And the fell slanderer's tooth kills with its poisonous bite.
In the dishonoured bosom, thought is now venal, and love, too,
Scatters abroad to the winds, feelings once God-like and free.
All thy holy symbols, O Truth, Deceit has adopted,
And has e'en dar'd to pollute Nature's own voices so fair,
That the craving heart in the tumult of gladness discovers;
True sensations are now mute and can scarcely be heard.
Justice boasts at the tribune, and Harmony vaunts in the cottage,
While the ghost of the law stands at the throne of the king.
Years together, ay, centuries long, may the mummy continue,
And the deception endured, aping the fullness of life.
Until Nature awakes, and with hands all-brazen and heavy
'Gainst the hollow-form'd pile Time and Necessity strikes.
Like a tigress, who, bursting the massive grating of iron,
Of her Numidian wood suddenly, fearfully thinks,—
So with the fury of crime and anguish, humanity rises
Hoping nature, long-lost, in the town's ashes to find.
Oh then open, ye walls, and set the captive at freedom!
To the long desolate plains let him in safety return!
But where am I? The path is now hid, declivities rugged
Bar, with their wide-yawning gulfs, progress before and behind.
Now far behind me is left the gardens' and hedges' sure escort,
Every trace of man's hand also remains far behind.
Only the matter I see pil'd up, whence life has its issue,
And the raw mass of basalt waits for a fashioning hand.
Down through its channel of rock the torrent roaringly rushes,
Angrily orcing a path under the roots of the trees.
All is here wild and fearfully desolate. Nought but the eagle
Hangs in the lone realms of air, knitting the world to the clouds.
Not one zephyr on soaring pinion conveys to my hearing
Echoes, however remote, marking man's pleasures and pains.
Am I in truth, then, alone? Within thine arms, on thy bosom,
Nature, I lie once again!—Ah, and 'twas only a dream
That assail'd me with horrors so fearful; with life's dreaded phantom,
And with the down-rushing vale, vanish'd the gloomy one too.
Purer my life I receive again from thine altar unsullied,—
Purer receive the bright glow felt by my youth's hopeful days.
Ever the will is changing its aim and its rule, while for ever,
In a still varying form, actions revolve round themselves.
But in enduring youth, in beauty ever renewing.
Kindly Nature, with grace thou dost revere the old law!
Ever the same, for the man in thy faithful hands thou preservest
That which the child in its sport, that which the youth lent to thee;
At the same breast thou dost suckle the ceaselessly, varying ages:
Under the same azure vault, over the same verdant earth,
Races, near and remote, in harmony wander together,—
See, even Homer's own sun looks on *us*, too, with a smile!

GINEVRA.

SAMUEL ROGERS—"ITALY."

If thou shouldst ever come by choice or chance
To Modena, where still religiously
Among her ancient trophies is preserved
Bologna's bucket—in its chain it hangs
Within that reverend tower, the Guirlandine—
Stop at a palace near the Reggio-gate,
Dwelt in of old by one of the Orsini.
Its noble gardens, terrace above terrace,
And rich in fountains, statues, cypresses,
Will long detain thee; through their arched walks,
Dim at noonday, discovering many a glimpse
Of knights and dames, such as in old romance,
And lovers, such as in heroic song;
Perhaps the two, for groves were their delight,
That in the spring-time, as alone they sat,
Venturing together on a tale of love,
Read only part that day. A summer sun,
Sets ere one half is seen; but, ere thou go,
Enter the house—prithee, forget it not—
And look a while upon a picture there.
'Tis of a lady in her earliest youth,

The very last of that illustrious race,
Done by Zampieri—but by whom I care not.
He who observes it, ere he passes on,
Gazes his fill, and comes and comes again,
That he may call it up, when far away.
She sits, inclining forward as to speak,
Her lips half-open, and her finger up,
As though she said 'Beware!' Her vest of gold
'Broidered with flowers, and clasped from head to foot,
An emerald-stone in every golden clasp;
And on her brow, fairer than alabastor,
A coronet of pearls. But then her face,
So lovely, yet so arch, so full of mirth,
The overflowings of an innocent heart—
It haunts me still, though many a year has fled,
Like some wild melody!
Alone it hangs
Over a mouldering heir-loom, its companion,
An oaken chest, half-eaten by the worm,
But richly carved by Antony of Trent
With Scripture-stories from the life of Christ;
A chest that came from Venice, and had held
The ducal robes of some old ancestor.
That by the way—it may be true or false—
But don't forget the picture; and thou wilt not,
When thou hast heard the tale they told me there.
She was an only child; from infancy
The joy, the pride of an indulgent sire.
Her mother dying of the gift she gave,
That precious gift, what else remained to him?
The young Ginevra was his all in life,
Still as she grew, for ever in his sight;
And in her fifteenth year became a bride,
Marrying an only son, Francesco Doria,
Her playmate from her birth, and her first love.
Just as she looks there in her bridal-dress,
She was all gentleness, all gaiety,
Her pranks the favourite theme of every tongue.
But now the day was come, the day, the hour;
Now, frowning, smiling, for the hundreth time,
The nurse, that ancient lady, preached decorum;
And, in the lustre of her youth, she gave
Her hand, with her heart in it, to Francesco.
Great was the joy; but at the bridal-feast,
When all sat down, the bride was wanting there.
Nor was she to be found! Her father cried,
'"'Tis but to make a trial of our love!'
And filled his glass to all; but his hand shook,
And soon from guest to guest the panic spread.
'Twas but that instant she had left Francesco,
Laughing and looking back, and flying still,
Her ivory-tooth imprinted on his finger.
But now, alas! she was not to be found;
Nor from that hour could anything be guessed
But that she was not! Weary of his life,
Francesco flew to Venice, and forthwith
Flung it away in battle with the Turk.
Orsini lived; and long mightst thou have seen
An old man wandering as in quest of something,
Something he could not find—he knew not what.
When he was gone, the house remained a while
Silent and tenantless—then went to strangers.
Full fifty years were past, and all forgot,
When on an idle day, a day of search
'Mid the old lumber in the gallery,
That mouldering chest was noticed; and 'twas said
By one as young, as thoughtless as Ginevra,
'Why not remove it from its lurking-place?'
'Twas done as soon as said; but on the way
It burst, it fell; and lo, a skeleton,
With here and there a pearl, an emerald-stone,
A golden clasp, clasping a shred of gold!
All else had perished—save a nuptial-ring,
And a small seal, her mother's legacy,
Engraven with a name, the name of both,
'Ginevra.' There then had she found a grave!
Within that chest had she concealed herself,
Fluttering with joy the happiest of the happy;
When a spring-lock that lay in ambush there,
Fastened her down for ever!

SONG OF THE CRAZED MAIDEN.

GEORGE CRABBE—"TALES OF THE HALL."

Let me not have this gloomy view
About my room, about my bed;
But morning roses, wet with dew,
To cool my burning brow instead;
As flowers that once in Eden grew,
Let them their fragrant spirits shed,
And every day their sweets renew,
Till I, a fading flower, am dead.

O let the herbs I loved to rear
Give to my sense their perfumed breath!
Let them be placed about my bier,
And grace the gloomy house of death.
I'll have my grave beneath a hill,
Where only Lucy's self shall know,
Where runs the pure pellucid rill
Upon its gravelly bed below;
Their violets on the borders blow;
And insects their soft light display,
Till, as the morning sunbeams glow,
The cold phosphoric fires decay.

That is the grave to Lucy shewn;
The soil a pure and silver sand;
The green cold moss above it grown,
Unplucked of all but maiden hand.
In virgin earth, till then unturned,
There let my maiden form be laid;
Nor let my changed clay be spurned,
Nor for new guest that bed be made.

There will the lark, the lamb, in sport,
In air, on earth, securely play:
And Lucy to my grave resort,
As innocent, but not so gay.

I will not have the churchyard ground
With bones all black and ugly grown,
To press my shivering body round,
Or on my wasted limbs be thrown.

With ribs and skulls I will not sleep,
In clammy beds of cold blue clay,
Through which the ringed earth-worms creep,
And on the shrouded bosom prey.
I will not have the bell proclaim
When those sad marriage rites begin,
And boys, without regard or shame,
Press the vile mouldering masses in.

Say not, it is beneath my care—
I cannot these cold truths allow;
These thoughts may not afflict me there,
But oh! they vex and tease me now!
Raise not a turf, nor set a stone,
That man a maiden's grave may trace,
But thou, my Lucy, come alone,
And let affection find the place.

Oh! take me from a world I hate,
Men cruel, selfish, sensual, cold;
And, in some pure and blessed state,
Let me my sister minds behold:
From gross and sordid views refined,
Our heaven of spotless love to share,
For only generous souls designed,
And not a man to meet us there.

LIFE'S MYSTERY.

PHILIP JAMES BAILEY—"FESTUS."

This life's a mystery.
The value of a thought cannot be told;
But it is clearly worth a thousand lives
Like many men's. And yet men love to live,
As if mere life were worth their living for.
What but perdition will it be to most?
Life's more than breath and the quick round of blood.
It is a great spirit and a busy heart.
The coward and the small in soul scarce do live.
One generous feeling—one great thought—one deed
Of good, ere night, would make life longer seem
Than if each year might number a thousand days,—
Spent as is this by nations of mankind.
We live in deeds, not years; in thoughts, not breaths;
In feelings, not in figures on a dial.
We should count time by heart throbs. He most lives
Who thinks most—feels the noblest—acts the best.
Life's but a means unto an end—that end
Beginning, mean and end to all things—God.
The dead have all the glory of the world.
Why will we live and not be glorious?
We never can be deathless till we die.
It is the dead win battles. And the breath
Of those who through the world drive like a wedge,
Tearing earth's empires up, nears death so close
It dims his well worn scythe. But no! the brave
Die never. Being deathless, they but change
Their country's arms for more—their country's heart.
Give then the dead their due; it is they who saved us.
The rapid and the deep—the fall—the gulf,
Have likenesses in feeling and in life.
And life, so varied, hath more loveliness
In one day than a creeping century
Of sameness. But youth loves and lives on change
Till the soul sighs for sameness; which at last
Becomes variety, and takes its place.
Yet some will last to die out, thought by thought,
And power by power, and limb of mind by limb,
Like lamps upon a gay device of glass,
Till all of soul that's left be dry and dark;
Till even the burden of some ninety years
Hath crashed into them like a rock; shattered
Their system as if ninety suns had rushed
To ruin earth—or heaven had rained its stars;
Till they become, like scrolls, unreadable,
Through dust and mould. Can they be cleaned and read?
Do human spirits wax and wane like moons?

TO ATTAIN A HAPPY LIFE.

HENRY HOWARD.

Martiall, the things that do attain
The happy life, be these, I find:
The riches left, not got with pain,
The fruitful ground, the quiet mind,
The equal friend; no grudge, no strife,
No charge of rule, nor governance;
Without disease, the healthful life,
The household of continuance;
The mean diet, no delicate fair,
True wisdom joined with simpleness;
The night discharged of all care,
Where wine the wit may not oppress;
The faithful wife without debate;
Such sleep as may beguile the night;
Contented with thine own estate,
Nor wish for death, nor fear his might.

GLENCOE.

JOHN KEATS.

Keep silence, lest the rocks in thunder fall;
Keep silence, lest ye wake the hapless dead,
Whose blood is crying from the ground to call
The doom of justice on the murderer's head!
Dark and more dark, ye shades of evening, lower;
Wide and more wide, ye gathering tempests, spread
Thick clouds and waters round the Avenging Power
Whose malison is here! The river moans;
The wind, with deepening sigh from hour to hour,
Saddens the gloom, a curse is on the land;
From every cavern'd cliff sepulchral groans
Appal the desolation; and around,
The melancholy mountains loathe the sun,
And shall, till the career of Time be done.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

WHICH FURNISH A THEME FOR REFLECTION, AND A TEXT FOR MENTAL DISCOURSE.

Education:

In the most extensive sense of the word, education may comprehend every preparation that is made in our youth for the sequel of our lives.—*Paley.*

Eloquence:

Eloquence is the language of nature, and cannot be learnt in the schools.—*Colton.*

Eloquence comes, if it comes at all, like the outbreaking of a fountain from the earth.—*Daniel Webster.*

Employment:

Employment, which Galen calls "nature's physician," is so essential to human happiness that indolence is justly considered the mother of misery.—*Burton.*

Energy:

He who would do some great thing in this short life must apply himself to the work with such a concentration of his forces as, to idle spectators who live only to amuse themselves, looks like insanity.—*Foster.*

Is there one whom difficulties dishearten, who bends to the storm? He will do little. Is there one who *will* conquer? That kind of man never fails.—*Hunter.*

Envy:

Envy, like a cold poison, numbs and stupefies; and, conscious of its own impotence, folds its arms in despair.—*Collier.*

Error:

To be indifferent whether we embrace falsehood or truth, is the great road to error.—*Lock.*

Every absurdity hath a champion to defend it, for error is always talkative.—*Goldsmith.*

Experience:

All is lip wisdom which wants experience.—*Sidney.*

The knowledge drawn from experience is quite of another kind from that which flows from speculation or discourse.—*South.*

Fame:

Fame can never make us lie down contentedly on a death-bed.—*Pope.*

Fate:

What must be shall be; and that which is a necessity to him that struggles is little more than choice to him that is willing.—*Seneca.*

Foreknowledge:

God will not suffer man to have the knowledge of things to come; for if he had prescience of his prosperity, he would be careless; and understanding of his adversity, he would be senseless.—*St. Augustine.*

Fear:

What can that man fear who takes care to please a Being that is able to crush all his adversaries.—*Addison.*

Flattery:

People generally despise where they flatter, and cringe to those they would gladly overtop; so that truth and ceremony are two things.—*Antonius.*

Flowers:

How the universal heart of man blesses flowers! They are wreathed round the cradle, the marriage-altar, and the tomb. The Persian in the far east delights in their perfume, and writes his love in nose-gays; while the Indian child of the far west claps his hands with glee as he gathers the abundant blossoms—the illuminated scriptures of the prairies. The Cupid of the ancient Hindoos tipped his arrow with flowers, and orange-flowers are a bridal crown with us—a nation of yesterday. Flowers garlanded the Grecian altar, and hang in votive wreath before the Christian shrine. All these are appropriate uses. Flowers should deck the brow of the youthful bride, for they are in themselves a lovely type of marriage. They should twine round the tomb, for their perpetually renewed beauty is a symbol of the resurrection. They should festoon the altar, for their fragrance and their beauty ascend in perpetual worship before the Most High.—*Mrs. L. M. Child.*

Forgiveness:

Let not the sun go down upon thy wrath, but write thy wrongs in ashes. Draw the curtain of night upon injuries, shut them up in the tower of oblivion, and let them be as though they had not been. To forgive our enemies yet hope that God will punish them, is not to forgive enough. To forgive them ourselves, and not to pray God to forgive them, is a partial act of charity. Forgive thine enemies totally and without any reserve.—*Sir Thomas Browne.*

Fortune:

Every man is the maker of his own fortune, and must be, in some measure, the trumpet of his fame. *Dryden.*

Friendship:

False friendship is like the ivy, decays and ruins the wall it embraces; but true friendship gives new life and animation to the object it supports.—*Robert Burton.*

Genius:

Every man should examine his own genius, and advise with himself what is proper to apply himself to: for nothing can be more distant from tranquility and happiness than to be engaged in a course of life for which nature has rendered thee unfit; an active life is not to be undertaken by an unactive person, nor an unactive life by an active person. To one, rest is quiet and action labor; to another, rest is labor and action quiet.—*Epicurus.*

APPLE BLOSSOMS.

THE GARDENER OF THE MANOR.

HANS CHRISTIAN ANDERSON.

About one Danish mile from the capital stood an old manor-house, with thick walls, towers, and pointed gable-ends. Here lived, but only in the summer season, a rich and courtly family. This manor-house was the best and the most beautiful of all the houses they owned. It looked outside as if it had just been cast in a foundry, and within it was comfort itself. The family arms were carved in stone over the door; beautiful roses twined about the arms and the balcony; a grass-plot extended before the house with red-thorn and white-thorn, and many rare flowers grew even outside the conservatory. The manor kept also a very skillful gardener. It was a real pleasure to see the flower-garden, the orchard, and the kitchen-garden. There was still to be seen a portion of the manor's original garden, a few box-tree hedges cut in shape of crowns and pyramids, and behind these two mighty old trees almost always without leaves. One might always think that a storm or water-spout had scattered great lumps of manure on their branches, but each lump was a bird's nest. A swarm of rooks and crows from time immemorial had built their nests here. It was a townful of birds, and the birds were the manorial lords here. They did not care for the proprietors, the manor's oldest family branch, nor for the present owner of the manor—these were nothing to them; but they bore with the wandering creatures below them, notwithstanding that once in a while they shot with guns in a way that made the birds' back-bones shiver, and made every bird fly up, crying, "Rak, Rak!"

The gardener very often explained to the master the necessity of felling the old trees, as they did not look well, and by taking them away they would probably also get rid of the screaming birds, which would seek another place. But he never could be induced either to give up the trees or the swarm of birds: the manor could not spare them, as they were relics of the good old times, that ought always to be kept in remembrance.

"The trees are the birds' heritage by this time," said the master. "So let them keep them, my good Larsen." Larsen was the gardener's name, but that is of very little consequence in this story. "Haven't you room enough to work in, little Larsen? Have you not the flower-garden, the green-houses, the orchard, and the kitchen-garden?" He cared for them, he kept them in order and cultivated them with zeal and ability, and the family knew it; but they did not conceal from him that they often tasted fruits and saw flowers in other houses that surpassed what he had in his garden, and that was a sore trial to the gardener, who always wished to do the best, and really did the best he could. He was good-hearted and a faithful servant.

The owner sent one day for him and told him kindly that the day before at a party given by some friends of rank, they had eaten apples and pears which were so juicy and well-flavoured, that all the guests had loudly expressed their admiration. To be sure, they were not native fruits, but they ought by all means to be introduced here, and to be acclimatized if possible. They learned that the fruit was bought of one of the first fruit-dealers in the city, and the gardener was to ride to town, and find out about where they came from, and then order some slips for grafting. The gardener was very well acquainted with the dealer, because he was the very person to whom he sold the fruit that grew in the manor-garden, beyond what was needed by the family. So the gardener went to town and asked the fruit-dealer where he had found those apples and pears that were praised so highly.

"They are from your own garden," said the fruit-dealer, and he showed him both the apples and the pears, which he recognized. Now, how happy the gardener felt! He hastened back to his master, and told him that the apples and pears were all from his own garden. But he would not believe it.

"It cannot be possible, Larsen. Can you get a written certificate of that from the fruit-dealer?" And that he could; and brought him a written certificate.

"This is certainly wonderful!" said the family.

And now every day were set on the table great dishes filled with beautiful apples and pears from their own garden; bushels and barrels of these fruits were sent to friends in the city and country—nay, were even sent abroad. It was exceedingly pleasant; but when they talked with the gardener, they said that the last two seasons had been remarkably favourable for fruits, and that fruits had done well all over the country.

Some time passed. The family were at dinner at court. The next day the gardener was sent for. They had eaten melons at the royal table which they found very juicy and well-flavoured; they came from his majesty's green-house. "You must go and see the court gardener, and let him give you some seeds of those melons."

"But the gardener at the court got his melon-seeds from us," said the gardener, highly delighted.

"But then that man understands how to bring the fruit to a higher perfection," was the answer. "Each particular melon was delicious."

"Well, then, I really may feel proud," said the gardener. "I must tell your lordship that the gardener at the court did not succeed very well with his melons this year, and so, seeing how beautiful ours looked, he tasted them, and ordered from me three of them for the castle."

"Larsen, you do not pretend to say that those were melons from our garden?"

"Really, I dare say as much," said the gardener, who went to the court-gardener and got from him a written certificate to the effect that the melons on the royal table were from the manor. That was

certainly a great surprise to the family, and they did not keep the story to themselves. Melon seeds were sent far and wide, in the same way as had been done with the slips, which they were now hearing had begun to take, and to bear fruit of an excellent kind. The fruit was named after the manor, and the name was written in English, German, and French.

This was something they never had dreamed of.

"We are afraid that the gardener will come to think too much of himself," said they; but he looked on it in another way: what he wished was to get the reputation of being one of the best gardeners in the country, and to produce every year something exquisite out of all sorts of garden stuff, and that he did. But he often had to hear that the fruits which he first brought, the apples and pears, were after all the best. All other kinds of fruit were inferior to these. The melons, too, were very good, but they belonged to quite another species. His strawberries were very excellent, but by no means better than many others; and when it happened one year that his radishes did not succeed, they only spoke of them, and not of other good things he had made succeed.

It really seemed as if the family felt some relief in saying, "It won't turn out well this year, little Larsen!" They seemed quite glad when they could say, "It won't turn out well!"

The gardener used always twice a week to bring them fresh flowers, tastefully arranged, and the colours by his arrangements were brought out in stronger light.

"You have good taste, Larsen," said the owner, "but that is a gift from our Lord, not from yourself."

One day the gardener brought a great crystal vase with a floating leaf of a white water-lily, upon which was laid, with its long thick stalk descending into the water, a sparkling blue flower, as large as a sunflower.

"The sacred lotos of Hindostan!" exclaimed the family. They had never seen such a flower; it was placed every day in the sunshine, and in the evening under artificial light. Every one who saw it found it wonderfully beautiful and rare; and that said the most noble young lady in the country, the wise and kind-hearted princess. The lord of the manor deemed it an honour to present her with the flower, and the princess took it with her to the castle. Now the master of the house went down to the garden to pluck another flower of the same sort, but he could not find any. So he sent for the gardener, and asked him where he kept the blue lotos. "I have been looking for it in vain," said he. "I went into the conservatory, and round about the flower-garden."

"No, it is not there," said the gardener. "It is nothing else than a common flower from the kitchen-garden, but do you not find it beautiful? It looks as if it was the blue cactus, and yet it is only a kitchen-herb. It is the flower of the artichoke."

"You should have told us that at the time," said the master. "We supposed, of course, that it was a strange and rare flower. You have made us ridiculous in the eyes of the young princess! She saw the flower in our house and thought it beautiful. She did not know the flower, and she is versed in botany, too, but then that has nothing to do with kitchen-herbs. How could you take it into your head, my good Larsen, to put such a flower up in our drawing-room? It makes us ridiculous."

And the magnificent blue flower from the kitchen-garden was turned out of the drawing-room, which was not at all the place for it. The master made his apology to the princess, telling her that it was only a kitchen-herb which the gardener had taken into his head to exhibit, but that he had been well reprimanded for it.

"That was a pity," said the princess, "for he has really opened our eyes to see the beauty of a flower in a place where we should not have thought of looking for it. Our gardener shall every day, as long as the artichoke is in bloom, bring one of them up into the drawing-room."

Then the master told his gardener that he might again bring them a fresh artichoke flower. "It is, after all, a very nice flower," said he, "and a truly remarkable one." And so the gardener was praised again. "Larsen likes that," said the master; "he is a spoiled child."

In the autumn there came up a great gale, which increased so violently in the night that several large trees in the outskirts of the wood were torn up by the roots; and to the great grief of the household, but to the gardener's delight, the two big trees blew down, with all their birds'-nests on them. In the manor-house they heard during the storm the screaming of rooks and crows, beating their wings against the windows.

"Now I suppose you are happy, Larsen," said the master: "the storm has felled the trees, and the birds have gone off to the woods; there is nothing left from the good old days; it is all gone, and we are very sorry for it."

The gardener said nothing, but he thought of what he long had turned over in his mind, how he could make that pretty sunny spot very useful, so that it could become an ornament to the garden and a pride to the family. The great trees which had been blown down had shattered the venerable hedge of box, that was cut into fanciful shapes.

Here he set out a multitude of plants that were not to be seen in other gardens. He made an earthen wall, on which he planted all sorts of native flowers from the fields and woods. What no other gardener had ever thought of planting in the manor-garden he planted, giving each its appropriate soil, and the plants were in sunlight or shadow, according as each species required. He cared tenderly for them, and they grew up finely. The juniper-tree from the heaths of Jutland rose in shape and colour like the Italian cypress; the shining, thorny Christ-

thorn, as green in the winter's cold as in the summer's sun, was splendid to see. In the foreground grew ferns of various species; some of them looked as if they were children of the palm-tree; others, as if they were parents of the pretty plants called "Venus's golden locks" or "Maiden-hair." Here stood the despised burdock, which is so beautiful in its freshness that it looks well even in a bouquet. The burdock stood in a dry place, but below, in the moist soil, grew the colt's-foot, also a despised plant, but yet most picturesque, with its tall stem and large leaf. Like a candelabrum with a multitude of branches six feet high, and with flower over against flower, rose the mullein, a mere field plant. Here stood the woodroof and the lily of the valley, the wild calla and the fine three-leaved wood-sorrel. It was a wonder to see all this beauty.

In the front grew in rows very small pear-trees from French soil, trained on wires. By plenty of sun and good care they soon bore as juicy fruits as in their own country. Instead of the two old leafless trees was placed a tall flag-staff, where the flag of Dannebrog was displayed; and near by stood another pole, where the hop-tendril in summer or harvest-time wound its fragrant flowers; but in winter time, after ancient custom, oat-sheaves were fastened to it, that the birds of the air might find here a good meal in the happy Christmas-time.

"Our good Larsen is growing sentimental as he grows old," said the family; "but he is faithful, and quite attached to us."

In one of the illustrated papers there was a picture at New Years of the old manor, with the flag-staff and the oat-sheaves for the birds of the air, and the paper said that the old manor had preserved that beautiful old custom, and deserved great credit for it.

"They beat the drum for all Larsen's doings," said the family. "He is a lucky fellow, and we may almost be proud of having such a man in our service."

But they were not a bit proud of it. They were very well aware that they were the lords of the manor; they could give Larsen warning, in fact, but they did not. They were good people, and fortunate it is for every Mr. Larsen that there are so many good people like them.

Yes, that is the story of the Gardener of the Manor. Now you may think a little about it.

HAPPY AT LAST.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL—"REVERIES OF A BACHELOR."

She does not mistake my feelings, surely:—ah, no,—trust a woman for that! But what have I, or what am I, to ask a return? She is pure and gentle as an angel; and I—alas—only a poor soldier in our world-fight against the Devil! Sometimes in moods of vanity, I call up what I fondly reckon my excellencies or deserts—a sorry, pitiful array, that makes me shameful when I meet her. And in an instant, I banish them all. And I think, that if I were called upon in some court of justice, to say why I should claim her indulgence, or her love—I would say nothing of my sturdy effort to beat down the roughness of toil—nothing of such manliness as wears a calm front amid the frowns of the world—nothing of little triumphs, in the every-day fight of life; but only, I would enter the simple plea—this heart is hers!

She leaves; and I have said nothing of what was seething within me;—how I curse my folly! She is gone, and never perhaps will return. I recall in despair her last kind glance. The world seems blank to me. She does not know; perhaps she does not care, if I love her. Well, I will bear it,—I say. But I cannot bear it. Business is broken; books are blurred; something remains undone, that fate declares must be done. Not a place can I find, but her sweet smile gives to it, either a tinge of gladness or a black shade of desolation.

I sit down at my table with pleasant looks; the fire is burning cheerfully; my dog looks up earnestly when I speak to him; but it will never do!

Her image sweeps away all these comforts in a flood. I fling down my books; I turn my back upon my dog; the fire hisses and sparkles in mockery of me.

Suddenly a thought flashes on my brain;—I will write to her—I say. And a smile floats over my face—a smile of hope, ending in doubt. I catch up my pen—my trusty pen; and the clean sheet lies before me. The paper could not be better, nor the pen. I have written hundreds of letters; it is easy to write letters. But now it is not easy.

I begin, and cross it out. I begin again, and get on a little farther;—then cross it out. I try again, but can write nothing. I fling down my pen in despair, and burn the sheet, and go to my library for some old sour treatise of Shaftesbury, or Lyttleton; and say, talking to myself all the while: let her go!—She is beautiful, but I am strong; the world is short; we—I and my dog, and my books, and my pen, will battle it through bravely, and leave enough for a tomb-stone.

But even as I say it, the tears start;—it is all false saying! And I throw Shaftesbury across the room and take up my pen again. It glides on and on, as my hope glows, and I tell her of our first meeting, and of our hours in the ocean twilight, and of our unsteady stepping on the heaving deck, and of that parting in the noise of London, and of my joy at seeing her in the pleasant country, and of my grief afterward. And then I mention Bella—her friend and mine—and the tears flow; and then I speak of our last meeting, and of my doubts, and of this very evening,—and how I could not write and abandoned it,—and then felt something within me that made me write, and tell her———all!———"That my heart was not my own, but was wholly hers; and that if she would be mine,———I would cherish her, and love her always."

Then, I feel a kind of happiness,—a strange, tumultuous happiness, into which doubt is creeping from time to time, bringing with it a cold shudder. I seal the letter, and carry it—a great weight—for the mail. It seems as if there could be no other letter that day; and as if all the coaches and horses, and cars, and boats were specially detailed to bear that single sheet. It is a great letter for me; my destiny lies in it.

I do not sleep well that night;—it is a tossing sleep; one time joy—sweet and holy joy comes to my dreams, and an angel is by me;—another time, the angel fades—the brightness fades, and I wake struggling with fear. For many nights it is so, until the day comes, on which I am looking for a reply.

The postman has little suspicion that the letter which he gives me—although it contains no promissory notes, nor money, nor deeds, nor articles of trade—is yet to have a greater influence upon my life and upon my future, than all the letters he has ever brought to me before. But I do not show him this; nor do I let him see the clutch with which I grasp it. I bear it, as if it were a great and fearful burden, to my room. I lock the door, and having broken the seal with a quivering hand,—read:—

"Paul—for I think I may call you so now—I know not how to answer you. Your letter gave me great joy; but it gave me pain too. I cannot—will not doubt what you say; I believe that you love me better than I deserve to be loved; and I know that I am not worthy of all your kind praises. But it is not this that pains me; for I know that you have a generous heart, and would forgive, as you always have forgiven, any weakness of mine. I am proud too, very proud, to have won your love; but it pains me—more perhaps than you will believe, to think that I cannot write back to you as I would wish to write; alas, never!"

Here I dash the letter upon the floor, and with my hand upon my forehead, sit gazing upon the glowing coals, and breathing quick and loud. The dream then is broken!

Presently I read again:

———"You know that my father died before we had ever met. He had an old friend, who had come from England; and who in early life had done him some great service, which made him seem like a brother. This old gentleman was my godfather, and called me daughter. When my father died he drew me to his side, and said, 'Carry, I shall leave you, but my old friend will be your father;' and he put my hand in his, and said—'I give you my daughter.'

"This old gentleman had a son older than myself; but we were much together, and grew up as brother and sister. I was proud of him; for he was tall and strong, and every one called him handsome. He was as kind too, as a brother could be; and his father was like my own father. Every one said, and believed, that we would one day be married; and my mother and my new father spoke of it openly. So did Laurence, for that is my friend's name.

"I do not need to tell you any more, Paul; for when I was still a girl, we had promised that we would one day be man and wife. Laurence has been much in England; and I believe he is there now. The old gentleman treats me still as a daughter, and talks of the time when I shall come and live with him. The letters of Laurence are very kind; and though he does not talk so much of our marriage as he did, it is only, I think, because he regards it as so certain.

"I have wished to tell you all this before; but I have feared to tell you; I am afraid I have been too selfish to tell you. And now what can I say? Laurence seems most to me like a brother;—and you, Paul———but I must not go on. For if I marry Laurence, as fate seems to have decided, I will try and love him better than all the world.

"But will you not be a brother, and love me, as you once loved Bella;—you say my eyes are like hers; and that my forehead is like hers—will you not believe that my heart is like hers too?

"Paul, if you shed tears over this letter I have shed them as well as you. I can write no more now.

"Adieu."

I sit long looking upon the blaze; and when I rouse myself it is to say wicked things against destiny. Again, all the future seems very blank. I can not love Carry, as I loved Bella; she cannot be a sister to me; she must be more, or nothing! Again, I seem to float singly on the tide of life, and see all around me in cheerful groups. Everywhere the sun shines, except upon my own cold forehead. There seems no mercy in Heaven, and no goodness for me upon earth.

I write after some days, an answer to the letter. But it is a bitter answer, in which I forget myself, in the whirl of my misfortune—to the utterance of reproaches.

Her reply, which comes speedily, is sweet and gentle. She is hurt by my reproaches, deeply hurt. But with a touching kindness, of which I am not worthy, she credits all my petulance to my wounded feelings; she soothes me; but in soothing, only wounds the more. I try to believe her, when she speaks of her unworthiness;—but I cannot.

Business, and the pursuits of ambition or of interest, pass on like dull, grating machinery. Tasks are met, and performed with strength indeed, but with no cheer. Courage is high, as I meet the shocks and trials of the world; but it is a brute, careless courage, that glories in opposition. I laugh at any dangers, or any insidious pitfalls;—what are they to me? What do I possess, which it will be hard to lose? My dog keeps by me; my toils are present; my food is ready; my limbs are strong;———what need for more?

The months slip by; and the cloud that floated over my evening sun, passes.

Laurence wandering abroad, and writing to Caroline, as to a sister,—writes more than his father could

have wished. He has met new faces, very sweet faces; and one which shows through the ink of his later letters, very gorgeously. The old gentleman does not like to lose thus his little Carry; and he writes back rebuke. But Laurence, with the letters of Caroline before him for data, throws himself upon his sister's kindness and charity. It astonishes not a little the old gentleman to find his daughter pleading in such strange way, for the son. "And what will you do then, my Carry?"—the old man says.

———"Wear weeds, if you wish, sir; and love you and Laurence more than ever."

And he takes her to his bosom, and says—"Carry—Carry, you are too good for that wild fellow Laurence!"

Now, the letters are different! Now they are full of hope—dawning all over the future sky. Business, and care, and toil, glide, as if a spirit animated them all; it is no longer cold machine work, but intelligent and hopeful activity. The sky hangs upon you lovingly, and the birds make music, that startles you with its fineness. Men wear cheerful faces; the storms have a kind pity, gleaming through all their wrath.

The days approach, when you can call her yours. For she has said it, and her mother has said it; and the kind old gentleman, who says he will still be her father, has said it too; and they have all welcomed you—won by her story—with a cordiality that has made your cup full to running over. Only one thought comes up to obscure your joy;—is it real? or if real, are you worthy to enjoy? Will you cherish and love always, as you have promised, that angel who accepts your word, and rests her happiness on your faith? Are there not harsh qualities in your nature, which you fear may sometimes make her regret that she gave herself to your love and charity? And those friends who watch over her, as the apple of their eye, can you always meet their tenderness and approval, for your guardianship of their treasure. Is it not a treasure that makes you fearful, as well as joyful?

But you forget this in her smile: her kindness, her goodness, her modesty, will not let you remember it. She *forbids* such thoughts; and you yield such obedience, as you never yielded even to the commands of a mother. And if your business, and your labor slip by, partially neglected—what matters it? What is interest, or what is reputation, compared with that fullness of your heart, which is now ripe with joy?

The day for your marriage comes; and you live as if you were in a dream. You think well, and hope well for all the world. A flood of charity seems to radiate from all around you. And as you sit beside her in the twilight, on the evening before the day, when you will call her yours, and talk of the coming hopes, and of the soft shadows of the past; and whisper of Bella's love, and of that sweet sister's death, and of Laurence, a new brother, coming home joyful with his bride,—and lay your cheek to hers—life seems as if it were all day, and as if there could be no night!

The marriage passes; and she is yours—yours forever.

LIGHTED WITH A COAL.

DONALD GRANT MITCHELL—"REVERIES OF A BACHELOR."

That first taste of the new smoke, and of the fragrant leaf is very grateful; it has a bloom about it that you wish might last. It is like your first love—fresh, genial, and rapturous. Like that, it fills up all the craving of your soul; and the light, blue wreaths of smoke, like the roseate clouds that hang around the morning of your heart life, cut you off from the chill atmosphere of mere worldly companionship, and make a gorgeous firmament for your fancy to riot in.

I do not speak now of those later, and manlier passions, into which judgment must be thrusting its cold tones, and when all the sweet tumult of your heart has mellowed into the sober ripeness of affection. But I mean the boyish burning, which belongs to every poor mortal's lifetime, and which bewilders him with the thought that he has reached the highest point of human joy, before he has tasted any of that bitterness from which alone our highest human joys have sprung. I mean the time when you cut initials with your jack-knife on the smooth bark of beech trees; and went moping under the long shadows at sunset; and thought Louise the prettiest name in the wide world; and picked flowers to leave at her door; and stole out at night to watch the light in her window; and read such novels as those about Helen Mar, or Charlotte, to give some adequate expression to your agonized feelings.

At such a stage, you are quite certain that you are deeply, and madly in love; you persist in the face of heaven and earth. You would like to meet the individual who dared to doubt it.

You think she has got the tidiest and jauntiest little figure that ever was seen. You think back upon some time when in your games of forfeit you gained a kiss from those lips; and it seems as if the kiss was hanging on you yet, and warming you all over. And then again it seems so strange that your lips did really touch hers! You half question if it could have been actually so,—and how could you have dared;—and you wonder if you would have courage to do the same thing again?—and upon second thought, are quite sure you would,—and snap your fingers at the thought of it.

What sweet little hats she does wear; and in the school room, when the hat is hung up—what curls—golden curls, worth a hundred Golcondas! How bravely you study the top lines of the spelling book—that your eyes may run over the edge of the cover, without the schoolmaster's notice, and feast upon her!

You half wish that somebody would run away with her, as they did with Amanda, in the Children

of the Abbey;—and then you might ride up on a splendid black horse, and draw a pistol, or blunderbuss, and shoot the villains, and carry her back, all in tears, fainting, and languishing upon your shoulder;—and have her father (who is Judge of the County Court) take your hand in both of his, and make some eloquent remarks. A great many such recaptures you run over in your mind, and think how delightful it would be to peril your life, either by flood or fire—to cut off your arm, or your head, or any such trifle,—for your dear Louise.

You can hardly think of anything more joyous in life, than to live with her in some old castle, very far away from steamboats, and post-offices, and pick wild geraniums for her hair, and read poetry with her, under the shade of very dark ivy vines. And you would have such a charming boudoir in some corner of the old ruin, with a harp in it, and books bound in gilt, with cupids on the cover, and such a fairy couch, with the curtains hung—as you have seen them hung in some illustrated Arabian stories—upon a pair of carved doves.

ANATOMY OF CHARACTER.

R. BRINSLEY SHERIDAN—"THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL."

MARIA enters to LADY SNEERWELL and JOSEPH SURFACE.

Lady Sneerwell. Maria, my dear, how do you do? What's the matter?

Maria. Oh, there is that disagreeable lover of mine, Sir Benjamin Backbite, has just called at my guardian's with his odious uncle, Crabtree; so I slipt out, and ran hither to avoid them.

Lady S. Is that all?

Joseph Surface. If my brother Charles had been of the party, madam, perhaps you would not have been so much alarmed.

Lady S. Nay, now you are severe; for I dare swear the truth of the matter is, Maria heard *you* were here.—But, my dear, what has Sir Benjamin done that you should avoid him so?

Maria. Oh, he has done nothing—but 'tis for what he has said: his conversation is a perpetual libel on all his acquaintance.

Joseph S. Ay, and the worst of it is, there is no advantage in not knowing him—for he'll abuse a stranger just as soon as his best friend; and his uncle Crabtree's as bad.

Lady S. Nay, but we should make allowance. Sir Benjamin is a wit and a poet.

Maria. For my part, I own, madam, wit loses its respect with me when I see it in company with malice. What do you think, Mr. Surface?

Joseph S. Certainly, madam; to smile at the jest which plants a thorn in another's breast is to become a principal in the mischief.

Lady S. Pshaw!—there's no possibility of being witty without a little ill-nature: the malice of a good thing is the barb that makes it stick.—What's your opinion, Mr. Surface?

Joseph S. To be sure, madam; that conversation where the spirit of raillery is suppressed, will ever appear tedious and insipid.

Maria. Well, I'll not debate how far scandal may be allowable; but in a man, I am sure it is always contemptible. We have pride, envy, rivalship, and a thousand little motives to depreciate each other; but the male slanderer must have the cowardice of a woman before he can traduce one.

Enter SERVANT.

Servant. Madam, Mrs. Candour is below, and if your ladyship's at leisure, will leave her carriage.

Lady S. Beg her to walk in. [*Exit Servant.*]—Now, Maria, however, here is a character to your taste; for though Mrs. Candour is a little talkative, everybody allows her to be the best-natured and best sort of woman.

Maria. Yes—with a very gross affectation of good-nature and benevolence, she does more mischief than the direct malice of old Crabtree.

Joseph S. I' faith, that's true, Lady Sneerwell; whenever I hear the current running against the characters of my friends, I never think them in such danger as when Candour undertakes their defence.

Lady S. Hush!—here she is!

Enter MRS. CANDOUR.

Mrs. Candour. My dear Lady Sneerwell, how have you been this century?—Mr. Surface, what news do you hear?—though indeed it is no matter, for I think one hears nothing else but scandal.

Joseph S. Just so, indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. C. O Maria! child—what! is the whole affair off between you and Charles? His extravagance, I presume—the town talks of nothing else.

Maria. I am very sorry, ma'am, the town has so little to do.

Mrs. C. True, true, child: but there's no stopping people's tongues. I own I was hurt to hear it, as I indeed was to learn, from the same quarter, that your guardian, Sir Peter and Lady Teazle, have not agreed lately as well as could be wished.

Maria. 'Tis strangely impertinent for people to busy themselves so.

Mrs. C. Very true, child; but what's to be done? People will talk—there's no preventing it. Why, it was but yesterday I was told that Miss Gadabout had eloped with Sir Filligree Flirt. But there's no minding what one hears; though, to be sure, I had this from very good authority.

Maria. Such reports are highly scandalous.

Mrs. C. So they are, child—shameful, shameful! But the world is so censorious, no character escapes. Well, now, who would have suspected your friend, Miss Prim, of an indiscretion? Yet, such is the ill-nature of people, that they say her uncle stopt her last week, just as she was stepping into the York mail with her dancing-master.

Maria. I'll answer for't there are no grounds for that report.

Mrs. C. Ah, no foundation in the world, I dare swear; no more, probably, than for the story circulated last month of Mrs. Festino's affair with Colonel Cassino; though, to be sure, that matter was never rightly cleared up.

Joseph S. The license of invention some people take is monstrous indeed.

Maria. 'Tis so—but, in my opinion, those who report such things are equally culpable.

Mrs. C. To be sure they are; tale-bearers are as bad as the tale-makers—'tis an old observation, and a very true one. But what's to be done, as I said before? how will you prevent people from talking? To-day, Mrs. Clackitt assured me Mr. and Mrs. Honeymoon were at last become mere man and wife, like the rest of their acquaintance. No, no! tale-bearers, as I said before, are just as bad as the tale-makers.

Joseph S. Ah, Mrs. Candour, if everybody had your forbearance and good-nature!

Mrs. C. I confess, Mr. Surface, I cannot bear to hear people attacked behind their backs; and when ugly circumstances come out against our acquaintance, I own I always love to think the best. By the bye, I hope 'tis not sure that your brother is absolutely ruined?

Joseph S. I am afraid his circumstances are very bad indeed, ma'am.

Mrs. C. Ah! I heard so—but you must tell him to keep up his spirits; everybody almost is in the same way—Lord Spindle, Sir Thomas Splint, Captain Quinze, and Mr. Nickit—all up, I hear, within this week; so, if Charles is undone, he'll find half his acquaintance ruined too; and that, you know, is a consolation.

Joseph S. Doubtless, ma'am—a very great one.

Enter SERVANT.

Serv. Mr. Crabtree and Sir Benjamin Backbite.

[*Exit Servant.*

Lady S. So, Maria, you see your lover pursues you; positively you shan't escape.

Enter CRABTREE and SIR BENJAMIN BACKBITE.

Crabtree. Lady Sneerwell, I kiss your hand.—Mrs. Candour, I don't believe you are acquainted with my nephew, Sir Benjamin Backbite. Egad! ma'am, he has a pretty wit, and is a pretty poet too.—Isn't he, Lady Sneerwell?

Sir Benjamin. O fie, uncle!

Crab. Nay, egad! it's true; I back him at a rebus or a charade against the best rhymer in the kingdom. Has your ladyship heard the epigram he wrote last week on Lady Frizzle's feather catching fire?—Do, Benjamin, repeat it, or the charade you made last night extempore at Mrs. Drowzie's conversazione. Come now: your first is the name of a fish, your second a great naval commander, and——

Sir B. Uncle, now—prithee——

Crab. I' faith, ma'am, 'twould surprise you to hear how ready he is at all these sort of things.

Lady S. I wonder, Sir Benjamin, you never publish anything.

Sir B. To say truth, ma'am, 'tis very vulgar to print; and as my little productions are mostly satires and lampoons on particular people, I find they circulate more by giving copies in confidence to the friends of the parties. However, I have some love elegies, which, when favoured with this lady's smiles, I mean to give the public. [*Pointing to Maria.*]

Crab. 'Fore heaven, ma'am, they'll immortalise you! You will be handed down to posterity, like Petrarch's Laura, or Waller's Sacharissa.

Sir B. [*To Maria.*] Yes, madam, I think you will like them, when you shall see them on a beautiful quarto page, where a neat rivulet of text shall murmur through a meadow of margin. 'Fore gad, they will be the most elegant things of their kind!

Crab. But, ladies, that's true—have you heard the news?

Mrs. C. What, sir, do you mean the report of——

Crab. No, ma'am, that's not it—Miss Nicely is going to be married to her footman.

Mrs. C. Impossible!

Crab. Ask Sir Benjamin.

Sir B. 'Tis very true, ma'am; everything is fixed, and the wedding liveries bespoke.

Crab. Yes; and they do say there were pressing reasons for it.

Lady S. Why, I have heard something of this before.

Mrs. C. It can't be; and I wonder any one should believe such a story of so prudent a lady as Miss Nicely.

Sir B. O lud! ma'am, that's the very reason 'twas believed at once. She has always been so cautious and so reserved, that everybody was sure there was some reason for it at bottom.

Mrs. C. Why, to be sure, a tale of scandal is as fatal to the credit of a prudent lady of her stamp as a fever is generally to those of the strongest constitutions. But there is a sort of a puny sickly reputation that is always ailing, yet will outlive the robuster characters of a hundred prudes.

Sir B. True, madam, there are valetudinarians in reputation as well as constitution; who, being conscious of their weak part, avoid the least breath of air, and supply their want of stamina by care and circumspection.

Mrs. C. Well, but this may be all a mistake. You know, Sir Benjamin, very trifling circumstances often give rise to the most injurious tales.

Crab. That they do, I'll be sworn, ma'am. . . . O lud! Mr. Surface, pray, is it true that your uncle, Sir Oliver, is coming home?

Joseph S. Not that I know of, indeed, sir.

Crab. He has been in the East Indies a long time. You can scarcely remember him, I believe. Sad comfort, whenever he returns, to hear how your brother has gone on.

Joseph S. Charles has been imprudent, sir, to be

sure; but I hope no busy people have already prejudiced Sir Oliver against him. He may reform.

Sir B. To be sure he may; for my part, I never believed him to be so utterly void of principle as people say: and though he has lost all his friends, I am told nobody is better spoken of by the Jews.

Crab. That's true, egad! nephew. If the Old Jewry was a ward, I believe Charles would be an alderman: no man more popular there! I hear he pays as many annuities as the Irish tontine; and that, whenever he is sick, they have prayers for the recovery of his health in all the synagogues.

Sir B. Yet no man lives in greater splendour. They tell me, when he entertains his friends, he will sit down to dinner with a dozen of his own securities; have a score of tradesmen waiting in the antechamber, and an officer behind every guest's chair.

Joseph S. This may be entertainment to you, gentlemen; but you pay very little regard to the feelings of a brother.

Maria [*Aside.*] Their malice is intolerable. [*Aloud.*] Lady Sneerwell, I must wish you a good-morning: I'm not very well. [*Exit Maria.*

Mrs. C. O dear! she changes colour very much.

Lady S. Do, Mrs. Candour, follow her: she may want your assistance.

Mrs. C. That I will, with all my soul, ma'am. Poor dear girl, who knows what her situation may be! [*Exit Mrs. Candour.*

THE BROKEN HEART.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

It is a common practice with those who have outlived the susceptibility of early feeling, or have been brought up in the gay heartlessness of dissipated life, to laugh at all love stories, and to treat the tales of romantic passion as mere fictions of novelists and poets. My observations on human nature have induced me to think otherwise. They have convinced me, that however the surface of the character may be chilled and frozen by the cares of the world, or cultivated into mere smiles by the arts of society, still there are dormant fires lurking in the depths of the coldest bosom, which, when once enkindled, become impetuous, and are sometimes desolating in their effects. Indeed, I am a true believer in the blind deity, and go to the full extent of his doctrines. Shall I confess it?—I believe in broken hearts, and the possibility of dying of disappointed love! I do not, however, consider it a malady often fatal to my own sex; but I firmly believe that it withers down many a lovely woman into an early grave.

Man is the creature of interest and ambition. His nature leads him forth into the struggle and bustle of the world. Love is but the embellishment of his early life, or a song piped in the intervals of the acts. He seeks for fame, for fortune, for space in the world's thought, and dominion over his fellow-men. But a woman's whole life is a history of the affections. The heart is her world; it is there her ambition strives for empire—it is there her avarice seeks for hidden treasures. She sends forth her sympathies on adventure; she embarks her whole soul in the traffic of affection; and if shipwrecked, her case is hopeless—for it is a bankruptcy of the heart.

To a man, the disappointment of love may occasion some bitter pangs: it wounds some feelings of tenderness—it blasts some prospects of felicity; but he is an active being; he may dissipate his thoughts in the whirl of varied occupation; or may plunge into the tide of pleasure; or, if the scene of disappointment be too full of painful associations, he can shift his abode at will, and taking, as it were, the wings of the morning, can "fly to the uppermost parts of the earth, and be at rest."

But woman's is comparatively a fixed, a secluded, and a meditative life. She is more the companion of her own thoughts and feelings; and if they are turned to ministers of sorrow, where shall she look for consolation? Her lot is to be wooed and won; and if unhappy in her love, her heart is like some fortress that has been captured, and sacked, and abandoned, and left desolate.

How many bright eyes grow dim—how many soft cheeks grow pale—how many lovely forms fade away into the tomb, and none can tell the cause that blighted their loveliness! As the dove will clasp its wings to its side, and cover and conceal the arrow that is preying on its vitals—so is it the nature of woman, to hide from the world the pangs of wounded affection. The love of a delicate female is always shy and silent. Even when fortunate, she scarcely breathes it to herself; but when otherwise, she buries it in the recesses of her bosom, and there lets it cower and brood among the ruins of her peace. With her, the desire of her heart has failed—the great charm of existence is at an end. She neglects all the cheerful exercises which gladden the spirits, quicken the pulse, and send the tide of life in healthful currents through the veins. Her rest is broken—the sweet refreshment of sleep is poisoned by melancholy dreams—"dry sorrow drinks her blood," until her enfeebled frame sinks under the slightest external injury. Look for her, after a while, and you find friendship weeping over her untimely grave, and wondering that one, who but lately glowed with all the radiance of health and beauty, should so speedily be brought down to "darkness and the worm." You will be told of some wintry chill, some casual indisposition, that laid her low—but no one knows the mental malady that previously sapped her strength, and made her so easy a prey to the spoiler.

She is like some tender tree, the pride and beauty of the grove: graceful in its form, bright in its foliage, but with the worm preying at its heart. We find it suddenly withering, when it should be most fresh and luxuriant. We see it drooping its branches to the earth, and shedding leaf by leaf; until, wasted and perished away, it falls even in the stillness of the

forest; and as we muse over the beautiful ruin, we strive in vain to recollect the blast or thunderbolt that could have smitten it with decay.

I have seen many instances of women running to waste and self-neglect, and disappearing gradually from the earth, almost as if they had been exhaled to heaven; and have repeatedly fancied, that I could trace their deaths through the various declensions of consumption, cold, debility, languor, melancholy, until I reached the first symptom of disappointed love. But an instance of the kind was lately told to me; the circumstances are well known in the country where they happened, and I shall but give them in the manner in which they were related.

Everyone must recollect the tragical story of young E——, the Irish patriot: it was too touching to be soon forgotten. During the troubles in Ireland he was tried, condemned, and executed, on a charge of treason. His fate made a deep impression on public sympathy. He was so young—so intelligent—so generous—so brave—so everything that we are apt to like in a young man. His conduct under trial, too, was so lofty and intrepid. The noble indignation with which he repelled the charge of treason against his country—the eloquent vindication of his name—and his pathetic appeal to posterity, in the hopeless hour of condemnation—all these entered deeply into every generous bosom, and even his enemies lamented the stern policy that dictated his execution.

But there was one heart, whose anguish it would be impossible to describe. In happier days and fairer fortunes, he had won the affections of a beautiful and interesting girl, the daughter of a late celebrated Irish barrister. She loved him with the disinterested fervor of a woman's first and early love. When every worldly maxim arrayed itself against him; when blasted in fortune, and disgrace and danger darkened around his name, she loved him the more ardently for his very sufferings. If, then, his fate could awaken the sympathy even of his foes, what must have been the agony of her, whose whole soul was occupied by his image? Let those tell who have had the portals of the tomb suddenly closed between them and the being they most loved on earth—who have sat at its threshold, as one shut out in a cold and lonely world, from whence all that was most lovely and loving had departed.

But then the horrors of such a grave!—so frightful, so dishonored! There was nothing for memory to dwell on that could soothe the pang of separation, none of those tender, though melancholy circumstances, that endear the parting scene—nothing to melt sorrow into those blessed tears, sent, like the dews of heaven, to revive the heart in the parting hour of anguish.

To render her widowed situation more desolate, she had incurred her father's displeasure by her unfortunate attachment, and was an exile from the paternal roof. But could the sympathy and kind offices of friends have reached a spirit so shocked and driven in by horror, she would have experienced no want of consolation, for the Irish are a people of quick and generous sensibilities. The most delicate and cherishing attentions were paid her, by families of wealth and distinction. She was led into society, and they tried by all kinds of occupation and amusement to dissipate her grief, and wean her from the tragical story of her love. But it was all in vain. There are some strokes of calamity that scathe and scorch the soul—that penetrate to the vital seat of happiness—and blast it, never again to put forth bud or blossom. She never objected to frequent the haunts of pleasure, but she was as much alone there, as in the depths of solitude. She walked about in a sad reverie, apparently unconscious of the world around her. She carried with her an inward woe that mocked at all the blandishments of friendship, and "heeded not the song of the charmer, charm he never so wisely."

The person who told me her story had seen her at a masquerade. There can be no exhibition of fargone wretchedness more striking and painful than to meet it in such a scene. To find it wandering like a spectre, lonely and joyless, where all around is gay—to see it dressed out in the trappings of mirth, and looking so wan and wo-begone, as if it had tried in vain to cheat the poor heart into a momentary forgetfulness of sorrow. After strolling through the splendid rooms and giddy crowd with an air of utter abstraction, she sat herself down on the steps of an orchestra, and looking about for some time with a vacant air, that showed her insensibility to the gairish scene, she began, with the capriciousness of a sickly heart, to warble a little plaintive air. She had an exquisite voice; but on this occasion it was so simple, so touching—it breathed forth such a soul of wretchedness—that she drew a crowd, mute and silent, around her, and melted everyone into tears.

The story of one so true and tender could not but excite great interest in a country remarkable for enthusiasm. It completely won the heart of a brave officer, who paid his addresses to her, and thought that one so true to the dead, could not but prove affectionate to the living. She declined his attentions, for her thoughts were irrecoverably engrossed by the memory of her former lover. He, however, persisted in his suit. He solicited not her tenderness, but her esteem. He was assisted by her conviction of his worth, and her sense of her own destitute and dependent situation, for she was existing on the kindness of friends. In a word, he at length succeeded in gaining her hand, though with the solemn assurance, that her heart was unalterably another's.

He took her with him to Sicily, hoping that a change of scene might wear out the remembrance of early woes. She was an amiable and exemplary wife, and made an effort to be a happy one; but nothing could cure the silent and devouring melancholy that had entered into her very soul. She

wasted away in a slow, but hopeless decline, and at length sunk into the grave, the victim of a broken heart.

It was on her that Moore, the distinguished Irish poet, composed the following lines:

She is far from the land where her young hero sleeps
And lovers around her are sighing;
But coldly she turns from their gaze, and weeps,
For her heart in his grave is lying.

She sings the wild song of her dear native plains,
Every note which he loved awaking—
Ah! little they think, who delight in her strains,
How the heart of the minstrel is breaking!

He had lived for his love—for his country he died,
They were all that to life had entwined him—
Nor soon shall the tears of his country be dried,
Nor long will his love stay behind him!

Oh! make her a grave where the sunbeams rest,
When they promise a glorious morrow;
They'll shine o'er her sleep, like a smile from the west,
From her own loved island of sorrow!

THE GREAT PLAGUE IN LONDON.

DANIEL DEFOE.

Much about the same time I walked out into the fields towards Bow, for I had a great mind to see how things were managed in the river and among the ships; and as I had some concern in shipping, I had a notion that it had been one of the best ways of securing one's self from the infection to have retired into a ship; and musing how to satisfy my curiosity in that point, I turned away over the fields, from Bow to Bromley, and down to Blackwall, to the stairs that are there for landing or taking water.

Here I saw a poor man walking on the bank or sea-wall, as they call it, by himself. I walked awhile also about, seeing the houses all shut up; at last I fell into some talk, at a distance, with this poor man. First I asked him how people did thereabouts. "Alas! sir," says he, "almost desolate; all dead or sick. Here are very few families in this part, or in that village,"—pointing at Poplar—"where half of them are dead already, and the rest sick." Then he, pointing to one house: "There they are all dead," said he, "and the house stands open; nobody dares go into it. A poor thief," says he, "ventured in to steal something, but he paid dear for his theft, for he was carried to the churchyard too, last night." Then he pointed to several other houses. "There," says he, "they are all dead—the man and his wife and five children. There," says he, "they are shut up; you see a watchman at the door; and so of other houses." "Why," says I, "what do you here all alone?" "Why," says he, "I am a poor desolate man: it has pleased God I am not yet visited, though my family is, and one of my children dead." "How do you mean, then," said I, "that you are not visited?" "Why," says he, "that is my house"—pointing to a very little low-boarded house—"and there my poor wife and two children live," said he, if they may be said to live; for my wife and one of the children are visited, but I do not come at them." And with that word I saw the tears run very plentifully down his face; and so they did down mine too, I assure you.

"But," said I, "why do you not come at them? How can you abandon your own flesh and blood?" "O, sir," says he, "the Lord forbid. I do not abandon them; I work for them as much as I am able; and blessed be the Lord, I keep them from want." And with that I observed he lifted up his eyes to heaven with a countenance that presently told me I had happened on a man that was no hypocrite, but a serious, religious, good man; and his ejaculation was an expression of thankfulness, that, in such a condition as he was in, he should be able to say his family did not want. "Well," says I, "honest man, that is a great mercy, as things go now with the poor. But how do you live then, and how are you kept from the dreadful calamity that is now upon us all?" "Why, sir," says he, "I am a waterman, and there is my boat," says he; "and the boat serves me for a house: I work in it in the day, and I sleep in it in the night; and what I get I lay it down upon that stone," says he, showing me a broad stone on the other side of the street, a good way from his house; "and then," says he, "I halloo, and call to them till I make them hear, and they come and fetch it."

"Well, friend," says I, "but how can you get money as a waterman? Does anybody go by water these times?"

"Yes, sir," says he, "in the way I am employed, there does. Do you see there," says he, "five ships lie at anchor?"—pointing down the river a good way below the town—"and do you see," says he, "eight or ten ships lie at the chain there, and at anchor yonder?"—pointing above the town. "All those ships have families on board, of their merchants and owners, and such like, who have locked themselves up, and live on board, close shut in, for fear of the infection; and I tend on them to fetch things for them, carry letters, and do what is absolutely necessary, that they may not be obliged to come on shore; and every night I fasten my boat on board one of the ship's boats, and there I sleep by myself; and blessed be God, I am preserved hitherto."

"Well," said I, "friend, but will they let you come on board after you have been on shore here, when this has been such a terrible place, and so infected as it is?"

"Why, as to that," said he, "I very seldom go up the ship-side, but deliver what I bring to their boat, or lie by the side, and they hoist it on board. If I

did, I think they are in no danger from me, for I never go into any house on shore, or touch anybody, no, not of my own family; but I fetch provisions for them."

"Nay," says I, "but that may be worse, for you must have those provisions of somebody or other; and since all this part of the town is so infected, it is dangerous so much as to speak with anybody; for the village," said I, "is, as it were, the beginning of London, though it be at some distance from it."

"That is true," added he, "but you do not understand me right. I do not buy provisions for them here; I row up to Greenwich, and buy fresh meat there, and sometimes I row down the river to Woolwich, and buy there; then I go to single farmhouses on the Kentish side, where I am known, and buy fowls, and eggs, and butter, and bring to the ships, as they direct me, sometimes one, sometimes the other. I seldom come on shore here; and I came only now to call my wife, and hear how my little family do, and give them a little money which I received last night."

"Poor man!" said I, "and how much hast thou gotten for them?"

"I have gotten four shillings," said he, "which is a great sum, as things go now with poor men; but they have given me a bag of bread too, and a salt fish, and some flesh; so all helps out."

"Well," said I, "and have you given it them yet?"

"No," said he, "but I have called, and my wife has answered that she cannot come out yet; but in half an hour she hopes to come, and I am waiting for her. Poor woman!" says he, "she is brought sadly down; she has had a swelling, and it is broke, and I hope she will recover, but I fear the child will die; but it is the Lord." Here he stopped, and wept very much.

"Well, honest friend," said I, "thou hast a sure comforter, if thou hast brought thyself to be resigned to the will of God; He is dealing with us all in judgment."

"O sir," says he, "it is infinite mercy if any of us are spared; and who am I to repine!"

"Say'st thou so," said I, "and how much less is my faith than thine!" And here my heart smote me, suggesting how much better this poor man's foundation was, on which he staid in the danger, than mine; that he had nowhere to fly; that he had a family to bind him to attendance, which I had not; and mine was mere presumption, his a true dependence and a courage resting on God; and yet, that he used all possible caution for his safety.

I turned a little way from the man while these thoughts engaged me; for indeed I could no more refrain from tears than he.

At length, after some further talk, the poor woman opened the door, and called "Robert, Robert;" he answered, and bid her stay a few moments and he would come; so he ran down the common stairs to his boat, and fetched up a sack in which was the provisions he had brought from the ships; and when he returned, he hallooed again; then he went to the great stone which he showed me, and emptied the sack, and laid all out, everything by themselves, and then retired; and his wife came with a little boy to fetch them away; and he called, and said, such a captain had sent such a thing, and such a captain such a thing; and at the end adds: "God has sent it all; give thanks to Him." When the poor woman had taken up all, she was so weak, she could not carry it at once in, though the weight was not much neither; so she left the biscuit, which was in a little bag, and left a little boy to watch it till she came again.

"Well, but," says I to him, "did you leave her the four shillings too, which you said was your week's pay?"

"Yes, yes," says he; "you shall hear her own it." So he calls again: "Rachel, Rachel"—which it seems was her name—"did you take up the money?" "Yes," said she. "How much was it?" said he. "Four shillings and a groat," said she. "Well, well," says he, "the Lord keep you all;" and so he turned to go away.

As I could not refrain contributing tears to this man's story, so neither could I refrain my charity for his assistance; so I called him. "Hark thee, friend," said I, "come hither, for I believe thou art in health, that I may venture thee;" so I pulled out my hand, which was in my pocket before. "Here," says I, "go and call thy Rachel once more, and give her a little more comfort from me; God will never forsake a family that trust in Him as thou dost:" so I gave him four other shillings, and bid him go lay them on the stone, and call his wife.

I have not words to express the poor man's thankfulness, neither could he express it himself, but by tears running down his face. He called his wife, and told her God had moved the heart of a stranger, upon hearing their condition, to give them all that money; and a great deal more such as that he said to her. The woman, too, made signs of the like thankfulness, as well to Heaven as to me, and joyfully picked it up; and I parted with no money all that year that I thought better bestowed.

ON DEATH.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

Nature calls us to meditate of death, by those things which are the instruments of acting it; and God, by all the variety of his providence, makes us see death everywhere in all variety of circumstances, and dressed up for all the fancies and the expectation of every single person. Nature hath given us one harvest every year, but death hath two; and the spring and the autumn send throngs of men and women to charnel-houses; and all the summer long, men are recovering from their evils of the spring, till the dog-days come, and then the Sirian star

makes the summer deadly; and the fruits of autumn are laid up for all the year's provision, and the man that gathers them eats and surfeits, and dies and needs them not, and himself is laid up for eternity; and he that escapes till winter, only stays for another opportunity, which the distempers of that quarter minister to him with great variety. Thus death reigns in all the portions of our time. The autumn with its fruits provides disorders for us, and the winter's cold turns them into sharp diseases, and the spring brings flowers to strew our hearse, and the summer gives green turf and brambles to bind upon our graves. Calentures and surfeit, cold and agues, are the four quarters of the year; and you can go no whither but you tread upon a dead man's bones.

The wild fellow in Petronius, that escaped upon a broken table from the furies of a shipwreck, as he was sunning himself upon the rocky shore, espied a man rolled upon his floating bed of waves, ballasted with sand in the folds of his garment, and carried by his civil enemy, the sea, towards the shore to find a grave. And it cast him into some sad thoughts: that peradventure this man's wife in some part of the continent, safe and warm, looks next month for the good man's return; or, it may be, his son knows nothing of the tempest; or his father thinks of that affectionate kiss which still is warm upon the good old man's cheek, ever since he took a kind farewell, and he weeps with joy to think how blessed he shall be when his beloved boy returns into the circle of his father's arms. These are the thoughts of mortals, this is the end and sum of all their designs: a dark night and an ill guide, a boisterous sea and a broken cable, a hard rock and a rough wind, dashed in pieces the fortune of a whole family; and they that shall weep loudest for the accident are not yet entered into the storm, and yet have suffered shipwreck. Then, looking upon the carcass, he knew it, and found it to be the master of the ship, who, the day before, cast up the accounts of his patrimony and his trade, and named the day when he thought to be at home. See how the man swims who was so angry two days since! His passions are becalmed with the storm, his accounts cast up, his cares at an end, his voyage done, and his gains are the strange events of death, which, whether they be good or evil, the men that are alive seldom trouble themselves concerning the interest of the dead. . . .

It is a mighty change that is made by the death of every person, and it is visible to us who are alive. Reckon but from the sprightfulness of youth, and the fair cheeks and full eyes of childhood; from the vigorousness and strong flexure of the joints of five-and-twenty, to the hollowness and deadly paleness, to the loathsomeness and horror of a three days' burial, and we shall perceive the distance to be very great and very strange. But so have I seen a rose newly springing from the clefts of its hood, and, at first, it was fair as the morning, and full with the dew of heaven, as a lamb's fleece; but when a ruder breath had forced open its virgin modesty, and dismantled its too youthful and unripe retirements, it began to put on darkness, and to decline to softness and the symptoms of a sickly age; it bowed the head, and broke its stalk; and at night, having lost some of its leaves, and all its beauty, it fell into the portion of weeds and out-worn faces. The same is the portion of every man and every woman; the heritage of worms and serpents, rottenness and cold dishonor, and our beauty so changed that our acquaintance quickly knew us not; and that change mingled with so much horror, or else meets so with our fears and weak discoursings, that they who, six hours ago, tended upon us either with charitable or ambitious services, cannot, without some regret, stay in the room alone where the body lies stripped of its life and honor. I have read of a fair young German gentleman, who, living, often refused to be pictured, but put off the importunity of his friends' desire by giving way, that after a few days' burial, they might send a painter to his vault, and, if they saw cause for it, draw the image of his death unto the life. They did so, and found his face half eaten, and his midriff and backbone full of serpents; and so he stands pictured among his armed ancestors. So does the fairest beauty change; and it will be as bad with you and me; and then what servants shall we have to wait upon us in the grave? what friends to visit us? what officious people to cleanse away the moist and unwholesome cloud reflected upon our faces from the sides of the weeping vaults, which are the longest weepers for our funeral?

WHO AM I?

THOMAS CARLYLE—"SARTAR RESARTUS."

'With men of a speculative turn,' writes Teufelsdröckh, there come seasons, meditative, sweet, yet awful hours, when in wonder and fear you ask yourself that unanswerable question: Who am *I;* the thing that can say "I"? The world, with its loud trafficking, retires into the distance; and through the paper-hangings, and stone-walls, and thick-plied tissues of commerce and polity, and all the living and lifeless integuments of society and a body, wherewith your existence sits surrounded,—the sight reaches forth into the void deep, and you are alone with the universe, and silently commune with it as one mysterious presence with another.

Who am I; what is this ME? A voice, a motion, an appearance;—some embodied, visualised idea in the eternal mind? Alas, poor cogitator, this takes us but a little way. Sure enough I am; and lately was not: but Whence? How? Whereto? The answer lies around, written in all colors and motions, uttered in all tones of jubilee and wail, in thousand-figured, thousand-voiced, harmonious nature: but where is the cunning eye and ear to whom that God-written Apocalypse will yield articulate meaning? We sit

as in a boundless phantasmagoria and dream-grotto: boundless, for the faintest star, the remotest century, lies not even nearer the verge thereof: sounds and many-colored visions flit around our sense; but Him, the unslumbering, whose work both dream and dreamer are, we see not; except in rare half-waking moments, suspect not. Creation, says one, lies before us, like a glorious rainbow; but the sun that made it lies behind us, hidden from us. Then, in that strange dream, how we clutch at shadows as if they were substances; and sleep deepest while fancying ourselves most awake! Which of your philosophical systems is other than a dream-theorem; a net quotient, confidently given out, where divisor and dividend are both unknown? What are all your national wars, with their Moscow retreats, and sanguinary hate-filled revolutions, but the somnambulism of uneasy sleepers? This dreaming, this somnambulism is what we on earth call life; wherein the most indeed undoubtingly wander, as if they knew right hand from left; yet they only are wise who know that they know nothing.

Pity that all metaphysics had hitherto proved so inexpressibly unproductive! The secret of man's being is still like the Sphinx's secret: a riddle that he cannot read; and for ignorance of which he suffers death, the worst death, a spiritual. What are your axioms, and categories, and systems, and aphorisms? Words, words. High air-castles are cunningly built of words, the words well bedded also in good logic-mortar; wherein, however, no knowledge will come to lodge. *The whole is greater than the part:* how exceedingly true! *Nature abhors a vacuum:* how exceedingly false and calumnious! Again, *Nothing can act but where it is:* with all my heart; only where is it? Be not the slave of words: is not the distant, the dead, while I love it, and long for it, and mourn for it, here, in the genuine sense, as truly as the floor I stand on? But that same Where, with its brother, When, are from the first the master-colors of our dream-grotto; say rather, the canvas whereon all our dreams and life-visions are painted. Nevertheless, has not a deeper meditation taught certain of every climate and age, that the Where and When, so mysteriously inseparable from all our thoughts, are but superficial terrestrial adhesions to thought; that the seer may discern them where they mount up out of the celestial Everywhere and Forever: have not all nations conceived their God as omnipresent and eternal; as existing in a universal Here, an everlasting Now? Think well, thou too wilt find that space is but a mode of our human sense, so likewise time; there *is* no space and no time. We are—we know not what;—light-sparkles floating in the æther of Deity!

So that this so solid-seeming world, after all, were but an air-image, our Me the only reality: and nature, with its thousand-fold production and destruction, but the reflex of our own inward force, the "phantasy of our dream;" or what the earth-spirit in *Faust* names it, *the living visible Garment of God.*

"In Being's floods, in Action's storm,
I walk and work, above, beneath,
Work and weave in endless motion!
Birth and Death,
An infinite ocean;
A seizing and giving
The fire of the living:
'Tis thus at the roaring loom of time I ply,
And weave for God the garment thou seest Him by."

Of twenty millions that have read and spouted this thunder-speech of the *Erdgeist*, are there yet twenty units of us that have learned the meaning thereof?

DEMAND FOR A BETTER WORLD.

JOHANN GOTTLIEB FICHTE.

When I contemplate the world as it is, independently of any injunction, there manifests itself in my interior the wish, the longing, no! not a longing merely,—the absolute demand for a better world. I cast a glance at the relations of men to each other and to Nature, at the weakness of their powers, at the strength of their appetites and passions. It cries to me irresistibly from my innermost soul: "Thus it cannot possibly be destined always to remain. It must, O! it must all become other and better!"

I can in no wise imagine to myself the present condition of man as that which is designed to endure. I cannot imagine it to be his whole and final destination. If so, then would everything be dream and delusion, and it would not be worth the trouble to have lived and to have taken part in this ever-recurring, unproductive and unmeaning game. Only so far as I can regard this condition as the means of something better, as a point of transition to a higher and more perfect, does it acquire any value for me. Not on its own account, but on account of something better for which it prepares the way, can I bear it, honor it, and joyfully fulfil my part in it. My mind can find no place, nor rest a moment in the present; it is irresistibly repelled by it. My whole life streams irrepressibly on toward the future and better.

Am I only to eat and to drink that I may hunger and thirst again, and again eat and drink, until the grave, yawning beneath my feet, swallows me up, and I myself spring up as food from the ground? Am I to beget beings like myself, that they also may eat and drink and die, and leave behind them beings like themselves, who shall do the same that I have done? To what purpose this circle which perpetually returns into itself; this game forever re-commencing, after the same manner in which everything is born but to perish, and perishes but to be born again as it was? This monster which forever devours itself, that it may produce itself again, and which produces itself that it may again devour itself?

Never can this be the destination of my being and

of all being. There must be something which exists because it has been brought forth, and which now remains and can never be brought forth again, after it has been brought forth once. And this, that is permanent, must beget itself amid the mutations of the perishing, and continue amid those mutations, and be borne along unhurt upon the waves of time.

THE CITY OF BAGDAD.

EWD. GIBBON—"DECLINE AND FALL OF THE ROMAN EMPIRE."

Almansor, the brother and successor of Saffah, laid the foundations of Bagdad (762 A. D.), the imperial seat of his posterity during a reign of five hundred years. The chosen spot is on the eastern bank of the Tigris, about fifteen miles above the ruins of Modain: the double wall was of a circular form; and such was the rapid increase of a capital now dwindled to a provincial town, that the funeral of a popular saint might be attended by eight hundred thousand men and sixty thousand women of Bagdad and the adjacent villages. In this city of peace, amidst the riches of the east, the Abbasides soon disdained the abstinence and frugality of the first caliphs, and aspired to emulate the magnificence of the Persian kings. After his wars and buildings, Almansor left behind him in gold and silver about thirty millions sterling; and this treasure was exhausted in a few years by the vices or virtues of his children. His son Mahadi, in a single pilgrimage to Mecca, expended six millions of dinars of gold. A pious and charitable motive may sanctify the foundation of cisterns and caravanseras, which he distributed along a measured road of seven hundred miles; but his train of camels, laden with snow, could serve only to astonish the natives of Arabia, and to refresh the fruits and liquors of the royal banquet. The courtiers would surely praise the liberality of his grandson Almamon, who gave away four-fifths of the income of a province—a sum of two millions four hundred thousand gold dinars—before he drew his foot from the stirrup. At the nuptials of the same prince, a thousand pearls of the largest size were showered on the head of the bride, and a lottery of lands and houses displayed the capricious bounty of fortune. The glories of the court were brightened rather than impaired in the decline of the empire, and a Greek ambassador might admire or pity the magnificence of the feeble Moctader. "The caliph's whole army," says the historian Abulfeda, "both horse and foot, was under arms, which together made a body of one hundred and sixty thousand men. His state-officers, the favorite slaves, stood near him in splendid apparel, their belts glittering with gold and gems. Near them were seven thousand eunuchs, four thousand of them white, the remainder black. The porters or door-keepers were in number seven hundred. Barges and boats, with the most superb decorations, were seen swimming upon the Tigris. Nor was the palace itself less splendid, in which were hung up thirty-eight thousand pieces of tapestry, twelve thousand five hundred of which were of silk embroidered with gold. The carpets on the floor were twenty-two thousand. A hundred lions were brought out, with a keeper to each lion. Among the other spectacles of rare and stupendous luxury was a tree of gold and silver spreading into eighteen large branches, on which, and on the lesser boughs, sat a variety of birds made of the same precious metals, as well as the leaves of the tree. While the machinery affected spontaneous motions, the several birds warbled their natural harmony. Through this scene of magnificence the Greek ambassador was led by the vizier to the foot of the caliph's throne." In the west, the Ommiades of Spain supported, with equal pomp, the title of commander of the faithful. Three miles from Cordova, in honor of his favorite sultana, the third and greatest of the Abdalrahmans constructed the city, palace, and gardens of Zehra. Twenty-five years, and above three millions sterling, were employed by the founder: his liberal taste invited the artists of Constantinople, the most skillful sculptors and architects of the age; and the buildings were sustained or adorned by twelve hundred columns of Spanish and African, of Greek and Italian marble. The hall of audience was incrusted with gold and pearls, and a great basin in the center was surrounded with the curious and costly figures of birds and quadrupeds. In a lofty pavilion of the gardens, one of these basins and fountains, so delightful in a sultry climate, was replenished, not with water, but with the purest quicksilver. The seraglio of Abdalrahman, his wives, concubines, and black eunuchs, amounted to six thousand three hundred persons; and he was attended to the field by a guard of twelve thousand horse, whose belts and scimitars were studded with gold.

In a private condition, our desires are perpetually repressed by poverty and subordination; but the lives and labors of millions are devoted to the service of a despotic prince, whose laws are blindly obeyed, and whose wishes are instantly gratified. Our imagination is dazzled by the splendid picture; and whatever may be the cool dictates of reason, there are few among us who would obstinately refuse a trial of the comforts and the cares of royalty. It may therefore be of some use to borrow the experience of the same Abdalrahman, whose magnificence has perhaps excited our admiration and envy, and to transcribe an authentic memorial which was found in the closet of the deceased caliph. "I have now reigned above fifty years in victory or peace; beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot: they amount to fourteen. O man! place not thy confidence in this present world."

BOOKS OF ANTIQUITY.

JULES MICHELET.

Volney and Sacy opened up Syria and Arabia. Champollion, standing by the Sphinx, the mysterious Egypt, construed her inscriptions, and showed that she was a civilized empire sixty centuries before Jesus Christ. Eugene Burnouf established the consanguinity of the two ancestors of Asia—the two branches of the Aryas, the Indo-Persians of Bactriana; and the Parsee scholars who had been educated in the College of France quoted in the most remote regions of Hindostan this Western Magician against their Angelican disputant.

The *Mahabharata*, the poetical encyclopedia of the Brahmins, the expurgated translations of the books of Zoroaster, and the splendid heroic history of Persia—the Shah-Nameh—came next. It was known that behind Persia, behind the Brahmanic India, there was extant a book of the remotest antiquity, of the first pastoral age—an age which preceded the agricultural. This book, the Rig-Veda, a collection of hymns and prayers, enables us to follow the shepherds of that early period in their religious aspirations—the first soarings of the human mind toward heaven and light. In 1833, Rosen published a specimen of it. It can now be read in the Sanscrit, German, English, and French. In this very year, 1863, a profound and able critic, who is also a Burnouf, has expounded its true meaning, and shown its scope.

In consequence of all this research, we can now see the perfect agreement between Asia and Europe—the most remote age and the present era. It has taught us that man, in all ages, thought, felt, and loved in the same way; and therefore there is but one humanity, a single heart only! A great harmony has been established through all space and time. Let the silly irony of skeptics, teachers of doubt, who hold that truth varies according to latitude, be forever silenced. The feeble voice of sophists expires in the immense concert of human brotherhood.

HEAVEN, PARADISE AND HELL.

JACOB BOEHME.

There is nothing that is nearer you, than heaven, Paradise and hell; unto which of them you are inclined, and to which of them you tend or walk, to that in this lifetime you are most near. You are between both; and there is a birth between each of them. You stand in this world between both the gates, and you have both the births in you. God beckons to you in one gate, and calls you; the devil beckons you in the other gate and calls you; with whom you go, with him you enter in. The devil has in his hand, power, honor, pleasure, and worldly joy; and the root of these is death and hell-fire. On the contrary, God has in his hand, crosses, persecution, misery, poverty, ignominy, and sorrow; and the root of these is a fire also, but in the fire there is a light, and in the light the virtue, and in the virtue the Paradise; and in the Paradise are the angels, and among the angels, joy. The gross fleshly eyes cannot behold it, because they are from the third principle, and see only by the splendor of the sun; but when the Holy Ghost comes into the soul, then he regenerates it anew in God, and then it becomes a paradisiacal child, who gets the key of Paradise, and that soul sees into the midst thereof.

DRIVE ON.

SYDNEY SMITH.

The best advice to the young man just setting out in the world, is to "drive on." In other words, live energetically. Whatever you undertake, do it with a will; and do it well. Do it as far as possible in the completest manner. In this way alone can an efficient, useful and successful career be accomplished. Don't be reckless, but keep digging, always bearing in mind to do nothing dishonorable or disreputable. Don't whine. It's of no use, for life is pretty much as you take it and make it. If you are poor, thank God and take courage, for poverty is one of the best tests of human quality in existence. A triumph over it is like graduating with honor at Harvard. It demonstrates stuff and stamina. Don't sit down and give up at little set backs, but pitch in, drive on, and you will come out all right in the end. It may be a long way, but perseverance will be sure to bring you out successfully.

FATE.

GEORGE ELIOT.

In the multitude of middle-aged men who go about their vocations in a daily course determined for them much in the same way as the tie of their cravats, there is always a good number who once meant to shape their own deeds and alter the world a little. The story of their coming to be shapen after the average and fit to be packed by the gross, is hardly ever told even in their consciousness; for perhaps their ardor in generous unpaid toil cooled as imperceptibly as the ardor of other youthful loves, till one day their earlier self walked like a ghost in its old home and made the new furniture ghastly. Nothing in the world more subtle than the process of their gradual change! In the beginning they inhaled it unknowingly: you and I may have sent some of our breath toward infecting them, when we uttered our conforming falsities or drew our silly conclusions: or perhaps it came with the vibrations from a woman's glance.

SHYNESS.—Many a young man fails by that species of vanity called shyness, who might, for the asking, have his will.

COMBAT OF HECTOR AND AJAX.

HOMER—"THE ILIAD."

So spoke the guardian of the Trojan state,
Then rush'd impetuous through the Scæan gate.
Him Paris follow'd to the dire alarms;
Both breathing slaughter, both resolv'd in arms.
As when the sailors lab'ring through the main,
That long had heav'd the weary oar in vain,
Jove bids at length th' expected gales arise;
The gales blow grateful and the vessel flies:
So welcome these to Troy's desiring train;
The bands are cheer'd, the war awakes again.
Bold Paris first the work of death begun
On great Menestheus, Areithous' son:
Sprung from the fair Philomeda's embrace,
The pleasing Arne was his native place.
Then sunk Eioneus to the shades below,
Beneath his steely casque he felt the blow
Full on his neck, from Hector's weighty hand,
And roll'd, with limbs relax'd, along the land.
By Glaucus' spear the bold Iphinous bleeds,
Fix'd in the shoulder as he mounts his steeds;
Headlong he tumbles: his slack nerves unbound
Drop the cold useless members on the ground.
When now Minerva saw her Argives slain,
From vast Olympus to the gleaming plain
Fierce she descends: Apollo mark'd her flight,
Nor shot less swift from Ilion's tow'ry height:
Radiant they met, beneath the beechen shade,
When thus Apollo to the blue-ey'd maid.
What cause, O daughter of almighty Jove!
Thus wings thy progress from the realms above?
Once more impetuous dost thou bend thy way,
To give to Greece the long-divided day?
Too much has Troy already felt thy hate,
Now breathe thy rage, and hush the stern debate:
This day, the business of the field suspend;
War soon shall kindle, and great Ilion bend;
Since vengeful goddesses confed'rate join
To raze her walls, though built by hands divine.
To whom the progeny of Jove replies:
I left, for this, the council of the skies:
But who shall bid conflicting hosts forbear,
What art shall calm the furious sons of war?
To her the god: Great Hector's soul incite
To dare the boldest Greek to single fight,
Till Greece, provok'd, from all her numbers show
A warrior worthy to be Hector's foe.
At this agreed, the heav'nly pow'rs withdrew;
Sage Helenus their secret counsels knew:
Hector, inspir'd he sought: to him addrest,
Thus told the dictates of his sacred breast.
O son of Priam! let thy faithful ear
Receive my words; thy friend and brother hear!
Go forth persuasive, and a while engage
The warring nations to suspend their rage;
Then dare the boldest of the hostile train
To mortal combat on the listed plain.
For not this day shall end thy glorious date;
The gods have spoke it, and their voice is fate.
He said: the warrior heard the word with joy;
Then with his spear restrain'd the youth of Troy,
Held by the midst athwart. On either hand
The squadrons part; th' expecting Trojans stand:
Great Agamemnon bids the Greeks forbear;
They breathe, and hush the tumult of the war.
Th' Athenian maid, and glorious god of day,
With silent joy the settling hosts survey:
In form of vultures, on the beech's height,
They sit conceal'd, and wait the future fight.
The thronging troops obscure the dusky fields,
Horrid with bristling spears, and gleaming shields.
As when a gen'ral darkness veils the main,
(Soft Zephyr curling the wide wat'ry plain)
The waves scarce heave, the face of ocean sleeps,
And a still horror saddens all the deeps:
Thus in thick orders settling wide around,
At length compos'd they sit and shade the ground.
Great Hector first amidst both armies broke
The solemn silence, and their powers bespoke.
Hear, all ye Trojan, all ye Grecian bands,
What my soul prompts, and what some god commands.
Great Jove, averse our warfare to compose,
O'erwhelms the nations with new toils and woes·
War with a fierce tide once more returns,
Till Ilion falls, or till yon navy burns.
You then, O princes of the Greeks! appear,
'Tis Hector speaks, and calls the gods to hear:
From all your troops select the boldest knight,
And him, the boldest, Hector dares to fight.
Here if I fall, by chance of battle slain,
Be his my spoil, and his these arms remain;
But let my body, to my friends return'd,
By Trojan hands, and Trojan flames be burn'd,
And if Apollo, in whose aid I trust,
Shall stretch your daring champion in the dust;
If mine the glory to despoil the foe;
On Phœbus' temple I'll his arms bestow;
The breathless carcase to your navy sent,
Greece on the shore shall raise a monument;
Which when some future mariner surveys,
Wash'd by broad Hellespont's resounding seas,
Thus shall he say, 'A valiant Greek lies there,
By Hector slain, the mighty man of war.'
The stone shall tell your vanquished hero's name,
And distant ages learn the victor's fame.
This fierce defiance Greece astonish'd heard,
Blush'd to refuse, and to accept it fear'd.
Stern Menelaüs first the silence broke,
And inly groaning, thus opprobrious spoke.
Women of Greece! Oh scandal of your race,
Whose coward souls your manly form disgrace,
How great the shame, when ev'ry age shall know
That not a Grecian met this noble foe!
Go then! resolve to earth, from whence ye grew,
A heartless, spiritless, inglorious crew!
Be what ye seem, unanimated clay!
Myself will dare the danger of the day.

'Tis man's bold task the gen'rous strife to try,
But in the hands of God is victory.
These words scarce spoke, with gen'rous ardor prest,
His manly limbs in azure arms he drest:
That day! Atrides! a superior hand
Had stretched thee breathless on the hostile strand;
But all at once, thy fury to compose,
The king of Greece, an awful band arose:
Ev'n he their chief, great Agamemnon press'd
Thy daring hand, and this advice address'd.
Whither, O Menelaus! wouldst thou run,
And tempt a fate, which prudence bids thee shun?
Griev'd though thou art, forbear the rash design;
Great Hector's arm is mightier far than thine.
Ev'n fierce Achilles learn'd its force to fear,
And trembling met this dreadful son of war.
Sit thou secure amidst thy social band;
Greece in our cause shall arm some pow'rful hand.
The mightiest warrior of the Achaian name,
Though bold, and burning with desire of fame,
Content the doubtful honor might forego,
So great the danger, and so brave the foe.
He said, and turn'd his brother's vengeful mind;
He stoop'd to reason, and his rage resigned,
No longer bent to rush on certain harms;
His joyful friends unbrace his azure arms.
He, from whose lips divine persuasion flows,
Grave Nestor, then, in graceful act arose.
Thus to the kings he spoke. What grief, what shame,
Attend on Greece, and all the Grecian name?
How shall, alas! her hoary heroes mourn
Their sons degen'rate, and their race a scorn?
What tears shall down thy silver beard be roll'd,
Oh Peleus, old in arms, in wisdom old!
Once with what joy the gen'rous prince would hear
Of every chief who fought this glorious war.
Participate their fame, and pleased inquire
Each name, each action, and each hero's sire?
Gods, should he see our warriors trembling stand,
And trembling all before one hostile hand;
How would he lift his aged arms on high,
Lament inglorious Greece, and beg to die!
Oh! would to all th' immortal pow'rs above,
Minerva, Phœbus, and almighty Jove!
Years might again roll back, my youth renew,
And give this arm the spring which once it knew
When fierce in war, where Jordan's waters fall
I led my troops to Phea's trembling wall.
And with th' Arcadian spears my prowess try'd,
Where Celedon rolls down his rapid tide.
There Ereuthalion brav'd us in the field,
Proud, Areïthous' dreadful arms to wield
Great Areïthous, known from shore to shore
By the huge, knotted, iron mace he bore;
No lance he shook, nor bent the twanging bow,
But broke, with this, the battle of the foe,
Him not by manly force Lycurgus slew.
Whose guileful jav'lin from the thicket flew,
Deep in a winding way his breast assail'd,
Nor aught the warrior's thund'ring mace avail'd.
Supine he fell: those arms which Mars before
Had giv'n the vanquish'd, now the victor bore:
But when old age had dimm'd Lycurgus' eyes,
To Ereuthalion he consign'd the prize.
Furious with this, he crush'd our levell'd bands,
And dar'd the trial of the strongest hands;
Nor could the strongest hands his fury stay;
All saw, and fear'd, his huge tempestuous sway.
Till I, the youngest of the host, appear'd,
And youngest, met whom all our army fear'd.
I fought the chief: my arms Minerva crown'd:
Prone fell the giant o'er a length of ground.
What then he was, O were your Nestor now!
Not Hector's self should want an equal foe.
But, warriors, you, that youthful vigor boast,
The flow'r of Greece, th' examples of our host,
Sprung from such fathers, who such numbers sway,
Can you stand trembling, and desert the day?
His warm reproofs the list'ning kings inflame;
And nine, the noblest of the Grecian name,
Up-started fierce: but far before the rest
The king of men advanc'd his dauntless breast:
Then bold Tydides, great in arms, appear'd;
And next his bulk gigantic Ajax rear'd,
Oileus followed; Idomen was there,
And Merion, dreadful as the god of war:
With these Eurypylus and Thoas stand,
And wise Ulysses clos'd the daring band.
All these, alike inspir'd with noble rage,
Demand the fight. To whom the Pylian sage:
Lest thirst of glory your brave souls divide;
What chief shall combat, let the lots decide.
Whom heav'n shall choose, be his the chance to raise
His country's fame, his own immortal praise.
The lots produc'd, each hero signs his own;
Then in the gen'ral's helm the fates are thrown.
The people pray, with lifted eyes and hands,
And vows like these ascend from all the bands.
Grant, thou Almighty! in whose hand is fate,
A worthy champion for the Grecian state.
This task let Ajax or Tydides prove,
Or he, the king of kings, belov'd by Jove.
Old Nestor shook the casque. By heaven inspir'd,
Leap'd forth the lot, of ev'ry Greek desir'd,
This from the right to left the herald bears,
Held out in order to the Grecian peers;
Each to his rival yields the mark unknown,
Till godlike Ajax finds the lot his own;
Surveys th' inscription with rejoicing eyes,
Then casts before him, and with transport cries:
Warriors! I claim the lot, and arm with joy;
Be mine the conquest of this chief of Troy.
Now, while my brightest arms my limbs invest,
To Saturn's son be all your vows addrest:
But pray in secret, lest the foes should hear,
And deem your pray'rs the mean effect of fear.
Said I in secret? No, your vows declare,
In such a voice as fills the earth and air.
Lives there a chief whom Ajax ought to dread,

Ajax, in all the toils of battle bred?
From warlike Salamis I drew my birth,
And born to combats, fear no force on earth
He said. The troops with elevated eyes,
Implore the god whose thunder rends the skies.
O father of mankind, superior lord!
On lofty Ida's holy hill ador'd;
Who in the highest heav'n has fix'd thy throne,
Supreme of gods! unbounded, and alone:
Grant thou, that Telamon may bear away
The praise and conquest of this doubtful day;
Or if illustrious Hector, be thy care
That both may claim it, and that both may share.
Now Ajax brac'd his dazzling armour on;
Sheath'd in bright steel the giant-warrior shone.
He moves to combat with majestic pace;
So stalks in arms the grizzly god of Thrace,
When Jove to punish faithless men prepares,
And gives whole nations to the waste of wars.
Thus march'd the chief, tremendous as a god;
Grimly he smil'd; earth trembled as he strode:
His massy jav'lin quiv'ring in his hand,
He stood, the bulwark of the Grecian band.
Through ev'ry Argive heart new transport ran;
All Troy stood trembling at the mighty man:
Ev'n Hector paus'd; and with new doubt opprest,
Felt his great heart suspended in his breast:
'Twas vain to seek retreat, and vain to fear;
Himself had challeng'd, and the foe drew near.
Stern Telamon behind his ample shield,
As from a brazen tow'r, o'erlooked the field.
Huge was its orb, with seven thick folds o'ercast,
Of tough bull-hides; of solid brass the last.
(The work of Tychicus, who in Hyle dwell'd,
And all in arts of armoury excell'd.)
This Ajax bore before his manly breast,
And threat'ning, thus his adverse chief addrest.
Hector! approach my arm, and singly know
What strength thou hast, and what the Grecian foe,
Achilles shuns the fight; yet some there are.
Not void of soul, and not unskill'd in war:
Let him, unactive on the sea-beat shore,
Indulge his wrath, and aid our arms no more;
Whole troops of heroes Greece has yet to boast,
And sends thee one, a sample of her host.
Such as I am, I come to prove thy might;
No more—be sudden, and begin the fight.
O son of Telamon, thy country's pride!
(To Ajax thus the Trojan prince reply'd)
Me, as a boy or woman wouldst thou fright
New to the field, and trembling at the fight?
Thou meet'st a chief deserving of thy arms,
To combat born, and bred amidst alarms:
I know to shift my ground, remount the car,
Turn, charge, and answer ev'ry call of war;
To right, to left, the dextrous lance I wield,
And bear thick battle on my sounding shield.
But open be our fight, and bold each blow;
I steal no conquest from a noble foe.
He said, and rising, high above the field
Whirl'd the long lance against the sev'nfoid shield,
Full on the brass descending from above
Through six bull-hides the furious weapon drove,
Till in the seventh it fix'd. Then Ajax threw;
Through Hector's shield the forceful jav'lin flew,
His corslet enters, and his garment rends,
And glancing downwards near his flank descends.
The wary Trojan shrinks, and bending low
Beneath his buckler, disappoints the blow.
From their bor'd shields the chiefs their jav'lins drew
Then close impetuous, and the charge renew:
Fierce as the mountain lions bath'd in blood,
Or foaming boars, the terror of the wood.
At Ajax, Hector his long lance extends;
The blunted point against the buckler bends;
But Ajax watchful as his foe drew near,
Drove through the Trojan targe the knotty spear;
It reach'd his neck, with matchless strength impell'd;
Spouts the black gore, and dims his shining shield.
Yet ceas'd not Hector thus; but, stooping down,
In his strong hand up-heav'd a flinty stone,
Black, craggy, vast: to this his force he bends;
Full on the brazen boss the stone descends;
The hollow brass resounded with the shock.
Then Ajax seized the fragment of a rock,
Apply'd each nerve, and swinging round on high,
With force tempestuous let the ruin fly:
The huge stone thund'ring through his buckler broke:
His slacken'd knees received the numbing stroke;
Great Hector falls extended on the field,
His bulk supporting on the shattered shield:
Nor wanted heav'nly aid. Apollo's might
Confirm'd his sinews, and restored to fight.
And now both heroes their broad faulchion's drew:
In flaming circles round their heads they flew;
But then by heralds' voice the word was giv'n,
The sacred ministers of earth and heaven:
Divine Talthybius, whom the Greeks employ,
And sage Idæus on the part of Troy,
Between the swords their peaceful sceptres rear'd;
And first Idæus' awful voice was heard.
Forbear, my sons! your farther force to prove,
Both dear to men, and both belov'd of Jove.
To either host your matchless worth is known,
Each sounds your praise, and war is all your own.
But now the night extends her awful shade;
The goddess parts you: be the night obey'd.
To whom great Ajax his high soul express'd.
O sage! to Hector be these words addressed.
Let him, who first provok'd our chiefs to fight,
Let him demand the sanction of the night;
If first he ask it, I content obey,
And cease the strife when Hector shows the way.
Oh first of Greeks! (his noble foe rejoin'd)
Whom heav'n adorns, superior to thy kind,
With strength of body, and with worth of mind\
Now martial law commands us to forbear;
Hereafter we shall meet in glorious war,
Some future day shall lengthen out the strife,

And let the gods decide of death or life!
Since then the night extends her gloomy shade,
And heav'n enjoins it, be the night obey'd.
Return, brave Ajax, to thy Grecian friends,
And joy the nations whom thy arm defends;
As I shall glad each chief, and Trojan wife,
Who wearies heav'n with vows for Hector's life,
But let us, on this memorable day,
Exchange some gift; that Greece and Troy may say,
'Not hate, but glory, made these chiefs contend;
And each brave foe was in his soul a friend.'
With that, a sword with stars of silver grac'd,
The baldrick studded, and the sheath enchas'd,
He gave the Greek. The gen'rous Greek bestow'd,
A radiant belt that rich with purple glow'd.
Then with majestic grace they quit the plain;
This seeks the Grecian, that the Phrygian train.
The Trojan bands returning Hector wait,
And hail with joy the champion of their state;
Escap'd great Ajax, they survey'd him round,
Alive, unharm'd and vig'rous from his wound.
To Troy's high gates the godlike man they bear,
Their present triumph, as their late despair.
But Ajax, glorying in his hardy deed,
The well-arm'd Greeks to Agamemnon lead.
A steer for sacrifice the king design'd,
Of full five years, and of the nobler kind.
The victim falls; they strip the smoking hide,
The beast they quarter, and the joints divide;
Then spread the tables, the repast prepare.
Each takes his seat, and each receives his share.
The king himself (an honorary sign)
Before great Ajax plac'd the mighty chine.
When now the rage of hunger was remov'd,
Nestor, in each persuasive art approv'd,
The sage whose counsels long had sway'd the rest,
In words like these his prudent thought exprest.
How dear, O kings! this fatal day has cost,
What Greeks are perished! what a people lost!
What tides of blood have drench'd Scamander's shore!
What crowds of heroes sunk, to rise no more!
Then hear me, chief! nor let the morrow's light
Awake thy squadrons to new toils of fight:
Some space at least permit the war to breathe,
While we to flames our slaughter'd friends bequeathe.
From the red field their scattered bodies bear,
And nigh the fleet a fun'ral structure rear;
So decent urns their snowy bones may keep,
And pious children o'er their ashes weep.
Here, where on one promiscuous pile they blaz'd,
High o'er them all a gen'ral tomb be rais'd;
Next, to secure our camp, and naval pow'rs,
Raise an embattl'd wall, with lofty tow'rs;
From space to space be ample gates around,
For passing chariots; and a trench profound.
So Greece to combat shall in safety go,
Nor fear the fierce incursions of the foe.
'Twas thus the sage his wholesome counsel mov'd,
The sceptred kings of Greece his words approv'd.

Meanwhile, conven'd at Priam's palace-gate,
The Trojan peers in nightly council sat:
A senate void of order, as of choice;
Their hearts were fearful, and confus'd their voice.
Antenor rising, thus demands their ear:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliars, hear!
'Tis heav'n the counsel of my breast inspires,
And I but move what ev'ry god requires:
Let Sparta's treasures be this hour restor'd,
And Argive Helen own her ancient lord.
The ties of faith, the sworn alliance broke,
Our impious battles the just gods provoke.
As the advice ye practice, or reject,
So hope success, or dread the dire effect.
The senior spoke, and sat. To whom replied
The graceful husband of the Spartan bride:
Cold counsels, Trojan, may become thy years,
But sound ungrateful in a warrior's ears:
Old man, if void of fallacy or art
Thy words express the purpose of thy heart,
Thou, in thy time, more sound advice hast given,
But wisdom has its date assign'd by heaven.
Then hear me, prince of the Trojan name!
Their treasures I'll restore, but not the dame.
My treasure, too, for peace, I will resign;
But be this bright possession ever mine.
'Twas then, the growing discord to compose,
Slow from his seat the reverend Priam rose:
His godlike aspect deep attention drew:
He paused, and these pacific words ensue:
Ye Trojans, Dardans, and auxiliar bands!
Now take refreshment as the hour demands:
Guard well the walls, relieve the watch of night,
Till the new sun restores the cheerful light:
Then shall our herald, to the Atrides sent,
Before their ships proclaim my son's intent.
Next let a truce be ask'd, that Troy may burn
Her slaughtered heroes, and their bones inurn;
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,
And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!
The monarch spoke: the warriors snatch'd with haste
(Each at his post in arms) a short repast.
Soon as the rosy morn had waked the day,
To the black ships Idæus bent his way;
There, to the sons of Mars in council found,
He raised his voice: the host stood listening round:
Ye sons of Atreus, and ye Greeks, give ear!
The words of Troy, and Troy's great monarch, hear.
Pleased may he hear (so heaven succeed my prayers)
What Paris, author of the war, declares.
The spoils and treasures he to Ilion bore,
(Oh had he perish'd ere they touch'd our shore!)
He proffers injured Greece; with large increase
Of added Trojan wealth to buy the peace;
But to restore the beauteous bride again,
This Greece demands, and Troy requests in vain;
Next, O ye chiefs! we ask a truce to burn
Our slaughter'd heroes and their bones inurn.
That done, once more the fate of war be try'd,

And whose the conquest, mighty Jove decide!
The Greeks gave ear, but none the silence broke.
At length Tydides rose, and rising spoke:
Oh, take not, friends! defrauded of your fame,
Their proffer'd wealth, nor e'en the Spartan dame:
Let conquest make them ours: fate shakes their wall,
And Troy already totters to her fall.
The admiring chiefs, and all the Grecian name,
With general shouts return'd him loud acclaim.
Then thus the king of kings rejects the peace:
Herald! in him thou hear'st the voice of Greece.
For what remains; let funeral flames be fed
With heroes' corpse; I war not with the dead:
Go search your slaughtered chiefs on yonder plain,
And gratify the manes of the slain.
Be witness, Jove, whose thunder rolls on high!
He said, and rear'd his sceptre to the sky.
To sacred Troy, where all her princes lay
To wait the event, the herald bent his way.
He came, and, standing in the midst, explaln'd
The peace rejected, but the truce obtain'd.
Straight to their several cares the Trojans move,
Some search the plain, some fell the sounding grove:
Nor less the Greeks, descending on the shore,
Hew'd the green forests, and the bodies bore,
And now from forth the chambers of the maln
To shed hls sacred light on earth again,
Arose the golden chariot of the day,
And tlpp'd the mountains with a purple ray.
In mingled throngs the Greek and Trojan train
Through heaps of carnage search'd the mournful plain.
Scarce could the frlend his slaughter'd friend explore,
With dust dishonor'd, and deform'd with gore.
The wounds they wash'd, their pious tears they shed
And, laid along their cars, deplored the dead.
Sage Priam check'd their grief: with silent haste
The bodies decent on their piles were placed:
With melting hearts their cold remains they burn'd;
And sadly slow to sacred Troy return'd.
Nor less the Greeks their pious sorrow shed
And decent on the pile dispose their dead:
The cold remains consume with equal care;
And slowly, sadly, to their fleet repair.
Now, ere the morn had streak'd with reddenlng llght
The doubtful confines of the day and night,
About the dying flames the Greeks appear'd,
And round the pile a general tomb they rear'd.
Then to secure the camp and naval powers,
They raised embattled walls with lofty towers:
From space to space were ample gates around,
For passing chariots; and a trench profound,
Of large extent, and deep in earth, below,
Strong piles infix'd, stood adverse to the foe.
So toil'd the Greeks: meanwhile the gods above
In shining circle round their father Jove,
Amazed beheld the wondrous works of man;
Then he, whose trident shakes the earth, began:
What mortals henceforth shall our power adore,
Our fanes frequent, our oracles implore,
If the proud Grecians thus successful boast
Their rising bulwarks on the sea-beat coast?
See the long walls extending to the main,
No god consulted, and no victim slain!
Their fame shall fill the world's remotest ends,
Wide as the morn her golden beams extends;
While old Laomedon's divine abodes,
Those radiant structures raised by laboring gods,
Shall, razed and lost, in long oblivion sleep.
Thus spoke the hoary monarch of the deep.
The Almighty Thunderer with a frown replies,
That clouds the world, and blackens half the skies:
Strong god of ocean! thou, whose rage can make
The solid earth's eternal basis shake!
What cause of fear from mortal works could move
The meanest subject of our realms above!
Where'er the sun's refulgent rays are cast,
Thy power is honor'd, and thy fame shall last;
But yon proud work no future age shall view,
No trace remain, where once the glory grew.
The sapp'd foundations by thy force shall fall,
And, whelm'd beneath thy waves, drop the huge wall:
Vast drifts of sand shall change the former shore;
The ruin vanish'd, and the name no more.
Thus they in heaven: while o'er the Grecian train,
The rolling sun descending to the main
Beheld the finish'd work. Their bulls they slew:
Black from the tents the savory vapors flew.
And now the fleet, arrived from Lemnos' strands,
With Bacchus' blesslngs cheer'd the generous bands.
Of fragrant wines the rich Eunæus sent
A thousand measures to the royal tent;
(Eunæus, whom Hypsipyle of yore
To Jason, shepherd of his people, bore).
The rest they purchased at their proper cost,
And well the plenteous freight supplied the host:
Each, in exchange, proportion'd treasures gave;
Some brass, or iron; some an ox, or slave.
All night they feast, the Greek and Trojan powers;
Those on the fields, and these within their towers.
But Jove averse the signs of wrath display'd,
And shot red lightnings through the gloomy shade:
Humbled they stood; pale horror seized on all,
While the deep thunder shook the aërial hall.
Each pour'd to Jove, before the bowl was crown'd;
And large libations drench'd the thirsty ground:
Then late, refresh'd with sleep from toils of fight,
Enjoy'd the balmy blessings of the night.

BIRDS PAIRING IN SPRING.

JAMES THOMSON—"SEASONS."

To the deep woods
They haste away, all as their fancy leads,
Pleasure, or food, or secret safety prompts;
That nature's great command may be obeyed:
Nor all the sweet sensations they perceive
Indulged in vain. Some to the holly hedge

Nestling repair, and to the thicket some;
Some to the rude protection of the thorn
Commit their feeble offspring; the cleft tree
Offers its kind concealment to a few,
Their food its insects, and its moss their nests:
Others apart, far in the grassy dale
Or roughening waste their humble texture weave:
But most in woodland solitudes delight,
In unfrequented glooms or shaggy banks,
Steep, and divided by a babbling brook,
Whose murmurs soothe them all the livelong day,
When by duty fixed. Among the roots
Of hazel pendent o'er the plaintive stream,
They frame the first foundation of their domes,
Dry sprigs of trees, in artful fabric laid,
And bound with clay together. Now 'tis nought
But restless hurry through the busy air,
Beat by unnumbered wings. The swallow sweeps
The slimy pool, to build his hanging house
Intent: and often from the careless back
Of herds and flocks a thousand tugging bills
Pluck hair and wool; and oft, when unobserved,
Steal from the barn a straw; till soft and warm,
Clean and complete, their habitation grows.
As thus the patient dam assiduous sits,
Not to be tempted from her tender task
Or by sharp hunger or by smooth delight,
Though the whole loosened Spring around her blows,
Her sympathising lover takes his stand
High on the opponent bank, and ceaseless sings
The tedious time away; or else supplies
Her place a moment, while she sudden flits
To pick the scanty meal. The appointed time
With pious toil fulfilled, the callow young,
Warmed and expanded into perfect life,
Their brittle bondage break, and come to light;
A helpless family, demanding food
With constant clamour: O what passions then,
What melting sentiments of kindly care,
On the new parents seize! away they fly
Affectionate, and, undesiring, bear
The most delicious morsel to their young,
Which equally distributed, again
The search begins. Even so a gentle pair,
By fortune sunk, but formed of generous mould,
And charmed with cares beyond the vulgar breast,
In some lone cot amid the distant woods,
Sustained alone by providential heaven,
Oft as they, weeping, eye their infant train,
Check their own appetites, and give them all.

THE SOLDIER'S FUNERAL.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

It is the funeral march. I did not think
That there had been such magic in sweet sounds!
Hark! from the blackened cymbal that dead tone—
It awes the very rabble multitude.
They follow silently, their earnest brows
Lifted in solemn thought. 'Tis not the pomp
And pageantry of death that with such force
Arrests the sense,—the mute and mourning train,
The white plume nodding o'er the sable hearse,
Had passed unheeded, or perchance awoke
A serious smile upon the poor man's cheek
At Pride's last triumph. Now these measured sounds,
This universal language, to the heart
Speak instant, and on all these various minds
Compel one feeling.
But such better thoughts
Will pass away, how soon! and these who here
Are following their dead comrade to the grave,
Ere the night fall, will in their revelry
Quench all remembrance. From the ties of life
Unnaturally rent, a man who knew
No resting-place, nor no delights at home,
Belike who never saw his children's face,
Whose children knew no father, he is gone,
Dropp'd from existence, like the wither'd leaf
That from the summer tree is swept away,
Its loss unseen. She hears not of his death
Who bore him, and already for her son
Her tears of bitterness are shed; when first
He had put on the livery of blood,
She wept him dead to her.
We are indeed
Clay in the potter's hand! one favour'd mind,
Scarce lower than the angels, shall explore
The ways of Nature, whilst his fellow-man,
Framed with like miracle the work of God,
Must as the unreasonable beast drag on
A life of labour, like this soldier here,
His wondrous faculties bestow'd in vain,
Be moulded to his fate till he becomes
A mere machine of murder.
And there are
Who say that this is well! as God has made
All things for man's good pleasure, so of men
The many for the few! court-moralists,
Reverend lip-comforters, that once a week
Proclaim how blessed are the poor, for they
Shall have their wealth hereafter, and though now
Toiling and troubled, though they pick the crumbs
That from the rich man's table fall, at length
In Abraham's bosom rest with Lazarus.
Themselves meantime secure their good things here
And feast with Dives. These are they, O Lord,
Who in thy plain and simple Gospel see
All mysteries, but who find no peace enjoin'd,
No brotherhood, no wrath denounced on them
Who shed their brethren's blood,—blind at noonday
As owls, lynx-eyed in darkness!
O my God!
I thank thee that I am not such as these;
I thank thee for the eye that sees, the heart
That feels, the voice that in these evil days,
Amid these evil tongues, exalts itself
And cries aloud against iniquity.

FROM "DE MONTFORT."

JOANNA BAILLIE.

De Montfort explains to his sister Jane his hatred of Rezenvelt, which at last hurries him into the crime of murder. The gradual deepening of this malignant passion, and its frightful catastrophe, are powerfully depicted. We may remark, that the character of De Montfort, his altered habits and appearance after his travels, his settled gloom, and the violence of his passions, seem to have been the prototype of Byron's Manfred and Lara.

De Montfort. No more, my sister; urge me not again;
My secret troubles cannot be revealed.
From all participation of its thoughts
My heart recoils: I pray thee, be contented.

Jane. What! must I, like a distant, humble friend,
Observe thy restless eye and gait disturbed
In timid silence, whilst with yearning heart
I turn aside to weep? O no, De Montfort!
A nobler task thy nobler mind will give;
Thy true intrusted friend I still shall be.

De Mon. Ah, Jane, forbear! I cannot, e'en to thee.

Jane. Then fie upon it! fie upon it, Montfort!
There was a time when e'en with murder stained,
Had it been possible that such dire deed
Could e'er have been the crime of one so piteous,
Thou wouldst have told it me.

De Mon. So would I now—but ask of this no more.
All other troubles but the one I feel
I have disclosed to thee. I pray thee, spare me.
It is the secret weakness of my nature.

Jane. Then secret let it be: I urge no further.
The eldest of our valiant father's hopes,
So sadly orphaned: side by side we stood,
Like two young trees, whose boughs in early strength
Screen the weak saplings of the rising grove,
And brave the storm together.
I have so long, as if by nature's right,
Thy bosom's inmate and adviser been,
I thought through life I should have so remained,
Nor ever known a change. Forgive me, Montfort;
A humbler station will I take by thee;
The close attendant of thy wandering steps,
The cheerer of this home, with strangers sought,
The soother of those griefs I must not know.
This is mine office now: I ask no more.

De Mon. O Jane, thou dost constrain me with thy love—
Would I could tell it thee!

Jane. Thou shalt not tell it me. Nay, I'll stop mine ears,
Nor from the yearnings of affection wring
What shrinks from utterance. Let it pass, my brother.
I'll stay by thee; I'll cheer thee, comfort thee;
Pursue with thee the study of some art,
Or nobler science, that compels the mind
To steady thought progressive, driving forth
All floating, wild, unhappy fantasies,
Till thou, with brow unclouded, smil'st again;
Like one who, from dark visions of the night,
When the active soul within its lifeless cell
Holds its own world, with dreadful fancy pressed
Of some dire, terrible, or murderous deed,
Wakes to the dawning morn, and blesses heaven.

De Mon. It will not pass away; 'twill haunt me still.

Jane. Ah! say not so, for I will haunt thee too,
And be to it so close an adversary,
That, though I wrestle darkling with the fiend,
I shall o'ercome it.

De Mon. Thou most generous woman!
Why do I treat thee thus? It should not be—
And yet I cannot—O that cursed villain!
He will not let me be the man I would.

Jane. What say'st thou, Montfort? Oh, what words are these!
They have awaked my soul to dreadful thoughts.
I do beseech thee, speak!
By the affection thou didst ever bear me;
By the dear memory of our infant days;
By kindred living ties—ay, and by those
Who sleep in the tomb, and cannot call to thee,
I do conjure thee, speak!
Ha! wilt thou not?
Then, if affection, most unwearied love,
Tried early, long, and never wanting found,
O'er generous man hath more authority,
More rightful power than crown or sceptre give,
I do command thee!
De Montfort, do not thus resist my love.
Here I entreat thee on my bended knees.
Alas, my brother!

De Mon. [*Raising her, and kneeling.*]
Thus let him kneel who should the abased be,
And at thine honored feet confession make.
I'll tell thee all—but, oh! thou wilt despise me.
For in my breast a raging passion burns,
To which thy soul no sympathy will own—
A passion which hath made my nightly couch
A place of torment, and the light of day,
With the gay intercourse of social man,
Feel like the oppressive, airless pestilence.
O Jane! thou wilt despise me.

Jane. Say not so:
I never can despise thee, gentle brother.
A lover's jealousy and hopeless pangs
No kindly heart contemns.

De Mon. A lover's, say'st thou?
No, it is hate! black, lasting, deadly hate!
Which thus hath driven me forth from kindred peace,
From social pleasure, from my native home,
To be a sullen wanderer on the earth,
Avoiding all men, cursing and accursed!

Jane. De Montfort, this is fiend-like, terrible!
What being, by the Almighty Father formed
Of flesh and blood, created even as thou,
Could in thy breast such horrid tempest wake,

Who art thyself his fellow?
Unknit thy brows, and spread those wrath-clenched hands.
Some sprite accursed within thy bosom mates
To work thy ruin. Strive with it, my brother!
Strive bravely with it; drive it from thy heart;
'Tis the degrader of a noble heart.
Curse it, and bid it part.

De Mon. It will not part. I've lodged it here too long.
With my first cares, I felt its rankling touch.
I loathed him when a boy.

Jane. Whom didst thou say?

De Mon. Detested Rezenvelt!
E'en in our early sports, like two young whelps
Of hostile breed, instinctively averse,
Each 'gainst the other pitched his ready pledge,
And frowned defiance. As we onward passed
From youth to man's estate, his narrow art
And envious gibing malice, poorly veiled
In the affected carelessness of mirth,
Still more detestable and odious grew.
There is no living being on this earth
Who can conceive the malice of his soul,
With all his gay and damned merriment,
To those by fortune or by merit placed
Above his paltry self. When, low in fortune,
He looked upon the state of prosperous men,
As nightly birds, roused from their murky holes,
Do scowl and chatter at the light of day,
I could endure it; even as we bear
The impotent bite of some half-trodden worm,
I could endure it. But when honors came,
And wealth and new-got titles fed his pride;
Whilst flattering knaves did trumpet forth his praise,
And grovelling idiots grinned applauses on him;
Oh, then I could no longer suffer it!
It drove me frantic. What, what would I give—
What would I give to crush the bloated toad,
So rankly do I loathe him!

Jane. And would thy hatred crush the very man
Who gave to thee that life he might have taken?
That life which thou so rashly didst expose
To aim at his? Oh, this is horrible!

De Mon. Ha! thou hast heard it, then! From all the world,
But most of all from thee, I thought it hid.

Jane. I heard a secret whisper, and resolved
Upon the instant to return to thee.
Didst thou receive my letter?

De Mon. I did! I did! 'Twas that which drove me hither.
I could not bear to meet thine eye again.

Jane. Alas! that, tempted by a sister's tears,
I ever left thy house! These few past months,
These absent months, have brought us all this woe.
Had I remained with thee, it had not been.
And yet, methinks, it should not move you thus.
You dared him to the field; both bravely fought;
He, more adroit, disarmed you; courteously
Returned the forfeit sword, which, so returned,
You did refuse to use against him more;
And then, as says report, you parted friends.

De Mon. When he disarmed this cursed, this worthless hand,
Of its most worthless weapon, he but spared
From devilish pride, which now derives a bliss
In seeing me thus fettered, shamed, subjected
With the vile favor of his poor forbearance;
Whilst he securely sits with gibing brow,
And basely baits me like a muzzled cur,
Who cannot turn again.
Until that day, till that accursed day,
I knew not half the torment of this hell
Which burns within my breast. Heaven's lightnings blast him!

Jane. Oh, this is horrible! Forbear, forbear!
Lest Heaven's vengeance light upon thy head
For this most impious wish.

De Mon. Then let it light.
Torments more fell than I have known already
It cannot send. To be annihilated,
What all men shrink from; to be dust, be nothing,
Were bliss to me, compared to what I am!

Jane. Oh, wouldst thou kill me with these dreadful words?

De Mon. Let me but once upon his ruin look,
Then close mine eyes forever!——
Ha! how is this? Thou'rt ill; thou'rt very pale;
What have I done to thee? Alas! alas!
I meant not to distress thee—O my sister!

Jane. I cannot now speak to thee.

De Mon. I have killed thee.
Turn, turn thee not away! Look on me still!
Oh, droop not thus, my life, my pride, my sister!
Look on me yet again.

Jane. Thou, too, De Montfort,
In better days was wont to be my pride.

De Mon. I am a wretch, most wretched in myself,
And still more wretched in the pain I give.
Oh, curse that villain, that detested villain!
He has spread misery o'er my fated life;
He will undo us all.

Jane. I've held my warfare through a troubled world,
And borne with steady mind my share of ill;
For then the helpmate of my toil wast thou,
But now the wane of life comes darkly on,
And hideous passion tears thee from my heart,
Blasting thy worth. I cannot strive with this.

SONG TO DAVID.

CHRISTOPHER SMART.

O thou, that sit'st upon a throne,
With harp of high, majestic tone,
To praise the King of kings:
And voice of heaven, ascending swell,
Which, while its deeper notes excel,
Clear as a clarion rings:

To bless each valley, grove, and coast,
And charm the cherubs to the post
  Of gratitude in throngs;
To keep the days on Zion's Mount,
And send the year to his account,
  With dances and with songs:

O servant of God's holiest charge,
The minister of praise at large,
  Which thou mayest now receive;
From thy blest mansion hail and hear,
From topmost eminence appear
  To this the wreath I weave.

Great, valiant, pious, good, and clean,
Sublime, contemplative, serene,
  Strong, constant, pleasant, wise!
Bright effluence of exceeding grace;
Best man! the swiftness and the race,
  The peril and the prize!

Great—from the lustre of his crown,
From Samuel's horn, and God's renown,
  Which is the people's voice;
For all the host, from rear to van,
Applauded and embraced the man—
  The man of God's own choice.

Valiant—the word, and up he rose;
The fight—he triumphed o'er the foes
  Whom God's just laws abhor;
And, armed in gallant faith, he took
Against the boaster, from the brook,
  The weapons of the war.

Pious—magnificent and grand,
'Twas he the famous temple planned—
  The seraph in his soul:
Foremost to give the Lord his dues,
Foremost to bless the welcome news,
  And foremost to condole.

Good—from Jehudah's genuine vein,
From God's best nature, good in grain
  His aspect and his heart:
To pity, to forgive, to save,
Witness En-gedi's conscious cave,
  And Shimei's blunted dart.

Clean—if perpetual prayer be pure,
And love, which could itself inure
  To fasting and to fear—
Clean in his gestures, hands, and feet,
To smite the lyre, the dance complete,
  To play the sword and spear.

Sublime—invention ever young,
Of vast conception, towering tongue,
  To God the eternal theme;
Notes from yon exaltations caught,
Unrivalled royalty of thought,
  O'er meaner strains supreme.

Contemplative—on God to fix
His musings, and above the six
  The Sabbath-day he blest;
'Twas then his thoughts self-conquest pruned,
And heavenly melancholy tuned,
  To bless and bear the rest.

Serene—to sow the seeds of peace,
Remembering when he watched the fleece,
  How sweetly Kidron purled—
To further knowledge, silence vice,
And plant perpetual paradise,
  When God had calmed the world.

Strong—in the Lord, who could defy
Satan, and all his powers that lie
  In sempiternal night;
And hell, and horror, and despair
Were as the lion and the bear
  To his undaunted might.

Constant—in love to God, the Truth,
Age, manhood, infancy, and youth—
  To Jonathan his friend
Constant beyond the verge of death;
And Ziba and Mephibosheth,
  His endless fame attend.

Pleasant—and various as the year;
Man, soul, and angel without peer,
  Priest, champion, sage, and boy;
In armor, or in ephod clad,
His pomp, his piety was glad;
  Majestic was his joy.

Wise—in recovery from his fall,
Whence rose his eminence o'er all,
  Of all the most reviled;
The light of Israel in his ways,
Wise are his precepts, prayer, and praise,
  And counsel to his child. . . .

O David, scholar of the Lord!
Such is thy science, whence reward,
  And infinite degree;
O strength, O sweetness, lasting ripe!
God's harp thy symbol, and thy type
  The lion and the bee!

There is but One who ne'er rebelled,
But One by passion unimpelled,
  By pleasures unenticed;
He from himself his semblance sent,
Grand object of his own content,
  And saw the God in Christ.

"Tell them, I Am," Jehovah said
To Moses; while earth heard in dread,
  And, smitten to the heart,
At once above, beneath, around,
All nature, without voice or sound,
  Replied: "O Lord, Thou Art."

EXMOOR HARVEST SONG.

R. D. BLACKMORE.

The corn, oh the corn, 'tis the ripening of the corn!
Go unto the door, my lad, and look beneath the moon,
Thou canst see, beyond the woodrick, how it is yelloon:
'Tis the harvesting of wheat, and the barley must be shorn.
(*Chorus.*)
The corn, oh the corn, and the yellow, mellow corn!
Here's to the corn, with the cups upon the board!
We've been reaping all the day, and we'll reap again the morn,
And fetch it home to mow-yard, and then we'll thank the Lord.

The wheat, oh the wheat, 'tis the ripening of the wheat!
All the day it has been hanging down its heavy head,
Bowing over on our bosoms with a beard of red:
'Tis the harvest, and the value makes the labor sweet.
(*Chorus.*)
The wheat, oh the wheat, and the golden, golden wheat!
Here's to the wheat, with the loaves upon the board!
We've been reaping all the day, and we never will be beat,
But fetch it all to mow-yard, and then we'll thank the Lord.

The barley, oh the barley, and the barley is in prime!
All the day it has been rustling with its bristles brown,
Waiting with its beard abowing, till it can be mown!
'Tis the harvest, and the barley must abide its time.
(*Chorus.*)
The barley, oh the barley, and the barley ruddy brown!
Here's to the barley, with the beer upon the board!
We'll go amowing, soon as ever all the wheat is down;
When all is in the mow-yard, well stop, and thank the Lord.

The oats, oh the oats, 'tis the ripening of the oats!
All the day they have been dancing with their flakes of white,
Waiting for the girding-hook, to be the nags' delight:
'Tis the harvest, let them dangle in their skirted coats.
(*Chorus.*)
The oats, oh the oats, and the silver, silver oats!
Here's to the oats with the backstone on the board!
We'll go among them, when the barley has been laid in rotes:
When all is home to mow-yard, we'll kneel and thank the Lord.

The corn, oh the corn, and the blessing of the corn!
Come unto the door, my lads, and look beneath the moon,
We can see, on hill and valley, how it is yelloon,
With a breadth of glory, as when our Lord was born.
(*Chorus.*)
The corn, oh the corn, and the yellow, mellow corn!
Thanks for the corn, with our bread upon the board!
So shall we acknowledge it, before we reap the morn,
With our hands to heaven, and our knees unto the Lord.

HIS MOTHER'S PICTURE.

WILLIAM COWPER.

Oh that those lips had language! Life has passed
With me but roughly since I heard thee last.
Those lips are thine—thy own sweet smiles I see,
The same that oft in childhood solaced me;
Voice only fails, else, how distinct they say;
'Grieve not, my child; chase all thy fears away!'
The meek intelligence of those dear eyes—
Blest be the art that can immortalise,
The art that baffles time's tyrannic claim
To quench it—here shines on me still the same.
Faithful remembrancer of one so dear,
O welcome guest, though unexpected here!
Who bidd'st me honour, with an artless song
Affectionate, a mother lost so long.
I will obey, not willingly alone,
But gladly, as the precept were her own:
And while that face renews my filial grief,
Fancy shall weave a charm for my relief;
Shall steep me in Elysian reverie,
A momentary dream, that thou art she.
My mother! when I learned that thou wast dead,
Say, wast thou conscious of the tears I shed?
Hovered thy spirit o'er thy sorrowing son,
Wretch even then, life's journey just begun?
Perhaps thou gavest me, though unseen, a kiss;
Perhaps a tear, if souls can weep in bliss—
Ah, that maternal smile! it answers—yes.
I heard the bell tolled on thy burial-day,
I saw the hearse that bore thee slow away,
And turning from my nursery window, drew
A long, long sigh, and wept a last adieu!
But was it such? It was. Where thou art gone,
Adieus and farewells are a sound unknown.
May I but meet thee on that peaceful shore,
The parting sound shall pass my lips no more!
Thy maidens grieved themselves at my concern,
Oft gave me promise of a quick return:
What ardently I wished, I long believed,
And, disappointed still, was still deceived;
By disappointment every day beguiled,
Dupe of to-morrow even from a child.
Thus many a sad to-morrow came and went,
Till, all my stock of infant sorrow spent,
I learned at last submission to my lot,

But, though I less deplored thee, ne'er forgot.
Where once we dwelt our name is heard no more,
Children not thine have trod my nursery floor;
And where the gardener Robin, day by day,
Drew me to school along the public way,
Delighted with my bauble coach, and wrapt
In scarlet mantle warm, and velvet capt,
'Tis now become a history little known,
That once we called the pastoral house our own.
Short-lived possession! but the record fair,
That memory keeps of all thy kindness there,
Still outlives many a storm, that has effaced
A thousand other themes less deeply traced.
Thy nightly visits to my chamber made,
That thou mightst know me safe and warmly laid;
Thy morning bounties ere I left my home,
The biscuit or confectionery plum;
The fragrant waters on my cheeks bestowed
By thy own hand, till fresh they shone and glowed:
All this, and more endearing still than all,
Thy constant flow of love, that knew no fall,
Ne'er roughened by those cataracts and breaks,
That humour interposed too often makes:
All this, still legible in memory's page,
And still to be so to my latest age,
Adds joy to duty, makes me glad to pay
Such honours to thee as my numbers may;
Perhaps a frail memorial, but sincere,
Not scorned in heaven, though little noticed here.
Could Time, his flight reversed, restore the hours,
When, playing with thy vesture's tissued flowers,
The violet, the pink, and jessamine,
I pricked them into paper with a pin—
And thou wast happier than myself the while,
Would softly speak, and stroke my head and smile—
Could those few pleasant hours again appear,
Might one wish bring them, would I wish them here?
I would not trust my heart—the dear delight
Seems so to be desired, perhaps I might.
But no—what here we call our life is such,
So little to be loved, and thou so much,
That I should ill requite thee to constrain
Thy unbound spirit into bonds again.
Thou, as a gallant bark from Albion's coast—
The storms all weathered and the ocean crossed—
Shoots into port at some well-havened isle,
Where spices breathe and brighter seasons smile,
There sits quiescent on the floods, that show
Her beauteous form reflected clear below,
While airs impregnated with incense play
Around her, fanning light her streamers gay;
So thou, with sails how swift! hast reached the shore
'Where tempests never beat nor billows roar;'
And thy loved consort on the dangerous tide
Of life, long since has anchored at thy side.
But me, scarce hoping to attain that rest,
Always from port withheld, always distressed—
Me howling blasts drive devious, tempest-tossed,
Sails ript, seams opening wide, and compass lost;
And day by day some current's thwarting force
Sets me more distant from a prosperous course.
But oh the thought, that thou art safe, and he!
That thought is joy, arrive what may to me.
My boast is not that I deduce my birth
From loins enthroned, and rulers of the earth;
But higher far my proud pretensions rise—
The son of parents passed into the skies.
And now, farewell—Time unrevoked has run
His wonted course, yet what I wished is done.
By contemplation's help, not sought in vain,
I seem to have lived my childhood o'er again:
To have renewed the joys that once were mine,
Without the sin of violating thine;
And, while the wings of fancy still are free,
And I can view this mimic show of thee,
Time has but half succeeded in his theft—
Thyself removed, thy power to soothe me left.

JUGGLING JERRY.

GEORGE MEREDITH.

Pitch here the tent, while the old horse grazes:
By the old hedge-side we'll halt a stage.
It's nigh my last above the daisies:
My next leaf'll be man's blank page.
Yes, my old girl! and it's no use crying;
Juggler, constable, king, must bow.
One that outjuggles all's been spying
Long to have me, and he has me now.

We've traveled times to this old common.
Often we've hung our pots in the gorse.
We've had a stirring life, old woman!
You, and I, and the old gray horse.
Races, and fairs, and royal occasions,
Found us coming to their call:
Now they'll miss us at our stations:
There's a Juggler outjuggles all!

Up goes the lark, as if all were jolly!
Over the duck-pond the willow shakes.
Easy to think that grieving's folly,
When the hand's firm as driven stakes!
Ay! when we're strong, and braced, and manful,
Life's a sweet fiddle: but we're a batch
Born to become the Great Juggler's han'ful:
Balls he shies up, and is safe to catch.

Here's where the lads of the village cricket:
I was a lad not wide from here:
Couldn't I whip off the bale from the wicket?
Like an old world those days appear!
Donkey, sheep, geese, and thatch'd ale-house—I know them!
They are old friends of my halts, and seem,
Somehow, as if kind thanks I owe them:
Juggling don't hinder the heart's esteem.

Juggling's no sin, for we must have victual:
  Nature allows us to bait for the fool.
Holding one's own makes us juggle no little;
  But, to increase it, hard juggling's the rule.
You that are sneering at my profession,
  Haven't you juggled a vast amount?
There's the Prime Minister, in one Session,
  Juggles more games than my sins 'll count.

I've murder'd insects with mock thunder:
  Conscience, for that, in men don't quail.
I've made bread from the bump of wonder:
  That's my business, and there's my tale.
Fashion and rank all praised the professor:
  Ay! and I've had my smile from the Queen:
Bravo, Jerry! she meant: God bless her!
  Ain't this a sermon on that scene?

I've studied men from my topsy-turvey
  Close, and, I reckon, rather true.
Some are fine fellows: some right scurvy:
  Most, a dash between the two.
But if it's a woman, old girl, that makes me
  Think more kindly of the race:
And its a woman, old girl, that shakes me
  When the Great Juggler I must face.

We two were married, due and legal:
  Honest we've lived since we've been one.
Lord! I could then jump like an eagle:
  You danced bright as a bit o' the sun.
Birds in a May-bush we were! right merry!
  All night we kiss'd—we juggled all day.
Joy was the heart of Juggling Jerry!
  Now from his old girl he's juggled away.

It's past parsons to console us:
  No, nor no doctor fetch for me:
I can die without my bolus;
  Two of a trade, lass, never agree!
Parsons and Doctors—don't they love rarely,
  Fighting the devil in other men's fields!
Stand up yourself and match him fairly:
  Then see how the rascal yields!

I, lass, have lived no gipsy, flaunting
  Finery while his poor helpmate grubs:
Coin I've stored, and you won't be wanting:
  You shan't beg from the troughs and tubs.
Nobly you've stuck to me, though in his kitchen
  Many a marquis would hail you cook!
Palaces you could have ruled and grown rich in,
  But your old Jerry you never forsook.

Hand up the chirper! ripe ale winks in it;
  Let's have comfort and be at peace.
Once a stout draught made me light as a linnet.
  Cheer up! the Lord must have his lease.
May be—for none see in that black hollow—
  It's just a place where we're held in pawn,
And, when the Great Juggler makes as to swallow,
  It's just the sword-trick—I ain't quite gone!

Yonder came smells of the gore, so nutty,
  Gold-like and warm: it's the prime of May.
Better than mortar, brick, and putty,
  Is God's house in a blowing day.
Lean me more up the mound; now I feel it;
  All the old heath-smells! Ain't it strange?
There's the world laughing, as if to conceal it,
  But He's by us, juggling the change.

I mind it well, by the sea-beach lying,
  Once—it's long gone—when two gulls we beheld,
Which, as the moon got up, were flying
  Down a big wave that sparkl'd and swell'd.
Crack! went a gun: one fell: the second
  Wheel'd round him twice, and was off for new luck:
There in the dark her white wing beckon'd:—
  Drop me a kiss—I'm the bird dead-struck!

NIGHT.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Night is the time for rest;
  How sweet, when labors close,
To gather round an aching breast
  The curtain of repose,
Stretch the tired limbs, and lay the head
Upon our own delightful bed!

Night is the time for dreams;
  The gay romance of life,
When truth that is, and truth that seems,
  Blend in fantastic strife;
Ah! visions less beguiling far
Than waking dreams by daylight are!

Night is the time for toil;
  To plough the classic field,
Intent to find the buried spoil
  Its wealthy furrows yield;
Till all is ours that sages taught,
That poets sang or heroes wrought.

Night is the time to weep;
  To wet with unseen tears
Those graves of memory where sleep
  The joys of other years;
Hopes that were angels in their birth,
But perished young like things on earth!

Night is the time to watch;
  On ocean's dark expanse
To hail the Pleiades, or catch
  The full moon's earliest glance,
That brings into the homesick mind
All we have loved and left behind.

Night is the time for care;
  Brooding on hours misspent,
To see the spectre of despair
  Come to our lonely tent;

Like Brutus, 'midst his slumbering host,
Summoned to die by Cæsar's ghost.

Night is the time to think;
Then from the eye the soul
Takes flight, and on the utmost brink
Of yonder starry pole,
Discerns beyond the abyss of night
The dawn of uncreated light.

Night is the time to pray;
Our Saviour oft withdrew
To desert mountains far away;
So will his followers do;
Steal from the throng to haunts untrod,
And commune there alone with God.

Night is the time for death;
When all around is peace,
Calmly to yield the weary breath,
From sin and suffering cease:
Think of heaven's bliss, and give the sign
To parting friends—such death be mine!

GOD'S FIRST TEMPLES.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

The groves were God's first temples. Ere man learned
To hew the shaft, and lay the architrave,
And spread the roof above them,—ere he framed
The lofty vault, to gather and roll back
The sound of anthems,—in the darkling wood,
Amidst the cool and silence, he knelt down
And offered to the Mightiest solemn thanks
And supplication. For his simple heart
Might not resist the sacred influences,
That, from the stilly twilight of the place,
And from the gray old trunks, that, high in heaven,
Mingled their mossy boughs, and from the sound
Of the invisible breath that swayed at once
All their green tops, stole over him, and bowed
His spirit with the thought of boundless Power
And inaccessible Majesty. Ah, why
Should we, in the world's riper years, neglect
God's ancient sanctuaries, and adore
Only among the crowd, and under roofs
That our frail hands have raised! Let me, at least,
Here, in the shadow of this aged wood,
Offer one hymn—thrice happy, if it find
Acceptance in his ear.

Father, thy hand
Hath reared these venerable columns; thou
Didst weave this verdant roof. Thou didst look down
Upon the naked earth, and, forthwith, rose
All these fair ranks of trees. They, in thy sun,
Budded, and shook their green leaves in thy breeze,
And shot towards heaven. The century-living crow
Whose birth was in their tops, grew old and died
Among their branches, till at last they stood,
As now they stand, massy, and tall, and dark,
Fit shrine for humble worshiper to hold
Communion with his Maker. Here are seen
No traces of man's pomp or pride;—no silks
Rustle, no jewels shine, nor envious eyes
Encounter; no fantastic carvings show
The boast of our vain race to change the form
Of thy fair works. But thou art here—thou fill'st
The solitude. Thou art in the soft winds
That run along the summits of these trees
In music;—thou art in the cooler breath,
That, from the inmost darkness of the place,
Comes, scarcely felt;—the barky trunks, the ground,
The fresh, moist ground, are all instinct with thee.
Here is continual worship;—nature, here,
In the tranquility that thou dost love,
Enjoys thy presence. Noiselessly, around,
From perch to perch, the solitary bird
Passes; and yon clear spring, that, 'midst its herbs,
Wells softly forth, and visits the strong roots
Of half the mighty forest, tells no tale
Of all the good it does. Thou hast not left
Thyself without a witness, in these shades,
Of thy perfections. Grandeur, strength, and grace,
Are here to speak of thee. This mighty oak—
By whose immovable stem I stand, and seem
Almost annihilated—not a prince,
In all the proud old world beyond the deep,
E'er wore his crown as loftily as he
Wears the green coronal of leaves with which
Thy hand has graced him. Nestled at his root
Is beauty, such as blooms not in the glare
Of the broad sun. That delicate forest flower,
With scented breath, and look so like a smile,
Seems, as it issues from the shapeless mould,
An emanation of the indwelling Life,
A visible token of the upholding Love,
That are the soul of this wide universe.

My heart is awed within me, when I think
Of the great miracle that still goes on,
In silence, round me—the perpetual work
Of thy creation, finished, yet renewed
Forever. Written on thy works, I read
The lesson of thy own eternity.
Lo! all grow old and die: but see, again,
How, on the faltering footsteps of decay,
Youth presses—ever gay and beautiful youth,
In all its beautiful forms. These lofty trees
Wave not less proudly that their ancestors
Moulder beneath them. O, there is not lost
One of earth's charms: upon her bosom yet,
After the flight of untold centuries,
The freshness of her far beginning lies,
And yet shall lie. Life mocks the idle hate
Of his arch enemy Death—yea, seats himself
Upon the sepulchre, and blooms and smiles,
And of the triumphs of his ghastly foe

Makes his own nourishment. For he came forth
From thine own bosom, and shall have no end.

There have been holy men, who hid themselves
Deep in the woody wilderness, and gave
Their lives to thought and prayer, till they outlived
The generation born with them, nor seemed
Less aged than the hoary trees and rocks
Around them;—and there have been holy men,
Who deemed it were not well to pass life thus.
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and, in thy presence, reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at thy plainer footsteps shrink,
And tremble, and are still. O God! when thou
Dost scare the world with tempests, set on fire
The heavens with falling thunderbolts, or fill,
With all the waters of the firmament,
The swift, dark whirlwind, that uproots the woods,
And drowns the villages; when, at thy call,
Uprises the great deep, and throws himself
Upon the continent, and overwhelms
Its cities;—who forgets not, at the sight
Of these tremendous tokens of thy power,
His pride, and lays his strifes and follies by?
Oh, from these sterner aspects of thy face,
Spare me and mine; nor let us need the wrath
Of the mad, unchained elements to teach
Who rules them. Be it ours to meditate,
In these calm shades, thy milder majesty,
And, to the beautiful order of thy works,
Learn to conform the order of our lives.

THE OLD AND THE NEW YEAR.

ALFRED TENNYSON—"IN MEMORIAM."

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
The flying cloud, the frosty light:
The year is dying in the night;
Ring out, wild bells, and let him die.

Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Ring, happy bells, across the snow:
The year is going, let him go;
Ring out the false, ring in the true.

Ring out the grief that saps the mind,
For those that here we see no more;
Ring out the feud of rich and poor,
Ring in redress to all mankind.

Ring out a slowly dying cause,
And ancient forms of party strife;
Ring in the nobler modes of life,
With sweeter manners, purer laws.

Ring out the want, the care, the sin,
The faithless coldness of the times;
Ring out, ring out my mournful rhymes,
But ring the fuller minstrel in.

Ring out false pride in place and blood,
The civic slander and the spite;
Ring in the love of truth and right,
Ring in the common love of good.

Ring out old shapes of foul disease;
Ring out the narrowing lust of gold;
Ring out the thousand wars of old,
Ring in the thousand years of peace.

Ring in the valiant man and free,
The larger heart, the kindlier hand;
Ring out the darkness of the land,
Ring in the Christ that is to be.

AND FARE THEE WELL.

RICHARD H. DANA.

The sun was nigh its set, when we were come
Once more where stood the good man's lowly home.
We sat beside the door; a gorgeous sight
Above our heads—the elm in golden light.
Thoughtful and silent for awhile—he then
Talked of my coming.—"Thou'lt not go again
From thine own vale; and we will make thy home
Pleasant; and it shall glad thee to have come."
Then of my garden and my house he spoke,
And well ranged orchard on the sunny slope;
And grew more bright and happy in his talk
Of social winter eve, and summer walk.
And, while I listened, to my sadder soul
A sunnier, gentler sense in silence stole;
Nor had I heart to spoil the little plan
Which cheered the spirit of the kind old man.

At length I spake—
"No! here I must not stay;
I'll rest to-night—to-morrow go my way."

He did not urge me. Looking in my face,
As he each feeling of the heart could trace,
He prest my hand, and prayed I might be blest,—
Where'er I went, that Heaven would give me rest.

The silent night has past into the prime
Of day—to thoughtful souls a solemn time.
For man has wakened from his nightly death,
And shut up sense to morning's life and breath.
He sees go out in heaven the stars that kept
Their glorious watch while he, unconscious, slept,—
Feels God was round him while he knew it not—
Is awed—then meets the world—and God's forgot.
So may I not forget thee, holy Power!
Be to me ever as at this calm hour.

The tree tops now are glittering in the sun:
Away! 'Tis time my journey was begun.

Why should I stay, when all I loved are fled,
Strange to the living, knowing but the dead;

A homeless wanderer through my early home;
Gone childhood's joy, and not a joy to come?
To pass each cottage, and to have it tell,
Here did my mother, here a playmate dwell;
To think upon that lost one's girlish bloom,
And see that sickly smile, and mark her doom!—
It haunts me now—her dim and wildered brain.
I would not look upon that eye again!

Let me go, rather, where I shall not find
Aught that my former self will bring to mind.
These old, familiar things, where'er I tread,
Are round me like the mansions of the dead.
No! wide and foreign lands shall be my range,
That suits the lonely soul, where all is strange.

Then for the dashing sea, the broad full sail!
And fare thee well, my own green, quiet vale.

PICTURE OF DOMESTIC LOVE.

THOMAS CAMPBELL—"PLEASURES OF HOPE."

Thy pencil traces on the lover's thought
Some cottage-home, from towns and toil remote,
Where love and lore may claim alternate hours,
With peace embosomed in Idalian bowers!
Remote from busy life's bewildered way,
O'er all his heart shall Taste and Beauty sway!
Free on the sunny slope, or winding shore,
With hermit-steps to wander and adore.
There shall be love, when genial morn appears,
Like pensive Beauty smiling in her tears,
To watch the brightening roses of the sky,
And muse on nature with a poet's eye!
And when the sun's last splendor lights the deep,
The woods and waves, and murmuring winds asleep,
When fairy harps the Hesperian planet hail,
And the lone cuckoo sighs along the vale,
His path shall be where streamy mountains swell
Their shadowy grandeur o'er the narrow dell;
Where mouldering piles and forests intervene,
Mingling with darker tints the living green;
No circling hills his ravished eye to bound,
Heaven, earth, and ocean blazing all around!
The moon is up—the watch tower dimly burns—
And down the vale his sober step returns;
But pauses oft, as winding rocks convey
The still sweet fall of music far away;
And oft he lingers from his home awhile,
To watch the dying notes—and start, and smile!
Let winter come! let polar spirits sweep
The darkening world, and tempest-troubled deep!
Though boundless snows the withered heath deform,
And the dim sun scarce wanders through the storm,
Yet shall the smile of social love repay,
With mental light, the melancholy day!
And, when its short and sullen noon is o'er,
The ice-chained waters slumbering on the shore,
How bright the fagots in his little hall
Blaze on the hearth, and warm the pictured wall!
How blest he names, in love's familiar tone,
The kind, fair friend, by nature marked his own;
And, in the waveless mirror of his mind,
Views the fleet years of pleasure left behind,
Since when her empire o'er his heart began—
Since first he called her his before the holy man!
Trim the gray taper in his rustic dome,
And light the wintry paradise of home;
And let the half-uncurtained window hail
Some wayworn man benighted in the vale!
Now, while the moaning night-wind rages high,
As sweep the shot-stars down the troubled sky,
While fiery hosts in heaven's wide circle play,
And bathe in lurid light the Milky-way;
Safe from the storm, the meteor, and the shower,
Some pleasing page shall charm the solemn hour;
With pathos shall command, with wit beguile,
A generous tear of anguish or a smile!

"THERE IS NO DEATH."

LORD LYTTON.

There is no death! the stars go down
To rise upon some fairer shore;
And bright in Heaven's jewelled crown
They shine forevermore.

There is no death! the dust we tread
Shall change beneath the Summer showers,
To golden grain or mellow fruit,
Or rainbow-tinted flowers.

The granite rocks disorganized
To feed the hungry moss they bear;
The forest trees drink daily life
From out the viewless air.

There is no death! the leaves may fall,
The flowers may fade and pass away;
They only wait, through wintry hours,
The coming of the May.

There is no death! an angel form
Walks o'er the earth with silent tread;
He bears our best-loved things away—
And then we call them "dead."

He leaves our hearts all desolate;
He plucks our fairest, sweetest flowers;
Transplanted into bliss, they now
Adorn immortal bowers.

For where he sees a smile too bright,
Or heart too pure for taint of vice,
He bears it to that world of light,
To dwell in Paradise.

The bird-like voice whose joyous tones
Made glad this scene of sin and strife,

Sings now the everlasting song
Amid the Tree of Life.

Though passed beyond our tear-dimmed sight,
'Tis but a larger life to gain;
We feel their presence oft—the same,
Except in sin and pain.

And ever near us, though unseen,
The dear immortal spirits tread;
For all the boundless universe
Is life—there is no dead!

SEVEN AGES OF MAN.

SHAKSPEARE.

All the world's a stage,
And all the men and women merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances,
And one man in his time plays many parts,
His acts being seven ages. At first, the infant,
Mewling and puking in his nurse's arms:
And then, the whining school-boy, with his satchel
And shining morning face, creeping like snail
Unwillingly to school. And then, the lover,
Sighing like furnace, with a woful ballad
Made to his mistress' eyebrow. Then, the soldier,
Full of strange oaths, and bearded like the pard,
Jealous in honor, sudden and quick in quarrel;
Seeking the bubble reputation
Even in the cannon's mouth. And then, the justice,
In fair round belly, with good capon lined,
With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut,
Full of wise saws and modern instances;
And so he plays his part. The sixth age shifts
Into the lean and slippered pantaloon,
With spectacles on nose, and pouch on side;
His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
For his shrunk shanks; and his big, manly voice,
Turning again toward childish treble, pipes
And whistles in his sound. Last scene of all,
That ends this strange eventful history,
Is second childishness, and mere oblivion:
Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans everything.

POLONIUS'S ADVICE TO HIS SON.

SHAKSPEARE.

Give thy thoughts no tongue,
Nor any unproportioned thought his act.
Be thou familiar, but by no means vulgar.
The friends thou hast, and their adoption tried,
Grapple them to thy soul with hooks of steel;
But do not dull thy palm with entertainment
Of each new-hatch'd, unfledg'd comrade. Beware
Of entrance to a quarrel: but, being in,
Bear it that thy opposer may beware of thee.
Give every man thine ear, but few thy voice:
Take each man's censure, but reserve thy judgment.
Costly thy habits as thy purse can buy,
But not expressed in fancy; rich, not gaudy:
For the apparel oft proclaims the man;
Neither a borrower, nor a lender be:
For loan oft loses both itself and friend;
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry.
This above all,—to thine own self be true;
And it must follow, as the night the day,
Thou canst not then be false to any man.

THE LAOCOON.

J. G. HOLLAND.

Laocöon! thou great embodiment
Of human life and human history!
Thou record of the past, thou prophecy
Of the sad future, thou majestic voice,
Pealing along the ages from old time!
Thou wail of agonized humanity!
There lives no thought in marble like to thee!
Thou hast no kindred in the Vatican,
But standest separate among the dreams
Of old mythologies—alone—alone!
The beautiful Apollo at thy side
Is but a marble dream, and dreams are all
The gods and goddesses and fauns and fates
That populate these wondrous halls; but thou,
Standing among them, liftest up thyself
In majesty of meaning, till they sink
Far from the sight, no more significant
Than the poor toys of children. For thou art
A voice from out the world's experience,
Speaking of all the generations past
To all the generations yet to come
Of the long struggle, the sublime despair,
The wild and weary agony of man!

TO CELIA.

BEN JONSON—"THE FOREST."

Drink to me only with thine eyes,
And I will pledge with mine;
Or leave a kiss but in the cup,
And I'll not look for wine.
The thirst that from the soul doth rise,
Doth ask a drink divine;
But might I of Jove's nectar sup,
I would not change for thine.

I sent thee late a rosy wreath,
Not so much honoring thee,
As giving it a hope that there
It could not withered be.
But thou thereon didst only breathe,
And sent'st it back to me;
Since when, it grows, and smells, I swear,
Not of itself, but thee.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

WHICH FURNISH A THEME FOR REFLECTION, AND A TEXT FOR MENTAL DISCOURSE.

Habit:

The diminutive chains of habit are seldom heavy enough to be felt, till they are too strong to be broken.—*Samuel Johnson.*

Make sobriety a habit, and intemperance will be hateful; make prudence a habit, and reckless profligacy will be as contrary to the nature of the child, grown or adult, as the most atrocious crimes are to any of us.—*Lord Brougham.*

Happiness:

I have now reigned about fifty years in victory or peace, beloved by my subjects, dreaded by my enemies, and respected by my allies. Riches and honors, power and pleasure, have waited on my call, nor does any earthly blessing appear to have been wanting to my felicity. In this situation I have diligently numbered the days of pure and genuine happiness which have fallen to my lot. They amount to *fourteen.* O man! place not thy confidence in this present world!—*The Caliph Abdalrahman.*

Hatred:

Malice and hatred are very fretting, and apt to make our minds sore and uneasy.—*Tillotson.*

Health:

Health is, indeed, so necessary to all the duties as well as pleasures of life, that the crime of squandering it is equal to the folly; and he that for a short gratification brings weakness and diseases upon himself, and for the pleasure of a few years passed in the tumults of diversion and clamors of merriment, condemns the maturer and more experienced part of his life to the chamber and the couch, may be justly reproached, not only as spendthrift of his happiness, but as a robber of the public; as a wretch that has voluntarily disqualified himself for the business of his station, and refused that part which Providence assigns him in the general task of human nature.—*Samuel Johnston.*

Heaven:

Few, without the hope of another life, would think it worth their while to live above the allurements of sense.—*Atterbury.*

History:

What is public history but a register of the successes and disappointments, the vices, the follies, and the quarrels of those who engage in contention for power.—*Paley.*

Imagination:

By imagination a man in a dungeon is capable of entertaining himself with scenes and landscapes more beautiful than any that can be found in the whole compass of nature.—*Addison.*

Idleness:

Idleness is a constant sin, and labor is a duty. Idleness is but the devil's home for temptation, and unprofitable, distracting musings.—*Baxter.*

The idle, who are neither wise for this world nor the next, are emphatically fools at large.—*Tillotson.*

Inclination:

Almost every one has a predominant inclination, to which his other desires and inclinations submit, and which governs him, though perhaps with some intervals, through the whole course of his life.—*Hume.*

Industry:

I persuade myself that the bountiful and gracious Author of man's being and faculties, and all things else, delights in the beauty of his creation, and is well pleased with the industry of man in adorning the earth with beautiful cities and castles, with pleasant villages and country houses, with regular gardens and orchards, and plantations of all sorts of shrubs, and herbs, and fruits, for meat, medicine, or moderate delight; with shady woods and groves, and walks set with rows of elegant trees; with pastures clothed with flocks, and valleys covered over with corn, and meadows burthened with grass, and whatever else differenceth a civil and well cultivated region from a barren and desolate wilderness.—*Ray.*

Ingratitude:

Ingratitude is abhorred by God and man.—*L' Estrange.*

There is not any one vice incident to the mind of man against which the world has raised such a loud and universal outcry as against ingratitude.—*South.*

Innocence:

To dread no eye, and to suspect no tongue, is the great prerogative of innocence. But guilt has always its horrors and solicitudes; and, to make it yet more shameful and detestable, it is doomed often to stand in awe of those to whom nothing could give influence or weight, but their power of betraying.—*Samuel Johnson.*

Jealousy:

The jealous man wishes himself a kind of deity to the person he loves; he would be the only person in her thoughts.—*Addison.*

Of all the passions, jealousy is that which exacts the hardest service and pays the littlest wages. Its service is to watch the *success* of our enemy; its wages, to be sure of it.—*Colton.*

Jesting:

Take heed of jesting; many have been ruined by it. It is hard to jest and not sometimes jeer too, which oftentimes sinks deeper than was intended or expected.—*Fuller.*

THE LAST HOUR.

FAITH.

RICHARD H. DANA.

If man would but his finer nature learn,
And not in life fantastic lose the sense
Of simpler things; could Nature's features stern
Teach him the thoughtful; then, with soul intense,
I should not yearn for God to take me hence,
But bear my lot, albeit in spirit bowed,
Remembering, humbly, why it is, and whence.

BEHAVIOUR.

RALPH WALDO EMERSON.

The soul which animates nature is not less significantly published in the figure, movement, and gesture of animated bodies, than in its last vehicle of articulated speech. This silent and subtile language is Manners; not *what*, but *how*. Life expresses. A statue has no tongue, and needs none. Good tableaux do not need declamation. Nature tells every secret once. Yes, but in man she tells it all the time, by form, attitude, gesture, mien, face, and parts of the face, and by the whole action of the machine. The visible carriage or action of the individual, as resulting from his organization and his will combined, we call manners. What are they but thought entering the hands and feet, controlling the movements of the body, the speech and behaviour?

There is always a best way of doing everything, if it be to boil an egg. Manners are the happy ways of doing things; each once a stroke of genius or of love—now repeated and hardened into usage. They form at last a rich varnish, with which the routine of life is washed and its details adorned. If they are superficial, so are the dew-drops which give such a depth to the morning meadows. Manners are very communicable; men catch them from each other. Consuelo, in the romance, boasts of the lessons she had given the nobles in manners, on the stage; and, in real life, Talma taught Napoleon the arts of behaviour. Genius invents fine manners, which the baron and the baroness copy very fast, and, by the advantage of a palace, betters the instruction. They stereotype the lesson they have learned into a mode.

The power of manners is incessant—an element as unconcealable as fire. The nobility cannot in any country be disguised, and no more in a republic or a democracy than in a kingdom. No man can resist their influence. There are certain manners which are learned in good society, of that force that, if a person have them, he or she must be considered, and is everywhere welcome, though without beauty, wealth, or genius. Give a boy address and accomplishments, and you give him the mastery of palaces and fortunes where he goes. He has not the trouble of earning or owning them: they solicit him to enter and possess. We send girls of a timid, retreating disposition to the boarding-school, to the riding-school, to the ball-room, or wheresoever they can come into acquaintance and nearness of leading persons of their own sex; where they might learn address, and see it near at hand. The power of a woman of fashion to lead, and also to daunt and repel, derives from their belief that she knows resources and behaviour not known to them; but when these have mastered her secret, they learn to confront her, and recover their self-possession.

Every day bears witness to their gentle rule. People who would obtrude, now do not obtrude. The mediocre circle learns to demand that which belongs to a high state of nature or of culture. Your manners are always under examination, and by committees little expected—a police in citizen's clothes—but are awarding or denying you very high prizes when you least think of it.

We talk much of utilities—but 'tis our manners that associate us. In hours of business we go to him who knows, or has, or does this or that which we want, and we do not let our taste or feeling stand in the way. But this activity over, we return to the indolent state, and wish for those we can be at ease with; those who will go where we go, whose manners do not offend us, whose social tone chimes with ours. When we reflect on their persuasive and cheering force; how they recommend, prepare, and draw people together; how, in all clubs, manners make the members; how manners make the fortune of the ambitious youth; that, for the most part, his manners marry him, and, for the most part, he marries manners; when we think what keys they are, and to what secrets; what high lessons and inspiring tokens of character they convey; and what divination is required in us for the reading of this fine telegraph, we see what range the subject has, and what relations to convenience, power and beauty.

Their first service is very low—when they are the minor morals: but 'tis the beginning of civility—to make us, I mean, endurable to each other. We prize them for their rough-plastic, abstergent force; to get people out of the quadruped state; to get them washed, clothed, and set up on end; to slough their animal husks and habits; compel them to be clean; overawe their spite and meanness, teach them to stifle the base, and choose the generous expression, and make them know how much happier the generous behaviours are.

Bad behaviour the laws cannot reach. Society is infested with rude, cynical, restless, and frivolous persons who prey upon the rest, and whom a public opinion concentrated into good manners, forms accepted by the sense of all, can reach; the contradicters and railers at public and private tables, who are like terriers, who conceive it the duty of a dog of honor to growl at any passer-by, and do the honors of the house by barking him out of sight: I have seen men who neigh like a horse when you contradict them, or say something which they do not understand; then the over-bold, who make their

own invitation to your hearth; the persevering talker, who gives you his society in large, saturating doses; the pitiers of themselves—a perilous class; the frivolous Asmodeus, who relies on you to find him in ropes of sand to twist; the monotones; in short, every stripe of absurdity; these are social inflictions which the magistrate cannot cure or defend you from, and which must be intrusted to the restraining force of custom, and proverbs, and familiar rules of behaviour impressed on young people in their school-days. . . .

Manners are partly factitious, but, mainly, there must be capacity for culture in the blood. Else all culture is vain. The obstinate prejudice in favor of blood, which lies at the base of the feudal and monarchical fabrics of the Old World, has some reason in common experience. Every man—mathematician, artist, soldier, or merchant—looks with confidence for some traits and talents in his own child, which he would not dare to presume in the child of a stranger. The Orientalists are very orthodox on this point. "Take a thorn-bush," said the Emir Abd-el-Kader, "and sprinkle it for a whole year with water;—it will yield nothing but thorns. Take a date-tree, leave it without culture, and it will always produce dates. Nobility is the date-tree, and the Arab populace is a bush of thorns."

A main fact in the history of manners is the wonderful expressiveness of the human body. If it were made of glass, or of air, and the thoughts were written on steel tablets within, it could not publish more truly its meaning than now. Wise men read very sharply all your private history in your look and gait and behaviour. The whole economy of nature is bent on expression. The tell-tale body is all tongues. Men are like Geneva watches with crystal faces, which expose the whole movement. They carry the liquor of life flowing up and down in these beautiful bottles, and announcing to the curious how it is with them. The face and eyes reveal what the spirit is doing, how old it is, what aims it has. The eyes indicate the antiquity of the soul, or through how many forms it has already ascended. It almost violates the proprieties, if we say above the breath here what the confessing eyes do not hesitate to utter to every street passenger.

Man cannot fix his eye on the sun, and so far seems imperfect. In Siberia a late traveler found men who could see the satellites of Jupiter with their unarmed eye. In some respects the animals excel us. The birds have a longer sight, beside the advantage by their wings of a higher observatory. A cow can bid her calf, by secret signal, probably of the eye, to run away, or to lie down and hide itself. The jockeys say of certain horses, that "they look over the whole ground." The out-door life, and hunting, and labor, give equal vigor to the human eye. A farmer looks out at you as strong as the horse; his eye-beam is like the stroke of a staff. An eye can threaten like a loaded and leveled gun, or can insult like hissing or kicking; or, in its altered mood, by beams of kindness, it can make the heart dance with joy.

The eye obeys exactly the action of the mind. When a thought strikes us, the eyes fix, and remain gazing at a distance; in enumerating the names of persons or of countries, as France, Germany, Spain, Turkey, the eyes wink at each new name. There is no nicety of learning sought by the mind which the eyes do not vie in acquiring. "An artist," said Michael Angelo, "must have his measuring tools not in the hand but in the eye;" and there is no end to the catalogue of its performances, whether in indolent vision (that of health and beauty), or in strained vision (that of art and labor).

Eyes are bold as lions—roving, running, leaping, here and there, far and near. They speak all languages. They wait for no introduction; they are no Englishmen; ask no leave of age or rank; they respect neither poverty nor riches, neither learning nor power, nor virtue, nor sex, but intrude, and come again, and go through and through you, in a moment of time. What inundation of life and thought is discharged from one soul into another, through them! The glance is natural magic. The mysterious communication established across a house, between two entire strangers, moves all the springs of wonder. The communication by the glance is in the greatest part not subject to the control of the will. It is the bodily symbol of identity of nature. We look into the eyes to know if this other form is another self, and the eyes will not lie, but make a faithful confession what inhabitant is there. The revelations are sometimes terrific. The confession of a low, usurping devil is there made, and the observer shall seem to feel the stirring of owls, and bats, and horned hoofs, where he looked for innocence and simplicity. 'Tis remarkable, too, that the spirit that appears at the windows of the house does at once invest himself in a new form of his own to the mind of the beholder.

The eyes of men converse as much as their tongues, with the advantage that the ocular dialect needs no dictionary, but is understood all the world over. When the eyes say one thing, and the tongue another, a practiced man relies on the language of the first. If the man is off his center, the eyes show it. You can read in the eyes of your companion whether your argument hits him, though his tongue will not confess it. There is a look by which a man shows he is going to say a good thing, and a look when he has said it. Vain and forgotten are all the fine offers and offices of hospitality, if there is no holiday in the eye. How many furtive inclinations avowed by the eye, though dissembled by the lips! One comes away from a company in which, it may easily happen, he has said nothing, and no important remark has been addressed to him, and yet, if in sympathy with the society, he shall not have a sense of this fact, such a stream of life has been flowing into him and out from him through the eyes. There

are eyes, to be sure, that give no more admission into the man than blueberries. Others are liquid and deep—wells that a man might fall into; others are aggressive and devouring, seem to call out the police, take all too much notice, and require crowded broadways, and the security of millions to protect individuals against them. The military eye I meet, now darkly sparkling under clerical, now under rustic brows. 'Tis the city of Lacedæmon; 'tis a stack of bayonets. There are asking eyes, asserting eyes, prowling eyes, and eyes full of fate—some of good, and some of sinister omen. The alleged power to charm down insanity, or ferocity in beasts, is a power behind the eye. It must be a victory achieved in the will before it can be signified in the eye. 'Tis very certain that each man carries in his eye the exact indication of his rank in the immense scale of men, and we are always learning to read it. A complete man should need no auxiliaries to his personal presence. Whoever looked on him would consent to his will, being certified that his aims were generous and universal. The reason why men do not obey us is because they see the mud at the bottom of our eye.

If the organ of sight is such a vehicle of power, the other features have their own. A man finds room in the few square inches of the face for the traits of all his ancestors; for the expression of all his history, and his wants. The sculptor, and Winckelmann, and Lavater will tell you how significant a feature is the nose; how its forms express strength or weakness of will, and good or bad temper. The nose of Julius Cæsar, of Dante, and of Pitt, suggest "the terrors of the beak." What refinement and what limitations the teeth betray! "Beware you don't laugh," said the wise mother, "for then you show all your faults."

Balzac left in manuscript a chapter which he called "*Theorie de la Demarche*," in which he says: "The look, the voice, the respiration, and the attitude or walk are identical. But, as it has not been given to man, the power to stand guard at once over these four different simultaneous expressions of his thought, watch that one which speaks out the truth, and you will know the whole man."

Palaces interest us mainly in the exhibition of manners, which, in the idle and expensive society dwelling in them, are raised to a high art. The maxim of courts is, that manner is power. A calm and resolute bearing, a polished speech, an embellishment of trifles, and the art of hiding all uncomfortable feeling, are essential to the courtier: and Saint Simon, and Cardinal de Retz, and Rœderer, and an encyclopedia of *Mémoires*, will instruct you, if you wish, in those potent secrets. Thus, it is a point of pride with kings to remember faces and names. It is reported of one prince, that his head had the air of leaning downwards in order not to humble the crowd. There are people who come in ever like a child with a piece of good news. It was said of the late Lord Holland, that he always came down to breakfast with the air of a man who had just met with some signal good fortune. In "*Notre Dame*," the grandee took his place on the dais, with the look of one who is thinking of something else. But we must not peep and eaves-drop at palace-doors. . . .

The theatre in which this science of manners has a formal importance is not with us a court, but dress-circles, wherein, after the close of the day's business, men and women meet at leisure for mutual entertainment in ornamented drawing-rooms. Of course, it has every variety of attraction and merit; but, to earnest persons, to youths or maidens who have great objects at heart, we cannot extol it highly. A well-dressed, talkative company, where each is bent to amuse the other—yet the high-born Turk who came hither fancied that every woman seemed to be suffering for a chair; that all the talkers were brained and exhausted by the deoxygenated air; it spoiled the best persons; it put all on stilts. Yet here are the secret biographies written and read. The aspect of that man is repulsive; I do not wish to deal with him. The other is irritable, shy, and on his guard. The youth looks humble and manly; I choose him. Look on this woman. There is not beauty, nor brilliant sayings, nor distinguished power to serve you; but all see her gladly; her whole air and impression are healthful. Here come the sentimentalists and the invalids. Here is Elise, who caught cold in coming into the world, and has always increased it since. Here are creep-mouse manners, and thievish manners. "Look at Northcote," said Fuseli, "he looks like a rat that has seen a cat." In the shallow company, easily excited, easily tired, here is the columnar Bernard: the Alleghanies do not express more repose than his behaviour. Here are the sweet following eyes of Cecile: it seemed always that she demanded the heart. Nothing can be more excellent in kind than the Corinthian grace of Gertrude's manners, and yet Blanche, who has no manners, has better manners than she; for the movements of Blanche are the sallies of a spirit which is sufficient for the moment, and she can afford to express every thought by instant action.

Manners have been somewhat cynically defined to be a contrivance of wise men to keep fools at a distance. Fashion is shrewd to detect those who do not belong to her train, and seldom wastes her attentions. Society is very swift in its instincts, and, if you do not belong to it, resists and sneers at you, or quietly drops you. The first weapon enrages the party attacked; the second is still more effective, but is not to be resisted, as the date of the transaction is not easily found. People grow up and grow old under this infliction, and never suspect the truth, ascribing the solitude which acts on them very injuriously to any cause but the right one.

The basis of good manners is self-reliance. Necessity is the law of all who are not self-possessed. Those who are not self-possessed obtrude and pain us. Some men appear to feel that they belong to a

parish caste. They fear to offend, they bend and apologize, and walk through life with a timid step. As we sometimes dream that we are in a well-dressed company without any coat, so Godfrey acts ever as if he suffered from some mortifying circumstance. The hero should find himself at home wherever he is; should impart comfort by his own security and good nature to all beholders. The hero is suffered to be himself. A person of strong mind comes to perceive that for him an immunity is secured so long as he renders to society that service which is native and proper to him—an immunity from all the observances, yea, and duties, which society so tyrannically imposes on the rank and file of its members. "Euripides," says Aspasia, "has not the fine manners of Sophocles; but," she adds good-humouredly, "the movers and masters of our souls have surely a right to throw out their limbs as carelessly as they please on the world that belongs to them, and before the creatures they have animated."

Manners require time, as nothing is more vulgar than haste. Friendship should be surrounded with ceremonies and respects, and not crushed into corners. Friendship requires more time than poor busy men can usually command. Here comes to me Roland, with a delicacy of sentiment leading and inwrapping him like a divine cloud or holy ghost. 'Tis a great destitution to both that this should not be entertained with large leisures, but contrarywise should be balked by importunate affairs.

But through this lustrous varnish, the reality is ever shining. 'Tis hard to keep the *what* from breaking through this pretty painting of the *how*. The core will come to the surface. Strong will and keen perception overpower old manners, and create new; and the thought of the present moment has a greater value than all the past. In persons of character, we do not remark manners, because of their instantaneousness. We are surprised by the thing done, out of all power to watch the way of it. Yet nothing is more charming than to recognize the great style which runs through the actions of such. People masquerade before us in their fortunes, titles, offices, and connections, as academic or civil presidents, or senators, or professors, or great lawyers, and impose on the frivolous, and a good deal on each other, by these fames. At least, it is a point of prudent good manners to treat these reputations tenderly, as if they were merited. But the sad realist knows these fellows at a glance, and they know him; as when in Paris the chief of the police enters a ball-room, so many diamonded pretenders shrink and make themselves as inconspicuous as they can, or give him a supplicating look as they pass. "I had received," said a sibyl, "I had received at birth the fatal gift of penetration"—and these Cassandras are always born.

Manners impress as they indicate real power. A man who is sure of his point carries a broad and contented expression which everybody reads. And you cannot rightly train one to an air and manner, except by making him the kind of man of whom that manner is the natural expression. Nature forever puts a premium on reality. What is done for effect, is seen to be done for effect; what is done for love is felt to be done for love. A man inspires affection and honour, because he was not lying in wait for these. The things of a man for which we visit him, were done in the dark and the cold. A little integrity is better than any career. So deep are the sources of this surface-action, that even the size of your companion seems to vary with his freedom of thought. Not only is he larger when at ease and his thoughts generous, but everything around him becomes variable with expression. No carpenter's rule, no rod and chain, will measure the dimensions of any house or house-lot; go into the house, if the proprietor is constrained and deferring, 'tis of no importance how large his house, how beautiful his grounds—you quickly come to the end of all; but if the man is self-possessed, happy, and at home, his house is deep-founded, indefinitely large and interesting, the roof and dome buoyant as the sky. Under the humblest roof, the commonest person in plain clothes sits there massive, cheerful, yet formidable, like the Egyptian colossi. . . .

In all the superior people I have met, I notice directness, truth spoken more truly, as if everything of obstruction, of malformation, had been trained away. What have they to conceal? What have they to exhibit? Between simple and noble persons, there is always a quick intelligence: they recognize at sight, and meet on a better ground than the talents and skills they may chance to possess, namely, on sincerity and uprightness. For it is not what talents or genius a man has, but how he is to his talents, that constitutes friendship and character. The man that stands by himself, the universe stands by him also. It is related of the monk Basle, that, being excommunicated by the pope, he was, at his death, sent in charge of an angel to find a fit place of suffering in hell; but such was the eloquence and good humour of the monk, that wherever he went he was received gladly, and civilly treated, even by the most uncivil angels; and when he came to discourse with them, instead of contradicting or forcing him, they took his part, and adopted his manners; and even good angels came from far to see him, and take up their abode with him. The angel that was sent to find a place of torment for him, attempted to remove him to a worse pit, but with no better success; for such was the contented spirit of the monk, that he found something to praise in every place and company, though in hell, and made a kind of heaven of it. At last the escorting angel returned with his prisoner to them that sent him, saying, that no phlegethon could be found that would burn him; for that, in whatever condition, Basle remained incorrigibly Basle. The legend says, his sentence was remitted, and he was allowed to go into heaven, and was canonized as a saint.

There is a stroke of magnanimity in the correspondence of Bonaparte with his brother Joseph, when the latter was King of Spain, and complained that he missed in Napoleon's letters the affectionate tone which had marked their childish correspondence. "I am sorry," replies Napoleon, "you think you shall find your brother again only in the Elysian fields. It is natural that at forty, he should not feel towards you as he did at twelve. But his feelings towards you have greater truth and strength. His friendship has the features of his mind."

How much we forgive to those who yield us the rare spectacle of heroic manners! We will pardon them the want of books, of arts, and even of the gentler virtues. How tenaciously we remember them! Here is a lesson which I brought along with me in boyhood from the Latin school, and which ranks with the best of Roman anecdotes. Marcus Scaurus was accused by Quintus Varius Hispanus that he had excited the allies to take arms against the republic. But he, full of firmness and gravity, defended himself in this manner: "Quintus Varius Hispanus alleges that Marcus Scaurus, president of the senate, excited the allies to arms: Marcus Scaurus, president of the senate, denies it. There is no witness. Which do you believe, Romans?" "*Utri creditis, Quirites?*" When he had said these words, he was absolved by the assembly of the people.

I have seen manners that make a similar impression with personal beauty; that give the like exhilaration, and refine us like that; and in memorable experiences they are suddenly better than beauty, and make that superfluous and ugly. But they must be marked by fine perception, the acquaintance with real beauty.

They must always show self-control; you shall not be facile, apologetic, or leaky, but king over your word; and every gesture and action shall indicate power at rest. Then they must be inspired by the good heart. There is no beautifier of complection, or form, or behaviour, like the wish to scatter joy and not pain around us. 'Tis good to give a stranger a meal, or a night's lodging. 'Tis better to be hospitable to his good meaning, and thought, and give courage to a companion. We must be as courteous to a man as we are to a picture, which we are willing to give the advantage of a good light. Special precepts are not to be thought of; the talent of well-doing contains them all. Every hour will show a duty as paramount as that of my whim just now; and yet I will write it—that there is one topic peremptorily forbidden to all well-bred, to all rational mortals, namely, their distempers. If you have not slept, or if you have slept, or if you have headache, or sciatica, or leprosy, or thunder-stroke, I beseech you by all angels to hold your peace and not pollute the morning, to which all the housemates bring serene and pleasant thoughts, by corruption and groans. Come out of the azure. Love the day. Do not leave the sky out of your landscape. The oldest and the most deserving person should come very modestly into any newly-awakened company, respecting the divine communications, out of which all must be presumed to have newly come. An old man who added an elevating culture to a large experience of life, said to me, "When you come into the room, I think I will study how to make humanity beautiful to you."

As respects the delicate question of culture, I do not think that any other than negative rules can be laid down. For positive rules, for suggestion, nature alone inspires it. Who dare assume to guide a youth, a maid, to perfect manners?—the golden mean is so delicate, difficult—say frankly, unattainable. What finest hands would not be clumsy to sketch the genial precepts of the young girl's demeanour? The chances seem infinite against success; and yet success is continually attained. There must not be secondariness, and 'tis a thousand to one that her air and manner will at once betray that she is not primary, but that there is some other one or many of her class, to whom she habitually postpones herself. But nature lifts her easily, and without knowing it, over these impossibilities, and we are continually surprised with graces and felicities not only unteachable, but undescribable.

THE ORIGIN OF ROAST PIG.

CHARLES LAMB.

Mankind, says a Chinese manuscript, which my friend M. was obliging enough to read and explain to me, for the first seventy thousand ages ate their meat raw, clawing or biting it from the living animal, just as they do in Abyssinia to this day. This period is not obscurely hinted at by their great Confucius in the second chapter of his Mundane Mutations, where he designates a kind of golden age by the term Cho-fang, literally the Cooks' Holiday. The manuscript goes on to say, that the art of roasting, or rather broiling (which I take to be the elder brother), was accidentally discovered in the manner following. The swineherd Ho-ti, having gone out into the woods one morning, as his manner was, to collect mast for his hogs, left his cottage in the care of his eldest son, Bo-bo, a great lubberly boy, who being fond of playing with fire, as younkers of his age commonly are, let some sparks escape into a bundle of straw, which kindling quickly, spread the conflagration over every part of their poor mansion, till it was reduced to ashes. Together with the cottage (a sorry antediluvian make-shift of a building, you may think it), what was of much more importance, a fine litter of new-farrowed pigs, no less than nine in number, perished. China pigs have been esteemed a luxury all over the East, from the remotest periods that we read of. Bo-bo was in the utmost consternation, as you may think, not so much for the sake of the tenement, which his father and he could easily build up again with a few dry branches, and the labor of an hour or two, at any time, as for the loss of the

pigs. While he was thinking what he should say to his father, and wringing his hands over the smoking remnants of one of those untimely sufferers, an odor assailed his nostrils, unlike any scent which he had before experienced. What could it proceed from?—not from the burnt cottage—he had smelt that smell before—indeed this was by no means the first accident of the kind which had occurred through the negligence of this unlucky young fire-brand. Much less did it resemble that of any known herb, weed or flower. A premonitory moistening at the same time overflowed his nether lip. He knew not what to think. He next stooped down to feel the pig, if there were any signs of life in it. He burned his fingers, and to cool them he applied them in his booby fashion to his mouth. Some of the crumbs of the scorched skin had come away with his fingers, and for the first time in his life (in the world's life, indeed, for before him no man had known it) he tasted—*crackling!* Again he felt and fumbled at the pig. It did not burn him so much now, still he licked his fingers from a sort of habit. The truth at length broke into his slow understanding that it was the pig that smelt so, and the pig that tasted so delicious; and surrendering himself up to the new-born pleasure, he fell to tearing up whole handfuls of the scorched skin with the flesh next it, and was cramming it down his throat in his beastly fashion, when his sire entered amid the smoking rafters, armed with retributory cudgel, and finding how affairs stood, began to rain blows upon the young rogue's shoulders, as thick as hail-stones, which Bo-bo heeded not any more than if they had been flies. The tickling pleasure which he experienced in his lower regions, had rendered him quite callous to any inconveniences he might feel in those remote quarters. His father might lay on, but he could not beat him from his pig, till he had fairly made an end of it, when, becoming a little more sensible of his situation, something like the following dialogue ensued.

"You graceless whelp, what have you got there devouring? Is it not enough that you have burned me down three houses with your dog's tricks, and be hanged to you! but you must be eating fire, and I know not what—what have you got there, I say?"

"O father, the pig, the pig! do come and taste how nice the burnt pig eats."

The ears of Ho-ti tingled with horror. He cursed his son, and he cursed himself that ever he should beget a son that should eat burnt pig.

Bo-bo, whose scent was wonderfully sharpened since morning, soon raked out another pig, and fairly rending it asunder, thrust the lesser half by main force into the fists of Ho-ti, still shouting out, "Eat, eat, eat the burnt pig, father, only taste—O Lord!"—with such-like barbarous ejaculations, cramming all the while as if he would choke.

Ho-ti trembled in every joint while he grasped the abominable thing, wavering whether he should not put his son to death for an unnatural young monster, when the crackling scorching his fingers, as it had done his son's, and applying the same remedy to them, he in his turn tasted some of its flavor, which, make what sour mouths he would for pretence, proved not altogether displeasing to him. In conclusion (for the manuscript here is a little tedious) both father and son fairly sat down to the mess, and never left off till they had despatched all that remained of the litter.

Bo-bo was strictly enjoined not to let the secret escape, for the neighbors would certainly have stoned them for a couple of abominable wretches, who could think of improving upon the good meat which God had sent them. Nevertheless strange stories got about. It was observed that Ho-ti's cottage was burned down now more frequently than ever. Nothing but fires from this time forward. Some would break out in broad day, others in the night-time. As often as the sow farrowed, so sure was the house of Ho-ti to be in a blaze; and Ho-ti himself, which was the more remarkable, instead of chastising his son, seemed to grow more indulgent to him than ever. At length they were watched, the terrible mystery discovered, and father and son summoned to take their trial at Pekin, then an inconsiderable assize town. Evidence was given, the obnoxious food itself produced in court, and verdict about to be pronounced, when the foreman of the jury begged that some of the burnt pig, of which the culprits stood accused, might be handed into the box. He handled it, and they all handled it; and burning their fingers, as Bo-bo and his father had done before them, and nature prompting to each of them the same remedy, against the face of all the facts, and the clearest charge which judge had ever given—to the surprise of the whole court, townsfolk, strangers, reporters, and all present—without leaving the box, or any manner of consultation whatever, they brought in a simultaneous verdict of Not Guilty.

The judge, who was a shrewd fellow, winked at the manifest iniquity of the decision; and when the court was dismissed, went privily, and bought up all the pigs that could be had for love or money. In a few days his lordship's town-house was observed to be on fire. The thing took wing, and now there was nothing to be seen but fire in every direction. Fuel and pigs grew enormously dear all over the district. The insurance-offices one and all shut up shop. People built slighter and slighter every day, until it was feared that the very science of architecture would in no long time be lost to the world. Thus this custom of firing houses continued, till in process of time, says my manuscript, a sage arose, like our Locke, who made a discovery, that the flesh of swine, or indeed of any other animal, might be cooked (*burned*, as they call it) without the necessity of consuming a whole house to dress it. Then first began the rude form of a gridiron. Roasting by the string or spit came in a century or two later, I forget in whose dynasty. By such slow degrees, concludes

the manuscript, do the most useful and seemingly the most obvious arts, make their way among mankind.

Without placing too implicit faith in the account above given, it must be agreed, that if a worthy pretext for so dangerous an experiment as setting houses on fire (especially in these days) could be assigned in favor of any culinary object, that pretext and excuse might be found in ROAST PIG.

Of all the delicacies in the whole *mundus edibilis*, I will maintain it to be the most delicate.

MIND AND LIFE CONNECTED.

HERBERT SPENCER.

The only phenomena to which those of intelligence are allied, are the phenomena of vital activity in its lower forms; and to these their alliance is close. Though we commonly regard mental and bodily life as distinct, it needs only to ascend somewhat above the ordinary point of view, to see that they are but sub-divisions of life in general; and that no line of demarcation can be drawn between them, otherwise than arbitrarily. Doubtless, to those who persist, after the popular fashion, in contemplating only the extreme forms of the two, this assertion will appear as incredible as the assertion that a tree arises by imperceptible changes out of a seed, would appear to one who had seen none of the intermediate stages. But in the absence of prejudice, an examination of the successive links will produce conviction in the one case as in the other. It is not more certain that from the simple reflex action by which the infant sucks, up to the elaborate reasonings of the adult man, the progress is by daily infinitesimal steps, than it is certain that between the automatic actions of the lowest creatures, and the highest conscious actions of the human race, a series of actions, displayed by the various tribes of the animal kingdom, may be so placed, as to render it impossibe to say of any one step in the series—Here intelligence begins. If, from the advanced man of science, pursuing his inquiries with a full understanding of the ratiocinative and inductive processes he employs, we descend to the man of ordinary education, who reasons well and comprehensively, but without knowing how; if, going a grade lower, we analyze the thinkings of the villager, whose highest generalizations are but little wider than those which local events afford data for; if, again, we sink to the inferior human races, who cannot take in ideas of any complexity, and whose conceptions of number scarcely transcend those of the dog; if we take next the higher quadrumana, hosts of whose actions are quite as rational as those of school-boys, and whose language, however unintelligible to us, is manifestly more or less intelligible to each other; if, from these, we proceed to domesticated animals, whose power of reasoning is conceded even by those under theological bias, with the qualification that it is special and not general—a qualification which equally holds between the different grades of human reasoning; if, from the most sagacious quadrupeds, we descend to the less and less sagacious ones, noting as we pass how gradual is the transition to those which exhibit no power of modifying their actions to suit special conditions, and which so prove themselves to be guided by what we call instinct; if, from observing the operation of the higher instincts, in which a complicated combination of motions is produced by a complicated combination of stimuli, we go down to the successively lower ones, in which the applied stimuli and the resulting motions are less and less complex; if, presently, we find ourselves merging into what is technically known as reflex action, in which a single motion follows a single stimulus; if, from the creatures in which this implies the irritation of a nerve and the contraction of a muscle, we descend yet lower, to creatures devoid of nervous and muscular systems, and discover that in these the irritability and contractility are exhibited by the same tissue, which tissue also fulfills the functions of assimilation, secretion, respiration, and reproduction; and if, finally, we perceive that each of the phases of intelligence here instanced, shades off into the adjacent ones by modifications too numerous to specify, too minute to describe, we shall in some measure realize the fact, that no definite separation can be effected between the phenomena of mind and those of vitality in general. Without here, however, urging anything further in support of this position, and without requiring that it shall be admitted, present purposes will be sufficiently served by a recognition of the unquestionable truth, that there is a close relationship between the actions we call mental and the actions we call organic—that these classes of actions are more nearly allied to each other than to any remaining classes.

Bodily and mental life being thus divisions of life in general—being related to each other as species of which life in general is the genus—it results from the conclusions in the last chapter, that we shall most readily find a true generalization of menta. phenomena, by comparing them with the lower vital phenomena, and inquiring what characteristic the two classes have in common. The propriety of this course may be recognized even in the absence of any considerations touching method. Only in some formula which includes all manifestations of intelligence, without exception, can we have a safe and sufficient foundation for a Synthetic Psychology. And saying nothing of the inseparableness of the two orders of vital action, it requires but to consider that the process of making a successful astronomical prediction, differs as widely from that by which the distance of an adjacent body is recognized or the hand moved towards it, as this does from the simple reflex stimulation of a gland—it requires only to consider this, to see that a formula including all manifestations of intelligence, must be one which also

includes organic actions. Organic actions, however, and the actions which we class as intelligent, comprehend when taken together all the phenomena of vitality. Hence, then, it follows, that in seeking out a characteristic common to both, we are in fact seeking out the characteristic of vital actions in general —the characteristic by which they are distinguished from non-vital actions. Our point of departure must be an inquiry after that peculiarity displayed alike by all the processes of life.

Before proceeding to this inquiry, it may be well to remark, that any conclusion to which it may lead, must be expected to have very little apparent bearing upon our special topic. The more general is any truth, the more vague it is. The greater the range and the more diverse the character of the phenomena, the less apparent relation will a proposition which is true of them all, have to each. Little connection is visible between the axiom—"Things that are equal to the same thing are equal to one another," and the theorems of Euclid. The law that portions of matter attract each other with a force varying inversely as the square of the distance, does not seem to offer any explanation of the perturbations of Uranus, or the rising of a balloon. Similarly, we may be sure, *à priori*, that a fact predicable equally of all the infinitely varied actions going on in living bodies, must give little obvious promise of explaining the phenomena classed under the title of Psychology; and especially those highly complex phenomena of human intelligence, with which, in the minds of most, that title is associated.

ON OLD AGE.

CICERO.

What, therefore, should I fear, if after death I am sure either not to be miserable or to be happy? Although who is so foolish, though he be young, as to be assured that he will live even till the evening? Nay, that period of life has many more probabilities of death than ours has: young men more readily fall into disease, suffer more severely, are cured with more difficulty, and therefore few arrive at old age. Did not this happen so, we should live better and more wisely, for intelligence, and reflection, and judgment reside in old men, and if there had been none of them, states could not exist at all. But I return to the imminence of death. What charge is that against old age, since you see it to be common to youth also? I experienced not only in the case of my own excellent son, but also in that of your brothers, Scipio, men plainly marked out for the highest distinction, that death was common to every period of life. Yet a young man hopes that he will live a long time, which expectation an old man cannot entertain. His hope is but a foolish one: for what man can be more foolish than to regard uncertainties as certainties, delusions as truths? An old man indeed has nothing to hope for; yet he is in so much the happier state than the young one; since he has already attained what the other is only hoping for. The one is wishing to live long, the other has lived long. And yet, good gods! what is there in man's life that can be called long? For allow the latest period: let us anticipate the age of the kings of the Tartessii. For there dwelt, as I find it recorded, a man named Arganthonius at Gades, who reigned for eighty years, and lived a hundred and twenty. But to my mind, nothing whatever seems of long duration, in which there is any end. For when that arrives then the time which has passed has flowed away; that only remains which you have secured by virtue and right conduct. Hours indeed depart from us, and days and years; nor does past time ever return, nor can it be discovered what is to follow. Whatever time is assigned to each to live, with that he ought to be content: for neither need the drama be performed by the actor, in order to give satisfaction, provided he be approved in whatever act he may be; nor need the wise man live till the *plaudite*. For the short period of life is long enough for living well and honorably; and if you should advance further, you need no more grieve than farmers do when the loveliness of springtime hath past, that summer and autumn have come. For spring represents the time of youth, and gives promise of the future fruits: the remaining seasons are intended for plucking and gathering in those fruits. Now the harvest of old age, as I have often said, is the recollection and abundance of blessings previously secured. In truth everything that happens agreeably to nature is to be reckoned among blessings. What, however, is so agreeable to nature as for an old man to die? which even is the lot of the young, though nature opposes and resists. And thus it is that young men seem to me to die, just as when the violence of flame is extinguished by a flood of water; whereas old men die, as the exhausted fire goes out, spontaneously, without the exertion of any force; and as fruits when they are green are plucked by force from the trees, but when ripe and mellow drop off, so violence takes away their lives from youth, maturity from old men; a state which to me indeed is so delightful, that the nearer I approach to death, I seem as it were to be getting sight of land, and at length, after a long voyage, to be just coming into harbor.

Of all the periods of life there is a definite limit, but of old age there is no limit fixed; and life goes on very well in it so long as you are able to follow up and attend to the duty of your situation, and, at the same time, to care nothing about death; whence it happens that old age is even of higher spirit and bolder than youth. Agreeable to this was the answer given to Pisistratus, the tyrant, by Solon; when on the former inquiring "in reliance on what hope he so boldly withstood him," the latter is said to have

answered, "old age." The happiest end of life is this —when the mind and the other senses being unimpaired, the same nature, which put it together, takes asunder her own work. As in the case of a ship or a house, he who built them takes them down most easily; so the same nature which has compacted man, most easily breaks him up. Besides, every fastening of glue, when fresh, is with difficulty torn asunder, but easily when tried by time. Hence it is that that short remnant of life should neither be greedily coveted, nor without reason given up: and Pythagoras forbids us to abandon the station or post of life without the orders of our commander, that is, of God. There is, indeed, a saying of the wise Solon, in which he declares that he does not wish his own death to be unattended by the grief and lamentation of friends. He wishes, I suppose, that he should be dear to his friends. But I know not whether Ennius does not say with more propriety: "Let no one pay me honor with tears, nor celebrate my funeral with mourning."

He conceives that a death ought not to be lamented which an immortality follows. Besides, a dying man may have some degree of consciousness, but that for a short time, especially in the case of an old man, after death, indeed, consciousness either does not exist, or it is a thing to be desired. But this ought to be a subject of study from our youth to be indifferent about death; without which study no one can be of tranquil mind. For die we certainly must, and it is uncertain whether or not on this very day. He, therefore, who at all hours dreads impending death, how can he be at peace in his mind? Concerning which there seems to be no need of such long discussion, when I call to mind not only Lucius Brutus, who was slain in liberating his country; nor the two Decii, who spurred on their steeds to a voluntary death; nor Marcus Attilius, who set out to execution that he might keep a promise pledged to the enemy; nor the two Scipios, who even with their very bodies sought to obstruct the march of the Carthaginians; nor your grandfather, Lucius Paulus, who by his death atoned for the temerity of his colleague in the disgraceful defeat at Cannæ; nor Marcus Marcellus, whose corpse not even the most merciless foe suffered to go without the honor of sepulture; but that our legions, as I have remarked in my Antiquities, have often gone with cheerful and undaunted mind to that place from which they believed that they should never return. Shall, then, well-instructed old men be afraid of that which youg men, and they not only ignorant, but mere peasants, despise? On the whole, as it seems to me indeed, a satiety of all pursuits causes a satiety of life. There are pursuits peculiar to boyhood; do therefore young men regret the loss of them? There are also some of early youth; does that now settled age, which is called middle life, seek after these? There are also some of this period; neither are they looked for by old age. There are some final pursuits of old age; accordingly, as the pursuits of the earlier parts of life fall into disuse, so also do those of old age; and when this has taken place, satiety of life brings on the seasonable period of death.

Indeed I do not see why I should not venture to tell you what I myself think concerning death, because I fancy I see it so much the more clearly, in proportion as I am less distant from it. I am persuaded that your fathers, Publius Scipio and Caius Lælius, men of the greatest eminence and very dear friends of mine, are living; and that life too which alone deserves the name of life. For whilst we are shut up in this prison of the body we are fulfilling as it were the function and painful task of destiny, for the heaven-born soul has been degraded from its dwelling-place above, and as it were buried in the earth, a situation uncongenial to its divine and immortal nature. But I believe that the immortal gods have shed souls into human bodies, that beings might exist who might tend the earth, and by contemplating the order of the heavenly bodies, might imitate it in the manner and regularity of lives. Nor have reason and argument alone influenced me thus to believe, but likewise the high name and authority of the greatest philosophers. I used to hear that Pythagoras and the Pythagoreans, who were all but our neighbors, who were formerly called the Italian philosophers, had no doubt that we possess souls derived from the universal divine mind. Moreover the arguments were conclusive to me which Socrates delivered on the last day of his life concerning the immortality of the soul,—he who was pronounced by the oracle of Apollo the wisest of all men. But why say more? I have thus persuaded myself, such is my belief: that since such is the activity of our souls, so tenacious their memory of things past, and their sagacity regarding things future — so many arts, so many sciences, so many discoveries, that the nature which comprises these qualities cannot be mortal; and since the mind is ever in action and has no source of motion, because it moves itself, I believe that it never will find any end of motion, because it never will part from itself; and since the nature of the soul is uncompounded, and has not in itself any admixture heterogeneous and dissimilar to itself, I maintain that it cannot undergo dissolution; and if this be not possible, it cannot perish: and it is a strong argument, that men know very many things before they are born, since when mere boys, while they are learning difficult subjects, they so quickly catch up numberless ideas, that they seem not to be learning them for the first time, but to remember them, and to be calling them to recollection. Thus did our Plato argue.

THE JOURNEY OF A DAY.

SAMUEL JOHNSON—"THE RAMBLER."

Obidah, the son of Abensina left the caravansera early in the morning, and pursued his journey through the plains of Indostan. He was fresh and vigorous

with rest; he was animated with hope; he was incited by desire; he walked swiftly forward over the valleys, and saw the hills gradually rising before him. As he passed along, his ears were delighted with the morning song of the bird of paradise, he was fanned by the last flutters of the sinking breeze, and sprinkled with dew by groves of spices; he sometimes contemplated the towering height of the oak, monarch of the hills; and sometimes caught the gentle fragrance of the primrose, eldest daughter of the spring: all his senses were gratified, and all care banished from the heart.

Thus he went on till the sun approached his meridian, and the increasing heat preyed upon his strength; he then looked round about him for some more commodious path. He saw, on his right hand, a grove that seemed to wave its shades as a sign of invitation; he entered it, and found the coolness and verdure irresistibly pleasant. He did not, however, forget whither he was traveling, but found a narrow way bordered with flowers, which appeared to have the same direction with the main road, and was pleased that, by the happy experiment, he had found means to unite pleasure with business, and to gain the rewards of diligence without suffering its fatigues. He, therefore, still continued to walk for a time, without the least remission of his ardour, except that he was sometimes tempted to stop by the music of the birds, whom the heat had assembled in the shade, and sometimes amused himself with plucking the flowers that covered the banks on either side, or the fruit that hung upon the branches. At last the green path began to decline from its first tendency, and to wind among hills, and thickets, cooled with fountains and murmuring with water-falls. Here Obidah paused for a time, and began to consider whether it were longer safe to forsake the known and common track; but remembering that the heat was now in its greatest violence, and that the plain was dusty and uneven, he resolved to pursue the new path, which he supposed only to make a few meanders, in compliance with the varieties of the ground, and to end at last in the common road.

Having thus calmed his solicitude, he renewed his pace, though he suspected that he was not gaining ground. This uneasiness of his mind inclined him to lay hold on every new object, and give way to every sensation that might soothe or divert him. He listened to every echo, he mounted every hill for a fresh prospect, he turned aside to every cascade, and pleased himself with tracing the course of a gentle river that rolled among the trees, and watered a large region with innumerable circumvolutions. In these amusements the hours passed away uncounted, his deviations had perplexed his memory, and he knew not towards what point to travel. He stood pensive and confused, afraid to go forward lest he should go wrong, yet conscious that the time of loitering was now past. While he was thus tortured with uncertainty, the sky was overspread with clouds, the day vanished from before him, and a sudden tempest gathered round his head. He was now roused by his danger, to a quick and painful remembrance of his folly; he now saw how happiness is lost when ease is consulted; he lamented the unmanly impatience that prompted him to seek shelter in the grove, and despised the petty curiosity that led him on from trifle to trifle. While he was thus reflecting, the air grew blacker, and a clap of thunder broke his meditation.

He now resolved to do what remained yet in his power; to tread back the ground which he had passed, and try to find some issue where the wood might open into the plain. He prostrated himself on the ground, and commended his life to the Lord of nature. He rose with confidence and tranquility, and pressed on with his sabre in his hand, for the beasts of the desert were in motion, and on every hand were heard the mingled howls of rage and fear, and ravage and expiration; all the horrors of the darkness and solitude surrounded him; the winds roared in the woods and the torrents tumbled from the hills.

> Work'd into sudden rage by wint'ry show'rs,
> Down the steep hill the roaring torrent pours;
> The mountain shepherd hears the distant noise.

Thus forlorn and distressed, he wandered through the wild without knowing whither he was going, or whether he was every moment drawing near to safety or to destruction. At length, not fear, but labor, began to overcome him; his breath grew short, and his knees trembled, and he was on the point of lying down in resignation to his fate, when he beheld through the brambles the glimmer of a taper. He advanced towards the light, and finding that it proceeded from the cottage of a hermit, he called humbly at the door, and obtained admission. The old man set before him such provisions as he had collected for himself, on which Obidah fed with eagerness and gratitude.

When the repast was over, "Tell me," said the hermit, "by what chance thou hast been brought hither; I have been now twenty years an inhabitant of the wilderness, in which I never saw a man before." Obidah then related the occurrences of his journey without any concealment or palliation.

"Son," said the hermit, "let the errors and follies, the dangers and escapes of this day, sink deep into thy heart. Remember, my son, that human life is the journey of a day. We rise in the morning of youth, full of vigour, and full of expectation; we set forward with spirit and hope, with gayety and with diligence, and travel on awhile in the straight road of piety towards the mansions of rest. In a short time we remit our fervor, and endeavor to find some mitigation of our duty, and some more easy means of obtaining the same end. We then relax our vigour, and resolve no longer to be terrified with crimes at a distance, but rely upon our own constancy, and venture to approach what we resolved never to touch.

We thus enter the bowers of ease, and repose in the shades of security. Here the heart softens, and vigilance subsides; we are then willing to enquire whether another advance cannot be made, and whether we may not, at least, turn our eyes upon the gardens of pleasure. We approach them with scruple and hesitation; we enter them, but enter timorous and trembling, and always hope to pass through them without losing the road of virtue, which we, for a while, keep in our sight, and to which we propose to return. But temptation succeeds temptation, and one compliance prepares us for another; we in time lose the happiness of innocence, and solace our disquiet with sensual gratifications. By degrees we let fall the remembrance of our original intention, and quit the only adequate object of rational desire. We entangle ourselves in business, immerge ourselves in luxury, and rove through the labyrinths of inconstancy, till the darkness of old age begins to invade us, and disease and anxiety obstruct our way. We then look back upon our lives with horror, with sorrow, with repentance; and wish, but too often vainly wish, that we had not forsaken the ways of virtue. Happy are they, my son, who shall learn from thy example not to despair, but shall remember, that though the day is past, and their strength is wasted, there yet remains one effort to be made; that reformation is never hopeless, nor sincere endeavours ever unassisted; that the wanderer may at length return after all his errors; and that he who implores strength and courage from above, shall find danger and difficulty give way before him. Go now, my son, to thy repose; commit thyself to the care of Omnipotence; and when the morning calls again to toil, begin anew thy journey and thy life."

MISERIES OF HUMAN LIFE.

JAMES BERESFORD.

While you are laughing, or talking wildly to yourself in walking, suddenly seeing a person steal close by you, who, you are sure, must have heard it all, then in an agony of shame, making a wretched attempt to *sing*, in a voice as like your talk as possible, in hopes of making your hearer think that you had been *only* singing all the while.

Seeing the boy who is next above you flogged for a repetition which you know you cannot say even half so well as he did.

Entering into the figure of a country-dance with so much spirit as to force your leg and foot through the muslin drapery of your fair partner.

After walking in a great hurry to a place, on very urgent business, by what you think a shorter cut, and supposing that you are just arriving at the door you want—"NO THOROUGHFARE!"

Stopping in the street to address a person whom you know rather too well to pass him without speaking, and yet not quite well enough to have a word to say to him, *he* feeling himself in the same dilemma; so that, after each has asked and answered the question, "How do you do, sir?" you stand silently face to face, apropos to nothing, during a minute, and then part in a transport of awkwardness.

As you are hastening down the Strand, on a matter of life and death, encountering, at an arch-way, the head of the first of twelve or fourteen horses, who, you *know*, must successively strain up with an overloaded coal wagon before you can hope to stir an inch, unless you prefer bedevilling your white stockings and clean shoes by scampering and crawling, among and under, coaches and scavengers' carts, etc., etc., in the middle of the street.

Walking half over London, side by side with a cart containing a million iron bars, which you must out-bray, if you can, in order to make your companion hear a word you have further to say upon the subject you were earnestly discussing before you were joined by this infernal article of commerce.

Walking briskly forwards, while you are looking backwards, and so advancing towards another passenger (a scavenger) who is doing the same; then meeting with the shock of two battering-rams, which drives your whole stock of breath out of your body, with the groan of a pavier. At length, during a mutual burst of execrations, you each move for several minutes from side to side, with the *same motion*, vainly endeavoring to pass on.

On your entrance at a formal dinner party, in reaching up your hat to a high peg in the hall, bursting your coat from the arm-hole to the pocket.

At night, after having long lain awake, nervous, restless, and unwell, with an ardent desire to know the hour and the state of the weather, being at last delighted by hearing the watchman begin his cry, from which, however, he allows you to extract no more information than "past . . . clock . . . morning!" then, after impatiently lingering through another hour for the sound of your own clock (which had before been roared down by the watchman) being roused to listen by its preparatory click and purr, followed by one stroke—which you are to make the most of—the rest being cut short by a violent fit of coughing with which you are seized at the instant.

Being accelerated in your walk by the lively application of a chairman's pole *a posteriori*, his "by your leave" not coming till after he *has* taken it.

During the endless time that you are kept waiting at a door in a carriage while the ladies are shopping, having your impatience soothed by the setting of a saw close at your ear.

Sitting on the last row, and close to the partition of an upper box, at a pantomime, and hearing all the house laughing around you, while you strain your wrists, neck, and back with stretching forward—in vain.

At the play, the sickening scraps of naval loyalty which are crammed down your throat faster than you can gulp them in such after-pieces as are called

"England's Glory," "The British Tars," etc., with the additional nausea of hearing them boisterously applauded.

On packing up your own clothes for a journey, because your servant is a fool—the burning fever into which you are thrown, when, after all your standing, stamping, lying, kneeling, tugging, and kicking at the lid of your trunk, it still peremptorily refuses to approach nearer than half a yard to the lock.

A chaise window glass, that will not be put down when it is up, nor up when it is down.

Tearing your throat to rags in abortive efforts to call back a person who has just left you, and with whom you have forgotten to touch on one of the most important subjects which you met to discuss.

After having left a company in which you have been galled by the raillery of some wag by profession, thinking, at your leisure, of a repartee, which, if discharged at the proper moment, would have blown him to atoms.

After relating, at much length, a scarce and curious anecdote, with considerable marks of self-complacency at having it to tell, being quietly reminded by the person you have been so kindly instructing that you had it—*from himself!*

In conversation inadvertently touching the string which you know will call forth the longest story of the flattest proser that ever droned.

Being compelled by a deaf person, in a large and silent company, to repeat some very washy remark three or four times over, at the highest pitch of your voice.

In reading a new and interesting book being reduced to make a paper-knife of your finger.

On arriving at that part of the last volume of an enchanting novel in which the interest is wrought up to the highest pitch, suddenly finding the remalning leaves, catastrophe and all, torn out.

Writing on the creases of paper that has been sharply doubled.

The moment in which you discover that you have taken in a mouthful of fat by mistake for turnip.

At a formal dinner, the awful resting time which occasionally intervenes between the courses.

In the depth of winter trying in vain to effect a union between unsoftened butter and the crumb of a very stale loaf, or a quite new one.

Cracking a hard nut with your teeth, and filling the gap left by the grinder you have knocked out with black, bitter dust.

At the instant of drawing the cork, starting back from the eagerly expected burst of froth, but without the least occasion either for your hopes or fears, the liquor all remaining in the bottle as quiet as a lamb.

Dropping something, when you are either too lame or too lazy to get up for it; and almost breaking your ribs, and quite throwing yourself down, by stretching down to it over the arm of your chair, without reaching it at last.

Suddenly recollecting, as you lie at a very late hour of a *Lapland* night, that you have neglected to see, as usual, that the fires are all safe below; then, after an agonizing interval of hesitation, crawling out, like a culprit, and quivering down stairs.

At a long table, after dinner, the eyes of the whole company drawn upon you by a loud observation that you are strikingly like Mrs. or Miss ———, particularly when you smile.

The mental famine created among poor students by the modern luxury of the press—hot-pressed paper—Bulmer's types—vignettes in every page, etc., obliging every reader with less than £5,000 per annum to seek for all his knowledge of new books by hearsay; or through the glimmering medium of those wills-o-the-wisp, the reviewers; or out of the circulating library, where nothing circulates—but the catalogue!

Catching a glimpse, at a corner of a street, of your oldest and dearest friends, Punch and his party, all in full squeak and scuffle; from whom, however, the cruel decorums of age and character oblige you, after "snatching a fearful joy," to tear yourself away.

Wandering from one shop to another in search of a book, and finding twenty copies of it, of a date immediately before and after that of the only edition which will be of any use to you, and which you, *consequently*, never find.

The state of writhing torture into which you are occasionally thrown by the sudden and unexpected questions or remarks of a child before a large company; a little wretch of your own, for instance, that will run up to an unmarried lady (one who would rather be thought a youthful sinner than an elderly saint), and then harrow you by crying out, before you have time to gag it, "Now, do, miss—let me count the *creases* in your face—there's one, there's two, there's three," etc.; or, accosting another lady in the same explicit strain, electrifies you by breaking out with, "Why do you come here so often? for, do you know, my aunt always says she can't abide you—don't you, aunt?" etc., etc.

Taking a step more or a step less than you want in going up or down stairs.

The task of inventing a new dinner every morning devolving on *you* in the long absence of your wife.

On shaking off a long reverie, the sudden consciousness that, during the whole of your absent fit, your eyes have been intently fixed on a letter which a stranger is writing or reading close at your elbow.

THE UTOPIAN IDEA OF PLEASURE.

SIR THOMAS MOORE—"UTOPIA."

They think it is an evidence of true wisdom for a man to pursue his own advantages as far as the laws allow it. They account it piety to prefer the public good to one's private concerns. But they think it unjust for a man to seek for his own pleasure, by

snatching another man's pleasures from him. And, on the contrary, they think it a sign of a gentle and good soul for a man to dispense with his own advantage for the good of others; and that, by so doing, a good man finds as much pleasure one way as he parts with another; for, as he may expect the like from others when he may come to need it, so, if that should fail him, yet the sense of a good action, and the reflections that one makes on the love and gratitude of those whom he has so obliged, give the mind more pleasure than the body could have found in that from which it has restrained itself. They are also persuaded that God will make up the loss of those small pleasures with a vast and endless joy, of which religion does easily convince a good soul. Thus, upon an inquiry into the whole matter, they reckon that all our actions, and even all our virtues, terminate in pleasure, as in our chief end and greatest happiness; and they call every motion or state, either of body or mind, in which nature teaches us to delight, a pleasure. And thus they cautiously limit pleasure only to those appetites to which nature leads us; for they reckon that nature leads us only to those delights to which reason as well as sense carries us, and by which we neither injure any other person, nor let go greater pleasures for it, and which do not draw troubles on us after them; but they look upon those delights which men, by a foolish though common mistake, call pleasure, as if they could change the nature of things, as well as the use of words, as things that not only do not advance our happiness, but do rather obstruct it very much, because they do so entirely possess the minds of those that once go into them with a false notion of pleasure, that there is no room left for truer and purer pleasures. . . .

But of all pleasures, they esteem those to be the most valuable that lie in the mind; and the chief of these are those that arise out of true virtue, and the witness of a good conscience. They account health the chief pleasure that belongs to the body; for they think that the pleasure of eating and drinking, and all the other delights of the body, are only so far desirable as they give or maintain health. But they are not pleasant in themselves, otherwise than as they resist those impressions that our natural infirmity is still making upon us; and, as a wise man desires rather to avoid diseases than to take physic, and to be freed from pain rather than to find ease by remedies, so it were a more desirable state not to need this sort of pleasure, than to be obliged to indulge in it. And if any man imagines that there is a real happiness in this pleasure, he must then confess that he would be the happiest of all men, if he were to lead his life in a perpetual hunger, thirst, and itching, and by consequence in perpetual eating, drinking, and scratching himself, which, any one may easily see, would be not only a base but a miserable state of life. These are, indeed, the lowest of pleasures, and the least pure; for we can never relish them but when they are mixed with the contrary pains. The pain of hunger must give us the pleasure of eating; and here the pain outbalances the pleasure; and, as the pain is more vehement, so it lasts much longer; for, as it is upon us before the pleasure comes, so it does not cease; but with the pleasure that extinguishes it, and that goes off with it; so that they think none of those pleasures are to be valued, but as they are necessary. Yet they rejoice in them, and with due gratitude acknowledge the tenderness of the great Author of nature, who has planted in us appetites, by which those things that are necessary for our preservation are likewise made pleasant to us. For how miserable a thing would life be, if those daily diseases of hunger and thirst were to be carried off by such bitter drugs as we must use for those diseases that return seldomer upon us! And thus these pleasant, as well as proper gifts of nature, do maintain the strength and the sprightliness of our bodies.

RESTRAINT.

JOHN RUSKIN.

As the plough is the typical instrument of industry, so the fetter is the typical instrument of the restraint or subjection necessary in a nation—either literally, for its evil-doers, or figuratively, in accepted laws, for its wise and good men. You have to choose between this figurative and literal use; for depend upon it, the more laws you accept, the fewer penalties you will have to endure, and the fewer punishments to enforce. For wise laws and just restraints are to a noble nation not chains, but chain-mail—strength and defence, though something also of an incumbrance. And this necessity of restraint, remember, is just as honorable to man as the necessity of labor. You hear every day greater numbers of foolish people speaking about liberty, as if it were such an honorable thing: so far from being that, it is, on the whole, and in the broadest sense, dishonorable, and an attribute of the lower creatures. No human being, however great or powerful, was ever so free as a fish. There is always something that he must, or must not do; while the fish may do whatever he likes. All the kingdoms of the world put together are not half so large as the sea, and all the railroads and wheels that ever were, or will be invented, are not so easy as fins. You will find, on fairly thinking of it, that it is his restraint which is honorable to man, not his liberty; and, what is more, it is restraint which is honorable even in the lower animals. A butterfly is much more free than a bee; but you honor the bee more, just because it is subject to certain laws which fit it for orderly function in bee society. And throughout the world, of the two abstract things, liberty and restraint, restraint is always the more honorable. It is true, indeed, that in these and all other matters you never can reason finally from the abstraction, for both liberty and restraint are good when they are nobly chosen, and both

are bad when they are badly chosen; but of the two, I repeat, it is restraint which characterizes the higher creature and betters the lower creature; and, from the ministering of the archangel to the labor of the insect—from the poising of the planets to the gravitation of a grain of dust—the power and glory of all creatures, and all matter, consist in their obedience, not in their freedom. The sun has no liberty—a dead leaf has much. The dust of which you are formed has no liberty. Its liberty will come—with its corruption. And, therefore, I say boldly, though it seems a strange thing to say in England, that as the first power of a nation consists in knowing how to guide the plough, its second power consists in knowing how to wear the fetter.

SOCIAL INTOLERANCE.

JOHN STUART MILL.

Though we do not inflict so much evil on those who think differently from us as it was formerly our custom to do, it may be that we do ourselves as much evil as ever by our treatment of them. Socrates was put to death, but the Socratic philosophy rose like the sun in heaven, and spread its illumination over the whole intellectual firmament. Christians were cast to the lions, but the Christian Church grew up a stately and spreading tree, overtopping the older and less vigorous growths, and stifling them by its shade. Our merely social intolerance kills no one, roots out no opinions, but induces men to disguise them, or to abstain from any active effort for their diffusion. With us, heretical opinions do not perceptibly gain or even lose ground in each decade or generation. They never blaze out far and wide, but continue to smoulder in the narrow circles of thinking and studious persons, among whom they originate, without ever lighting up the general affairs of mankind with either a true or a deceptive light. . . . A convenient plan for having peace in the intellectual world, and keeping all things going on therein very much as they do already. But the price paid for this sort of intellectual pacification is the sacrifice of the entire moral courage of the human mind. A state of things in which a large portion of the most active and inquiring intellects find it advisable to keep the genuine principles and grounds of their convictions within their own breasts, and attempt, in what they address to the public, to fit as much as they can of their own conclusions to premises which they have internally renounced, cannot send forth the open, fearless characters, and logical consistent intellects who once adorned the thinking world.

The sort of men who can be looked for under it are either mere conformers to commonplace or time-servers for truth, whose arguments on all great subjects are meant for their hearers, and are not those which have convinced themselves. Those who avoid this alternative do so by narrowing their thoughts and interest to things which can be spoken of without venturing within the region of principles—that is, to small practical matters which would come right of themselves if but the minds of mankind were strengthened and enlarged, and which will never be made effectually right until then—while that which would strengthen and enlarge men's minds, free and daring speculation on the highest subjects, is abandoned.

EARTHLY HAPPINESS.

CALEB COLTON—"LACON."

What is earthly happiness? That phantom of which we hear so much and see so little; whose promises are constantly given and constantly broken, but as constantly believed; that cheats us with the sound instead of the substance, and with the blossom instead of the fruit. Like Juno, she is a goddess in pursuit, but a cloud in possession, deified by those who cannot enjoy her, and despised by those who can. Anticipation is her herald, but disappointment is her companion; the first addresses itself to our imagination, that *would* believe, but the latter to our experience, that *must*. Happiness, that great mistress of the ceremonies in the dance of life, impels us through all its mazes and meanderings, but leads none of us by the same route. Aristippus pursued her in pleasure, Socrates in wisdom, and Epicurus in both; she received the attentions of each, but bestowed her endearments on neither, although, like some other gallants, they all boasted of more favours than they had received. Warned by their failure, the stoic adopted a most paradoxical mode of preferring his suit; he thought, by slandering, to woo her; by shunning, to win her; and proudly presumed that, by fleeing her, she would turn and follow him. She is deceitful as the calm that precedes the hurricane, smooth as the water on the verge of a cataract, and beautiful as the rainbow, that smiling daughter of the storm; but, like the mirage in the desert, she tantalizes us with a delusion that distance creates, and that contiguity destroys. Yet, when unsought, she is often found, and, when unexpected, often obtained; while those who seek for her the most diligently fail the most, because they seek her where she is not. Antony sought her in love; Brutus in glory; Cæsar in dominion; the first found disgrace, the second disgust, the last ingratitude, and each destruction. To some she is more kind, but not less cruel; she hands them her cup, and they drink even to stupefaction, until they doubt whether they are men with Philip, or dream that they are gods with Alexander. On some she smiles, as on Napoleon, with an aspect more bewitching than an Italian sun; but it is only to make her frown the more terrible, and by one short caress to embitter the pangs of separation. Yet is she, by universal homage and consent, a queen; and the passions are the vassal lords that crowd her

court, await her mandate, and move at her control. But, like other mighty sovereigns, she is so surrounded by her envoys, her officers, and her ministers of state, that it is extremely difficult to be admitted to her presence-chamber, or to have any immediate communication with herself. Ambition, avarice, love, revenge, all these seek her, and her alone; alas! They are neither presented to her, nor will she come to them. She despatches, however, her envoys unto them—mean and poor representatives of their queen. To ambition, she sends power; to avarice, wealth; to love, jealousy; to revenge, remorse; alas! What are these, but so many other names for vexation or disappointment? Neither is she to be won by flattery or by bribes; she is to be gained by waging war against her *enemies*, much sooner than by paying any particular court to herself. Those that conquer her adversaries, will find that they need not go to her, for she will come unto them. None bid so high for her as kings; few are more willing, none more able, to purchase her alliance at the fullest price. But she has no more respect for kings than for their subjects; she mocks them, indeed, with the empty show of a visit, by sending to their palaces all her equipage, her pomp, and her train, but she comes not herself. What detains her? She is traveling incognita to keep a private assignation with contentment, and to partake of a *tête-à-tête* and a dinner of herbs in a cottage. Hear, then, mighty queen! What sovereigns seldom hear, the words of soberness and truth. I neither despise thee too little, nor desire thee too much; for thou wieldest an earthly sceptre, and thy gifts cannot exceed thy dominion. Like other potentates, thou also art a creature of circumstances, and an Ephemeris of time. Like other potentates, thou also, when stripped of thy auxiliaries, art no longer competent to thine own subsistence; nay, thou canst not even stand by thyself. Unsupported by content on the one hand, and by health on the other, thou fallest an unwieldy and bloated fragment to the ground.

ON—FOR EVER ON!

HARRIET MARTINEAU—"DEERBROOK."

The world rolls on, let what will be happening to the individuals who occupy it. The sun rises and sets, seed-time and harvest come and go, generations arise and pass away, law and authority hold on their course, while hundreds of millions of human hearts have stirring within them struggles and emotions eternally new!—an experience so diversified as that no two days appear alike to any one, and to no two does any one day appear the same. There is something so striking in this perpetual contrast between the external uniformity and internal variety of the procedure of existence, that it is no wonder that multitudes have formed a conception of Fate—of a mighty unchanging power, blind to the differences of spirits, and deaf to the appeals of human delight and misery; a huge insensible force, beneath which all that is spiritual is sooner or later wounded, and is ever liable to be crushed. This conception of Fate is grand, is natural, and fully warranted to minds too lofty to be satisfied with the details of human life, but which have not risen to the far higher conception of a Providence to whom this uniformity and variety are but means to a higher end than they apparently involve. There is infinite blessing in having reached the nobler conception; the feeling of helplessness is relieved; the craving for sympathy from the ruling power is satisfied; there is a hold for veneration; there is room for hope: there is, above all, the stimulus and support of an end perceived or anticipated; a purpose which steeps in sanctity all human experience. Yet even where this blessing is the most fully felt and recognized, the spirit cannot but be at times overwhelmed by the vast regularity of aggregate existence—thrown back upon its faith for support, when it reflects how all things go on as they did before it became conscious of existence, and how all would go on as now, if it were to die to-day. On it rolls—not only the great globe itself, but the life which stirs and hums on its surface, enveloping it like an atmosphere;—on it rolls; and the vastest tumult that may take place among its inhabitants can no more make itself seen and heard above the general stir and hum of life, than Chimborazo or the loftiest Himalaya can lift its peak into space above the atmosphere. On—on it rolls; and the strong arm of the united race could not turn from its course one planetary mote of the myriads that swim in space; no shriek of passion, nor shrill song of joy, sent up from a group of nations or a continent, could attain the ear of the eternal silence, as she sits throned among the stars. Death is less dreary than life in this view—a view which at times, perhaps, presents itself to every mind, but which speedily vanishes before the faith of those who, with the heart, believe that they are not the accidents of fate, but the children of a Father.

BIGOTRY.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Make a faith or a dogma absolute, and persecution becomes a logical consequence; and Dominic burns a Jew, or Calvin an Arian, or Nero a Christian, or Elizabeth or Mary a Paptist or Protestant; or their father both or either, according to his humor; and acting without any pangs of remorse,—but on the contrary, with strict notions of duty fulfilled. Make dogma absolute, and to inflict or suffer death becomes easy and necessary; and Mohammed's soldiers shouting "Paradise! Paradise!" and dying on the Christian spears, are not more or less praiseworthy than the same men slaughtering a townful of Jews, or cutting off the heads of all prisoners who would not acknowledge the prophet of God.

SCENES IN HELL.

DANTE—"HELL, PURGATORY AND PARADISE."

"Through me you pass into the city of woe:
Through me you pass into eternal pain:
Through me among the people lost for aye.
Justice the founder of my fabric mov'd:
To rear me was the task of power divine,
Supremest wisdom, and primeval love.
Before me things create were none, save things
Eternal, and eternal I endure.
All hope abandon ye who enter here."
Such characters in colour dim I mark'd
Over a portal's lofty arch inscrib'd:
Whereat I thus: "Master, these words import
Hard meaning." He as one prepar'd replied:
"Here thou must all distrust behind thee leave;
Here be vile fear extinguish'd. We are come
Where I have told thee we shall see the souls
To misery doom'd, who intellectual good
Have lost." And when his hand he had stretch'd forth
To mine, with pleasant looks, whence I was cheer'd,
Into that secret place he led me on.
Here sighs with lamentations and loud moans
Resounded through the air pierc'd by no star,
That e'en I wept at entering. Various tongues,
Horrible languages, outcries of woe,
Accents of anger, voices deep and hoarse,
With hands together smote that swell'd the sounds,
Made up a tumult, that for ever whirls
Round through that air with solid darkness stain'd,
Like to the sand that in the whirlwind flies.
I then, with error yet encompass'd, cried:
"O master! what is this I hear? what race
Are these, who seem so overcome with woe?"
He thus to me: "This miserable fate
Suffer the wretched souls of those, who liv'd
Without or praise or blame, with that ill band
Of angels mix'd, who nor rebellious prov'd
Nor yet were true to God, but for themselves
Were only. From his bounds Heaven drove them forth,
Not to impair his lustre, nor the depth
Of Hell receives them, lest th' accursed tribe
Should glory thence with exultation vain."
I then: "Master! what doth aggrieve them thus,
That they lament so loud?" He straight replied:
"That will I tell thee briefly. These of death
No hope may entertain: and their blind life
So meanly passes, that all other lots
They envy. Fame of them the world hath none,
Nor suffers; mercy and justice scorn them both.
Speak not of them, but look, and pass them by."
And I, who straightway look'd, beheld a flag,
Which whirling ran around so rapidly,
That it no pause obtain'd: and following came
Such a long train of spirits, I should ne'er
Have thought, that death so many had despoil'd.
When some of these I recogniz'd, I saw
And knew the shade of him, who to base fear
Yielding, abjur'd his high estate. Forthwith
I understood for certain this the tribe
Of those ill spirits both to God displeasing
And to his foes. These wretches, who ne'er lived,
Went on in nakedness, and sorely stung
By wasps and hornets, which bedew'd their cheeks
With blood, that mix'd with tears dropp'd to their feet,
And by disgustful worms was gather'd there.
Then looking farther onwards I beheld
A throng upon the shore of a great stream:
Whereat I thus: "Sir! grant me now to know
Whom here we view, and whence impell'd they seem
So eager to pass o'er, as I discern
Through the blear light?" He thus to me in few:
"This shalt thou know, soon as our steps arrive
Beside the woeful tide of Acheron."
Then with eyes downward cast and fill'd with shame,
Fearing my words offensive to his ear,
Till we had reach'd the river, I from speech
Abstain'd. And lo! toward us in a bark
Comes on an old man hoary white with eld,
Crying, "Woe to you wicked spirits! hope not
Ever to see the sky again. I come
To take you to the other shore across,
Into eternal darkness, there to dwell
In fierce heat and in ice. And thou, who there
Standest, live spirit! get thee hence, and leave
These who are dead." But soon as he beheld
I left them not, "By other way," said he,
"By other haven shalt thou come to shore,
Not by this passage; thee a nimbler boat
Must carry." Then to him thus spake my guide:
"Charon! thyself torment not: so 't is will'd,
Where will and power are one: ask thou no more."
Straightway in silence fell the shaggy cheeks
Of him the boatman o'er the livid lake,
Around whose eyes glar'd wheeling flames. Meanwhile
Those spirits, faint and naked, color chang'd,
And gnash'd their teeth, soon as the cruel words
They heard. God and their parents they blasphem'd,
The human kind, the place, the time, and seed
That did engender them and give them birth.
Then all together sorely wailing drew
To the curs'd strand, that every man must pass
Who fears not God. Charon, demoniac form,
With eyes of burning coal, collects them all,
Beck'ning, and each, that lingers, with his oar
Strikes. As fall off the light autumnal leaves,
One still another following, till the bough
Strews all its honours on the earth beneath;
E'en in like manner Adam's evil brood
Cast themselves one by one down from the shore,
Each at a beck, as falcon at his call.
Thus go they over through the umber'd wave,
And ever they on the opposing bank
Be landed, on this side another throng

Still gathers. "Son," thus spake the courteous guide,
"Those, who die subject to the wrath of God,
All here together come from every clime,
And to o'erpass the river are not loth:
For so heaven's justice goads them on, that fear
Is turn'd into desire. Hence ne'er hath past
Good spirit. If of thee Charon complain,
Now mayst thou know the import of his words."
This said, the gloomy region trembling shook
So terribly, that yet with clammy dews
Fear chills my brow. The sad earth gave a blast,
That, lightening, shot forth a vermilion flame,
Which all my senses conquer'd quite, and I
Down dropp'd, as one with sudden slumber seiz'd.
From the first circle I descended thus
Down to the second, which a lesser space
Embracing, so much more of grief contains
Provoking bitter moans. There Minos stands
Grinning with ghastly feature: he, of all
Who enter, strict examining the crimes,
Gives sentence, and dismisses them beneath,
According as he foldeth him around:
For when before him comes th' ill-fated soul,
It all confesses; and that judge severe
Of sins, considering what place in hell
Suits the transgression, with his tail so oft
Himself encircles, as degrees beneath
He dooms it to descend. Before him stand
Alway a num'rous throng; and in his turn
Each one to judgment passing, speaks, and hears
His fate, thence downward to his dwelling hurl'd.
"O thou! who to this residence of woe
Approachest," when he saw me coming, cried
Minos, relinquishing his dread employ,
"Look how thou enter here; beware in whom
Thou place thy trust; let not the entrance broad
Deceive thee to thy harm." To him my guide:
"Wherefore exclaimest? Hinder not his way
By destiny appointed; so 'tis will'd
Where will and power are one. Ask thou no more."
Now 'gin the rueful wailings to be heard.
Now am I come where many a plaining voice
Smites on mine ear. Into a place I came
Where light was silent all. Bellowing there groan'd
A noise as of a sea in tempest torn
By warring winds. The stormy blast of hell
With restless fury drives the spirits on
Whirl'd round and dash'd amain with sore annoy.
When they arrive before the ruinous sweep,
There shrieks are heard, there lamentations, moans,
And blasphemies 'gainst the good Power in heaven.
I understood that to this torment sad
The carnal sinners are condemn'd, in whom
Reason by lust is sway'd. As in large troops
And multitudinous, when winter reigns,
The starlings on their wings are borne abroad;
So bears the tyrannous gust those evil souls.
On this side and on that, above, below,
It drives them: hope of rest to solace them
Is none, nor e'en of milder pang. As cranes,
Chanting their dol'rous notes, traverse the sky,
Stretch'd out in long array: so I beheld
Spirits, who came loud wailing, hurried on
By their dire doom.
My sense reviving, that erewhile had droop'd
With pity for the kindred shades, whence grief
O'ercame me wholly, straight around I see
New torments, new tormented souls, which way
Soe'er I move, or turn, or bend my sight.
In the third circle I arrive, of show'rs
Ceaseless, accursed, heavy, and cold, unchang'd
For ever, both in kind and in degree.
Large hail, discolour'd water, sleety flaw
Through the dun midnight air streamed down amain:
Stank all the land whereon that tempest fell.
Cerberus, cruel monster, fierce and strange,
Through his wide threefold throat barks as a dog
Over the multitude immers'd beneath.
His eyes glare crimson, black his unctuous beard,
His belly large, and claw'd the hands, with which
He tears the spirits, flays them, and their limbs
Piecemeal disparts. Howling there spread, as curs,
Under the rainy deluge, with one side
The other screening, oft they roll them round,
A wretched, godless crew. When that great worm
Descried us, savage Cerberus, he op'd
His jaws, and the fangs show'd us; not a limb
Of him but trembled. Then my guide, his palms
Expanding on the ground, thence filled with earth
Rais'd them, and cast it in his ravenous maw.
E'en as a dog, that yelling bays for food
His keeper, when the morsel comes, lets fall
His fury, bent alone with eager haste
To swallow it; so dropped the loathsome cheeks
Of demon Cerberus, who thund'ring stuns
The spirits, that they for deafness wish in vain.
We, o'er the shades thrown prostrate by the brunt
Of the heavy tempest passing, set our feet
Upon their emptiness, that substance seem'd.
They all along the earth extended lay
Save one, that sudden rais'd himself to sit,
Soon as that way he saw us pass. "O thou!"
He cried, "who through the infernal shades art led,
Own, if again thou know'st me. Thou wast fram'd
Or ere my frame was broken." I replied:
"The anguish thou endur'st perchance so takes
Thy form from my remembrance, that it seems
As if I saw thee never. But inform
Me who thou art, that in a place so sad
Art set, and in such torment, that although
Other be greater, more disgustful none
Can be imagin'd." He in answer thus:
"Thy city heap'd with envy to the brim,
Aye that the measure overflows its bounds,
Held me in brighter days. Ye citizens
Were wont to name me Ciacco. For the sin
Of glutt'ny, damned vice, beneath this rain,
E'en as thou seest, I with fatigue am worn;
Nor I sole spirit in this woe: all these
Have by like crime incurr'd like punishment."

Thus we, descending to the fourth steep ledge,
Gain'd on the dismal shore, that all the woe
Hems in of all the universe. Ah me!
Almighty Justice! in what store thou heap'st
New pains, new troubles, as I here beheld!
Wherefore doth fault of ours bring us to this?
"Now may'st thou see, my son, how brief, how vain,
The goods committed into fortune's hands,
For which the human race keep such a coil!
Not all the gold, that is beneath the moon,
Or ever hath been, of these toil-worn souls
Might purchase rest for one."
Far murkier was the wave
Than sablest grain: and we in company
Of th' inky waters, journeying by their side,
Enter'd, though by a different track, beneath.
Into a lake, the Stygian nam'd, expands
The dismal stream, when it hath reach'd the foot
Of the grey wither'd cliffs. Intent I stood
To gaze, and in the marish sunk descried
A miry tribe all naked, and with looks
Betok'ning rage. They with their hands alone
Struck not, but with the head, the breast, the feet,
Cutting each other piecemeal with their fangs.
The good instructor spake: "Now seest thou, son,
The souls of those whom anger overcame.
This too for certain know, that underneath
The water dwells a multitude, whose sighs
Into these bubbles make the surface heave,
As thine eye tells thee wheresoe'r it turn.
Upon the utmost verge of a high bank,
By craggy rocks environ'd round, we came,
Where woes beneath more cruel yet were stow'd:
And here to shun the horrible excess
Of fetid exhalation, upward cast
From the profound abyss, behind the lid
Of a great monument we stood retir'd,
Whereon this scroll I marked: "I have in charge
Pope Anastasius, whom Photinus drew
From the right path."—"Ere our descent behoves
We make delay, that somewhat first the sense,
To the dire breath accustom'd, afterward
Regard it not." My master thus; to whom
Answering I spake: "Some compensation find
That the time past not wholly lost." He then:
"Lo! how my thoughts e'en to thy wishes tend!
My son! within these rocks," he thus began,
"Are three close circles in gradation plac'd,
As these which now thou leav'st. Each one is full
Of spirits accurs'd; but that the sight alone
Hereafter may suffice thee, listen how
And for what cause in durance they abide."
"Of all malicious act abhorr'd in heaven,
The end is injury; and all such end
Either by force or fraud works other's woe.
But fraud, because of man peculiar evil,
To God is more displeasing: and beneath
The fraudulent are therefore doom'd to endure
Severer pang. The violent occupy
All the first circle; and because to force
Three persons are obnoxious, in three rounds
Each within other sep'rate is it fram'd.
To God, his neighbor, and himself, by man
Force may be offer'd; to himself I say
And his possessions, as thou soon shalt hear
At full. Death, violent death, and painful wounds
Upon his neighbor he inflicts; and wastes
By devastation, pillage, and the flames,
His substance. Slayers, and each one that smites
In malice, plund'rers, and all robbers, hence
The torment undergo of the first round
In different herds. Man can do violence
To himself and his own blessings: and for this
He in the second round must aye deplore
With unavailing penitence his crime,
Whoe'r deprives himself of life and light
In reckless lavishment his talent wastes,
And sorrows there where he should dwell in joy.
To God may force be offer'd, in the heart
Denying and blaspheming his high power,
And nature with her kindly law contemning.
And thence the inmost round marks with its seal
Sodom and Cahors, and all such as speak
Contemptuously of the Godhead in their hearts.
"Fraud, that in ev'ry conscience leaves a sting,
May be by man employ'd on one, whose trust
He wins, or on another who withholds
Strict confidence. Seems as the latter way
Broke but the bond of love which Nature makes.
Whence in the second circle have their nest
Dissimulation, witchcraft, flatteries,
Theft, falsehood, simony, all who seduce
To lust or set their honesty at pawn,
With such vile scum as these. The other way
Forgets both Nature's general love, and that
Which thereto added afterward gives birth
To special faith. Whence in the lesser circle,
Point of the universe, dread seat of Dis,
The traitor is eternally consum'd."
Ere Nessus yet had reached the other bank,
We enter'd on a forest, where no track
Of steps had worn a way. Not verdant there
The foliage, but of dusky hue; not light
The boughs and tapering, but with knarls deform'd
And matted thick: fruits there were none, but thorns
Instead with venom fill'd. Less sharp than these,
Less intricate with brakes, wherein abide
Those animals that hate the cultured fields
Betwixt Corneto and Cecina's stream.
Here the brute Harpies make their nest, the same
Who from the Strophades the Trojan band
Drove with dire boding of their future woe.
Broad are their pennons, of the human form
Their neck and count'nance, armed with talons keen
The feet, and the huge belly fledg'd with wings.
These sit and wail on the drear mystic wood.
The kind instructor in these words began:
"Ere farther thou proceed, know thou art now
I' th' second round, and shalt be, till thou come
Upon the horrid sand: look therefore well

Around thee, and such things thou shalt behold,
As would my speech discredit." On all sides
I heard sad plainings breathe, and none could see
From whom they might have issued. In amaze
Fast bound I stood. He, as it seem'd, believ'd
That I had thought so many voices came
From some amid those thickets close conceal'd,
And thus his speech resum'd: "If thou lop off
A single twig from one of those ill plants,
The thought thou hast conceiv'd shall vanish quite."
Thereat a little stretching forth my hand,
From a great wilding gathered I a branch,
And straight the trunk exclaim'd: "why pluck'st thou me?"
Then as the dark blood trickled down its side,
These words it added: "Wherefore tear'st me thus?
Is there no touch of mercy in thy breast?
Men once were we that now are rooted here.
Thy hand might well have spared us, had we been
The souls of serpents." As a brand yet green,
That burning at one end from th' other sends
A groaning sound, and hisses with the wind
That forces out its way, so burst at once,
Forth from the broken splinter words and blood.
I, letting fall the bough, remain'd as one
Assail'd by terror, and the sage replied:
"If he, O injured spirit! could have believ'd
What he hath seen but in my verse describ'd,
He never against thee had stretch'd his hand.
But I, because the thing surpass'd belief,
Prompted him to this deed, which even now
Myself I rue. But tell me, who thou wast;
That for this wrong to do thee some amends,
In th' upper world (for thither to return
Is granted him) thy fame he may revive."
"That pleasant word of thine," the trunk replied,
"Hath so inveigled me that I from speech
Cannot refrain, wherein if I indulge
A little longer, in the snare detain'd,
Count it not grievous. I it was, who held
Both keys to Frederick's heart, and turn'd the wards,
Opening and shutting, with a skill so sweet,
That besides me, into his inmost breast
Scare any other could admittance find.
The faith I bore to my high charge was such,
It cost me the life-blood that warm'd my veins.
The harlot, who ne'er turn'd her gloating eyes
From Cæsar's household, common vice and pest
Of courts, 'gainst me inflamed the minds of all;
And to Augustus they so spread the flame,
That my glad honors chang'd to bitter woes.
My soul, disdainful and disgusted, sought
Refuge in death from scorn, and I became,
Just as I was, unjust toward myself.
By the new roots, which fix this stem, I swear
That never faith I broke to my liege lord,
Who merited such honour; and of you,
If any to the world indeed return,
Clear ye from wrong my memory, that lies
Yet prostrate under envy's cruel blow."
Thus we from bridge to bridge, with other talk,
The which my drama cares not to rehearse,
Pass'd on; and to the summit reaching, stood
To view another gap within the round
Of Malebolge, other bootless pangs.
I that beheld,
But therein nought distinguish'd, save the surge,
Rais'd by the boiling, in one mighty swell
Heave, and by turns subsiding and fall. While there
I fix'd my ken below, "Mark! mark!" my guide
Exclaiming, drew me towards him from the place,
Wherein I stood. I turn'd myself as one,
Impatient to behold that which beheld
He needs must shun, whom sudden fear unmans,
That he his flight delays not for the view.
Behind me I discern'd a devil black,
That running up advanc'd along the rock.
Ah! what fierce cruelty his look bespake!
In act how bitter did he seem, with wings
Buoyant outstretch'd and feet of nimblest tread!
His shoulder proudly eminent and sharp
Was with a sinner charg'd; by either haunch
He held him, the foot's sinew griping fast.
"Ye of our bridge!" he cried, "keen-talon'd fiends!
Lo! one of Santa Zita's elders! Him
Whelm ye beneath, while I return for more.
That land hath store of such. All men are there,
Except Bonturo, barterers: of 'no'
For lucre there an 'aye' is quickly made."
Him dashing down, o'er the rough rock he turn'd,
Nor ever after thief a mastiff loos'd
Sped with like eager haste. That other sank
And forthwith writhing to the surface rose.
But those dark demons, shrouded by the bridge,
Cried, "Here the hallow'd visage saves not: here
Is other swimming than in Serchio's wave.
Wherefore if thou desire we rend thee not,
Take heed thou mount not o'er the pitch." This said,
They grappled him with more than hundred hooks,
And shouted: "Cover'd thou must sport thee here;
So, if thou canst, in secret mayst thou filch."
E'en thus the cook bestirs him, with his grooms,
To thrust the flesh into the caldron down
With flesh-hooks, that it float not on the top.
If, O reader! now
Thou be not apt to credit what I tell,
No marvel; for myself do scarce allow
The witness of mine eyes. But as I looked
Toward them, lo! a serpent with six feet
Springs forth on one, and fastens full upon him:
His midmost grasp'd the belly, a forefoot
Seiz'd on each arm (while deep in either cheek
He flesh'd his fangs); the hinder on the thighs
Were spread, 'twixt which the tail inserted curl'd
Upon the reins behind. Ivy ne'er clasp'd
A dodder'd oak, as round the other's limbs
The hideous monster intertwin'd his own.
Then, as they both had been of burning wax,
Each melted into other, mingling hues,
That which was either now was seen no more,

Thus up the shrinking paper, ere it burns,
A brown tint glides, not turning yet to black,
And the clean white expires.
Who, e'en in words unfetter'd, might at full
Tell of the wounds and blood that now I saw,
Though he repeated oft the tale? No tongue
So vast a theme could equal, speech and thought
Both impotent alike.
A spectacle like this
Were but a thing of nought, to the hideous sight
Of the ninth chasm. A rundlet, that hath lost
Its middle or side stave, gapes not so wide,
As one I mark'd, torn from the chin throughout
Down to the hinder passage: 'twixt the legs
Dangling his entrails hung, the midriff lay
Open to view, and wretched ventricle,
That turns th' englutted aliment to dross.
Whilst eagerly I fix on him my gaze,
He ey'd me, with his hands laid his breast bare,
And cried: "Now mark how I do rip me! lo!
How is Mohammed mangled! before me
Walks Ali weeping, from the chin his face
Cleft to the forelock; and the others all
Whom here thou seest, while they liv'd, did sow
Scandal and schism, and therefore thus are rent.
A fiend is here behind, who with his sword
Hacks us thus cruelly, slivering again
Each of this ream, when we have compast round
The dismal way, for first our gashes close
Ere we repass before him.

SONG OF THE FLOWER-GIRLS.

GOETHE—"FAUST."

Girls of Florence, come we in
To your German Court so bright;
Your sweet praises all to win,
We have decked us out to-night.

Flowery wreath and flowery spray
On brown locks we lightly show;
Here alike their parts must play—
Silken thread and silken bow.

Meritorious work we know
Of some praise is well secure;
Flowers we bring that by art's glow
All the varied year endure.

By its color each bit took
What was its symmetric place;
Pleasing is the whole in look,
Though the parts have not your grace.

Pretty are we, fair of feature,
Garden girls, with lightsome heart;
The deepest that's in woman-nature
Is so very like to art.

PARADISE LOST.

JOHN MILTON.

SATAN'S ADDRESS TO THE SUN.

O thou, that, with surpassing glory crowned,
Look'st from thy sole dominion like the god
Of this new world; at whose sight all the stars
Hide their diminished heads; to thee I call,
But with no friendly voice; and add thy name,
O Sun, to tell thee how I hate thy beams,
That bring to my remembrance from what state
I fell, how glorious once above thy sphere;
Till pride and worse ambition threw me down,
Warring in heaven against heaven's matchless king.
Ah, wherefore? He deserved no such return
From me, whom he created what I was
In that bright eminence, and with his good
Upbraided none; nor was his service hard.
What could be less than to afford him praise,
The easiest recompense, and pay him thanks?
How due!—yet all his good proved ill in me,
And wrought but malice; lifted up so high,
I 'sdained subjection, and thought one step higher
Would set me highest, and in a moment quit
The debt immense of endless gratitude,
So burdensome still paying, still to owe;
Forgetful what from him I still received;
And understood not that a grateful mind
By owing owes not, but still pays, at once
Indebted and discharged: what burden then?
Oh, had his powerful destiny ordained
Me some inferior angel, I had stood
Then happy; no unbounded hope had raised
Ambition! Yet why not?—some other power
As great might have aspired, and me, though mean,
Drawn to his part; but other powers as great
Fell not, but stand unshaken, from within
Or from without, to all temptations armed.
Hadst thou the same free will and power to stand?
Thou hadst: whom hast thou, then, or what to
accuse,
But Heaven's free love dealt equally to all?
Be then his love accursed; since love or hate,
To me alike, it deals eternal woe:
Nay, cursed be thou; since against his thy will
Choose freely what it now so justly rues.
Me miserable!—which way shall I fly
Infinite wrath and infinite despair?
Which way I fly is hell; myself am hell;
And in the lowest deep a lower deep
Still threatening to devour me opens wide,
To which the hell I suffer seems a heaven.
Oh, then at last relent: is there no place
Left for repentance, none for pardon left?
None left but my submission; and that word
Disdain forbids me, and my dread of shame
Among the spirits beneath, whom I seduced
With other promises and other vaunts
Than to submit, boasting I could subdue
The Omnipotent. Ay me! they little know

How dearly I abide that boasts so vain;
Under what torments inwardly I groan,
While they adore me on the throne of hell.
With diadem and spectre high advanced,
The lower still I fall; only supreme
In misery: such joy ambition finds.
But say I could repent, and could obtain
By act of grace my former state; how soon
Would height recall high thoughts, how soon unsay
What feigned submission swore! Ease would recant
Vows made in pain, as violent and void.
For never can true reconcilement grow
Where wounds of deadly hate have pierced so deep;
Which would but lead me to a worse relapse
And heavier fall: so should I purchase dear
Short intermission bought with double smart.
This knows my punisher; therefore as far
From granting he, as I from begging, peace:
All hope excluded thus, behold, instead
Of us outcast, exiled, his new delight,
Mankind created, and for him this world.
So farewell hope; and with hope, farewell fear;
Farewell remorse! all good to me is lost;
Evil, be thou my good; by thee at least
Divided empire with heaven's king I hold,
By thee, and more than half perhaps will reign;
As man ere long and this new world shall know.

Assembling of the Fallen Angels.

All these and more came flocking; but with looks
Downcast and damp, yet such wherein appeared
Obscure some glimpse of joy, to have found their chief
Not in despair, to have found themselves not lost
In loss itself; which on his countenance cast
Like doubtful hue: but he, his wonted pride
Soon recollecting, with high words that bore
Semblance of worth, not substance, gently raised
Their fainting courage, and dispelled their fears,
Then straight commands that, at the warlike sound
Of trumpets loud and clarions, be upreared
His mighty standard, that proud honour claimed
Azazel as his right, a cherub tall;
Who forthwith from the glittering staff unfurled
The imperial ensign, which, full high advanced,
Shone like meteor streaming to the wind,
With gems and golden lustre rich emblazed,
Seraphic arms and trophies; all the while
Sonorous metal blowing martial sounds:
At which the universal host up sent
A shout, that tore Hell's concave, and beyond
Frighted the reign of Chaos and old Night.
All in a moment through the gloom were seen
Ten thousand banners rise into the air
With orient colours waving: with them rose
A forest huge of spears, and thronging helms
Appeared, and serried shields in thick array,
Of depth immeasurable: anon they move
In perfect phalanx to the Dorian mood
Of flutes and soft recorders; such as raised
To height of noblest temper heroes old
Arming to battle; and, instead of rage,
Deliberate valour breathed, firm and unmoved,
With dread of death, to fight or foul retreat;
Nor wanting power to mitigate and 'suage,
With solemn touches, troubled thoughts, and chase
Anguish, and doubt, and fear, and sorrow, and pain,
From mortal or immortal minds. Thus they,
Breathing united force, with fixed thought,
Moved on in silence to soft pipes, that charmed
Their painful steps o'er the burnt soil; and now
Advanced in view, they stand a horrid front
Of dreadful length, and dazzling arms, in guise
Of warriors old with ordered spear, and shield,
Awaiting what command their mighty chief
Had to impose. . . . He, above the rest
In shape and gesture proudly eminent,
Stood like a tower; his form had not yet lost
All her original brightness, or appeared
Less than Archangel ruined, and th' excess
Of glory obscured; as when the sun, new risen,
Looks through the horizontal misty air,
Shorn of his beams; or from behind the moon,
In dim eclipse, disastrous twilight sheds
On half the nations, and with fear of change
Perplexes monarchs. Darkened so, yet shone
Above them all the Archangel: but his face
Deep scars of thunder had intrenched, and care
Sat on his faded cheek, but under brows
Of dauntless courage and considerate pride,
Waiting revenge: cruel his eye, but cast
Signs of remorse and passion to behold
The fellows of his crime, the followers rather—
Far other once beheld in bliss—condemned
For ever now to have their lot in pain;
Millions of spirits for his fault amerced
Of heaven, and from eternal splendours flung
For his revolt, yet faithful how they stood,
Their glory withered: as when heaven's fire
Hath scathed the forest oaks, or mountain pines,
With singed top their stately growth, though bare,
Stands on the blasted heath. He now prepared
To speak; whereat their doubled ranks they bend
From wing to wing, and half inclose him round
With all his peers: attention held them mute.
Thrice he assayed; and thrice, in spite of scorn,
Tears, such as angels weep, burst forth; at last
Words, interwove with sighs, found out their way.

The Garden of Eden.

So on he fares, and to the border comes
Of Eden, where delicious Paradise,
Now nearer, crowns with her inclosure green,
As with a rural mound, the champaign head
Of a steep wilderness, whose hairy sides
With thicket overgrown, grotesque and wild,
Access denied; and overhead upgrew
Insuperable heights of loftiest shade,
Cedar and pine, and fir, and branching palm,
A sylvan scene; and as the ranks ascend,

Shade above shade, a woody theatre
Of stateliest view. Yet higher than their tops
The verdurous wall of Paradise up-sprung:
Which to our general sire gave prospect large
Into his nether empire neighbouring round.
And higher than that wall a circling row
Of goodliest trees, laden with fairest fruit,
Blossoms and fruits at once of golden hue,
Appeared, with gay enamelled colours mixed;
On which the sun more glad impressed his beams
Than in fair evening cloud, or humid bow,
When God hath showered the earth; so lovely seemed
That landscape; and of pure, now purer air
Meets his approach, and to the heart inspires
Vernal delight and joy, able to drive
All sadness but despair: now gentle gales,
Fanning their odoriferous wings, dispense
Native perfumes, and whisper whence they stole
Those balmy spoils. As when to them who sail
Beyond the Cape of Hope, and now are past
Mozambique, off at sea northeast winds blow
Sabean odors from the spicy shore
Of Araby the blest; with such delay
Well pleased they slack their course, and many a league,
Cheered with the grateful smell, old Ocean smiles.

Morning Hymn in Paradise.

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good,
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair; thyself how wondrous then,
Unspeakable! who sitt'st above these heavens,
To us invisible, or dimly seen
In these thy lowest works; yet these declare
Thy goodness beyond thought, and power divine.
Speak, ye who best can tell, ye sons of light,
Angels! for ye behold him, and with songs
And choral symphonies, day without night,
Circle his throne rejoicing; ye in heaven,
On earth join all ye creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without end!
Fairest of stars, last in the train of night,
If better thou belong not to the dawn,
Sure pledge of day, that crown'st the smiling morn
With thy bright circlet, praise him in thy sphere,
While day arises, that sweet hour of prime.
Thou sun, of this great world both eye and soul,
Acknowledge him thy greater; sound his praise
In thy eternal course, both when thou climb'st,
And when high noon has gained, and when thou fall'st.
Moon, that now meet'st the orient sun, now fly'st,
With the fixed stars, fixed in their orb that flies;
And ye five other wandering fires, that move
In mystic dance not without song, resound
His praise, who out of darkness called up light.
Air, and ye elements, the eldest birth
Of nature's womb, that in quaternion run
Perpetual circle, multiform; and mix
And nourish all things; let your ceaseless change
Vary to our great Maker still new praise.
Ye mists and exhalations, that now rise
From hill or steaming lake, dusky or gray,
Till the sun paints your fleecy skirts with gold,
In honour to the world's great Author rise;
Whether to deck with clouds the uncoloured sky,
Or wet the thirsty earth with falling showers,
Rising or falling, still advance his praise.
His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,
Breathe soft or loud; and wave your tops, ye pines,
With every plant, in sign of worship wave.
Fountains, and ye that warble as ye flow,
Melodious murmurs, warbling tune his prais .
Join voices, all ye living souls; ye birds,
That singing up to heaven-gate ascend,
Bear on your wings and in your notes his praise.
Ye that in waters glide, and ye that walk
The earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I be silent, morn or even,
To hill, or valley, fountain, or fresh shade,
Made vocal by my song, and taught his praise.
Hail, universal Lord! be bounteous still
To give us only good; and, if the night
Have gathered aught of evil or concealed,
Disperse it, as now light dispels the dark!'
So prayed they innocent, and to their thoughts
Firm peace recovered soon, and wonted calm.
On to their morning's rural work they haste
Among sweet dews and flowers; where any row
Of fruit-trees, over-woody, reached too far
Their pampered boughs, and needed hands to check
Fruitless embraces; or they led the vine
To wed her elm; she, spoused, about him twines
Her marriageable arms, and with her brings
Her dower, the adopted clusters, to adorn
His barren leaves.

Evening in Paradise.

Now came still evening on, and twilight gray,
And in her sober livery all things clad;
Silence accompanied; for beast and bird,
They to their grassy couch, these to their nests,
Were slunk, all but the wakeful nightingale.
She all night long her amorous descant sung;
Silence was pleased: now glowed the firmament
With living sapphires; Hesperus, that led
The starry host, rode brightest, till the moon,
Rising in clouded majesty, at length,
Apparent queen, unveiled her peerless light,
And o'er the dark her silver mantle threw.
When Adam thus to Eve: 'Fair consort, the hour
Of night, and all things now retired to rest,
Mind us of like repose, since God hath set
Labour and rest, as day and night, to men
Successive; and the timely dew of sleep,
Now falling with soft slumberous weight, inclines
Our eyelids: other creatures all day long
Rove idle unemployed, and less need rest;

Man hath his daily work of body or mind
Appointed, which declares his dignity,
And the regard of heaven on all his ways;
While other animals unactive range,
And of their doings God takes no account.
To-morrow, ere fresh morning streak the east
With first approach of light, we must be risen,
And at our pleasant labour, to reform
Yon flowery arbours, yonder alleys green,
Our walk at noon, with branches overgrown,
That mock our scant manuring, and require
More hands than ours to lop their wanton growth:
Those blossoms also, and those dropping gums
That lie bestrown, unsightly and unsmooth,
Ask riddance, if we mean to tread with ease:
Meanwhile, as Nature wills, night bids us rest,'
To whom thus Eve, with perfect beauty adorned:
'My author and disposer, what thou bidst
Unargued I obey: so God ordains;
God is thy law, thou mine: to know no more
Is woman's happiest knowledge and her praise.
With thee conversing I forget all time;
All seasons and their change, all please alike.
Sweet is the breath of morn, her rising sweet,
With charm of earliest birds; pleasant the sun,
When first on this delightful land he spreads
His orient beams, on herb, tree, fruit and flower,
Glistering with dew; fragrant the fertile earth
After soft showers; and sweet the coming on
Of grateful evening mild; then silent night,
With this her solemn bird, and this fair moon,
And these the gems of heaven, her starry train:
But neither breath of morn, when she ascends
With charm of earliest birds; nor rising sun
On this delightful land; nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful evening mild; nor silent night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.
But wherefore all night long shine these? for whom
This glorious sight, when sleep hath shut all eyes?'
To whom our general ancestor replied:
'Daughter of God and Man, accomplished Eve,
These have their course to finish round the earth
By morrow evening, and from land to land
In order, though to nations yet unborn,
Ministering light prepared, they set and rise;
Lest total darkness should by night regain
Her old possession, and extinguish life
In nature and all things, which these soft fires
Not only enlighten, but with kindly heat
Of various influence, foment and warm,
Temper or nourish, or in part shed down
Their stellar virtue on all kinds that grow
On earth, made hereby apter to receive
Perfection from the sun's more potent ray.
These, then, though unbeheld in deep of night,
Shine not in vain; nor think, though men were none,
That heaven would want spectators, God want praise.
Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep:
All these with ceaseless praise his works behold
Both day and night. How often from the steep
Of echoing hill or thicket have we heard
Celestial voices to the midnight air,
Sole, or responsive each to other's note,
Singing their great Creator! Oft in bands,
While they keep watch, or nightly rounding walk,
With heavenly touch of instrumental sounds
In full harmonic numbers joined, their songs
Divide the night, and lift our thoughts to heaven.'
Thus talking, hand in hand alone they passed
On to their blissful bower; it was a place
Chosen by the sovereign Planter, when he framed
All things to Man's delightful use; the roof
Of thickest covert was inwoven shade,
Laurel and myrtle, and what higher grew
Of firm and fragrant leaf; on either side
Acanthus, and each odorous bushy shrub,
Fenced up the verdant wall; each beauteous flower;
Iris all hues, roses, and jessamine,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; underfoot the violet,
Crocus, and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Broidered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem: other creatures here,
Beast, bird, insect, or worm, durst enter none;
Such was their awe of Man. . . .
Thus, at their shady lodge arrived, both stood,
Both turned, and under open sky adored
The God that made both sky, air, earth, and heaven,
Which they beheld, the moon's resplendant globe,
And starry pole: 'Thou also mad'st the night,
Maker Omnipotent, and thou the day,
Which we in our appointed work employed
Have finished, happy in our mutual help
And mutual love, the crown of all our bliss,
Ordained by thee, and this delicious place,
For us too large, where thy abundance wants
Partakers, and uncropt falls to the ground.
But thou hast promised from us two a race
To fill the earth, who shall with us extol
Thy goodness infinite, both when we wake,
And when we seek, as now, thy gift of sleep.'

Expulsion from Paradise.

He added not; for Adam at the news
Heart-struck with chilling gripe of sorrow stood,
That all his senses bound; Eve, who unseen
Yet all had heard, with audible lament
Discovered soon the place of her retire:
'O unexpected stroke; worse than of death!
Must I thus leave thee, Paradise? thus leave
Thee, native soil? these happy walks and shades,
Fit haunt of gods? where I had hoped to spend,
Quiet, though sad, the respite of that day
That must be mortal to us both. O flowers,

That never will in other climate grow,
My early visitation, and my last
At even, which I bred up with tender hand
From the first opening bud, and gave ye names!
Who now shall rear ye to the sun, or rank
Your tribes, and water from the ambrosial fount?
Thee lastly, nuptial bower, by me adorned
With what to sight or smell was sweet, from thee
How shall I part, and whither wander down
Into a lower world, to this obscure
And wild? how shall we breathe in other air
Less pure, accustomed to immortal fruits?'

Whom thus the Angel interrupted mild:
'Lament not, Eve, but patiently resign
What justly thou hast lost; nor set thy heart,
Thus over-fond, on that which is not thine:
Thy going is not lonely; with thee goes
Thy husband; him to follow thou art bound;
Where he abides, think there thy native soil.'

Adam, by this from the cold sudden damp
Recovering, and his scattered spirits returned,
To Michael thus his humble words addressed:

'Celestial, whether among the thrones, or named
Of them the highest, for such of shape may seem
Prince above princes, gently hast thou told
Thy message, which might else in telling wound,
And in performing end us; what besides
Of sorrow, and dejection, and despair,
Our frailty can sustain, thy tidings bring;
Departure from this happy place, our sweet
Recess, and only consolation left
Familiar to our eyes; all places else
Inhospitable appear and desolate,
Nor knowing us, nor known: and if by prayer
Incessant I could hope to change the will
Of him who all things can, I would not cease
To weary him with my assiduous cries;
But prayer against his absolute decree
No more avails than breath against the wind,
Blown stifling back on him that breathes it forth;
Therefore to his great bidding I submit.
This most afflicts me, that, departing hence,
As from his face I shall be hid, deprived
His blessed countenance; here I could frequent
With worship place by place where he vouchsafed
Presence divine, and to my sons relate,
On this mount he appeared; under this tree
Stood visible; among these pines his voice
I heard; here with him at this fountain talked;
So many grateful altars I would rear
Of grassy turf, and pile up every stone
Of lustre from the brook, in memory,
Or monument to ages, and thereon
Offer sweet-smelling gums, and fruits, and flowers.
In yonder nether world where shall I seek
His bright appearances, or footstep trace?
For though I fled him angry, yet, recalled
To life prolonged and promised race, I now
Gladly behold though but his utmost skirts
Of glory, and far off his steps adore.' . . .

Now, too nigh
The Archangel stood, and from the other hill
To their fixed station, all in bright array,
The cherubim descended; on the ground,
Gliding meteorous, as evening mist
Risen from a river o'er the marish glides,
And gathers ground fast at the labourer's heel
Homeward returning. High in front advanced,
The brandished sword of God before them blazed
Fierce as a comet; which with torrid heat,
And vapour as the Libyan air adust,
Began to parch that temperate clime: whereat,
In either hand the hastening Angel caught
Our lingering parents, and to the eastern gate
Led them direct, and down the cliff as fast
To the subjected plain; then disappeared.
They, looking back, all the eastern side beheld
Of Paradise, so late their happy seat,
Waved over by that flaming brand, the gate
With dreadful faces thronged and fiery arms:
Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon.
The world was all before them, where to choose
Their place of rest, and Providence their guide:
They, hand in hand, with wandering steps and slow,
Through Eden took their solitary way.

HUGH SUTHERLAND'S PANSIES.

ROBERT BUCHANAN.

"The lily minds me of a maiden brow,"
Hugh Sutherland would say: "the marigold
Is full and sunny like her yellow hair,
The full-blown rose her lips with sweetness tipt:
But if you seek a likeness to her eye—
Go to the pansies, friend, and find it there!"
"Ay, leeze me on the pansies!" Hugh would say—
Hugh Sutherland, the weaver—he who dwelt
Here in the white-wash'd cot you fancy so—
Who knew the learned names of all the flowers,
And recognized the lily, tho' its head
Rose in a ditch of dull Latinity!

Pansies? You praise the ones that grow to-day
Here in the garden: had you seen the place
When Sutherland was living! Here they grew,
From blue to deeper blue, in midst of each
A golden dazzle like a glimmering star,
Each broader, bigger, than a silver crown;
While here the weaver sat, his labor done,
Watching his azure pets and rearing them,
Until they seem'd to know his step and touch,
And stir beneath his smile like living things!
The very sunshine loved them, and would lie
Here happy, coming early, lingering late,
Because they were so fair.

Hugh Sutherland
Was country-bred—I knew him from the time
When on a bed of pain he lost a limb.

And rose at last, a lame and sickly lad,
Apprenticed to the loom—a peevish lad,
Mooning among the shadows by himself.
Among these shadows, with the privilege
Of one who loved his flock, I sought him out,
And gently as I could I won his heart;
And then, tho' he was young and I was old,
We soon grew friends. He told his griefs to me,
His joys, his troubles, and I help'd him on;
Yet sought in vain to drive away the cloud
Deep pain had left upon his sickly cheek,
And lure him from the shades that deepen'd it.
Then Heaven took the task upon itself,
And sent an angel down among the flowers!
Almost before I knew the work was done,
I found him settled in this but and ben,
Where, with an eye that brighten'd, he had found
The sunshine loved his garden, and begun
To rear his pansies.

Sutherland was poor,
Rude, and untutor'd; peevish, too, when first
The angel in his garden found him out;
But pansy-growing made his heart within
Blow fresh and fragrant. When he came to share
This cottage with a brother of the craft,
Only some poor and sickly blossoms bloom'd,
Vagrant, though fair, among the garden-plots;
And idly, carelessly, he water'd these,
Spread them and train'd them, till they grew and grew
In size and beauty, and the angel thrust
Its bright arms upward thro' the bright'ning sod,
And clung around the sickly gardener's heart.
Then Sutherland grew calmer, and the cloud
Was fading from his face. Well, by and by,
The country people saw and praised the flowers,
And what at first had been an idle joy
Became a sober, serious work for fame.
Next, being won to send a bunch for show,
He won a prize—a sixth or seventh rate,
And slowly gath'ring courage, rested not
Till he had won the highest prize of all.
Here in the sunshine and the shade he toil'd
Early and late in joy, and, by and by,
Rose high in fame; for not a botanist,
A lover of the flowers, poor man or rich,
Came to the village, but the people said,
"Go down the lane to Weaver Sutherland's,
And see his pansies!"

Thus the summers pass'd,
And Sutherland grew gentler, happier;
The angel God had sent him clung to him:
There grew a rapturous sadness in his tone
When he was gladdest, like the dewiness
That moistens pansies when they bloom the best;
And in his face there dawn'd a gentle light,
Like that which softly clings about a flow'r,
And makes you love it. Yet his heart was glad,
More for the pansies' sakes than for his own:
His eye was like a father's, moist and bright,
When they were praised; and, as I said, they seem'd
To make themselves as beauteous as they could,
Smiling to please him. Blessings on the flowers!
They were his children! Father never loved
His little darlings more, or for their sakes
Fretted so dumbly! Father never bent
More tenderly above his little ones,
In the still watches of the night, when sleep
Breathes balm upon their eyelids! Night and day
Poor Hugh was careful for the gentle things
Whose presence brought a sunshine to the place
Where sickness dwelt: this one was weak and small,
And needed watching like a sickly child;
This one so beauteous that it shamed its mates
And made him angry with its beauteousness.
"I cannot rest!" cried Hughie with a smile,
"I scarcely snatch a moment to myself—
They plague me so!" Part fun, part earnest, this:
He loved the pansies better than he knew.
Ev'n in the shadow of his weaving room
They haunted him and brighten'd on his soul:
Daily while busy working at the loom
The humming-humming seem'd a melody
To which the pansies sweetly grew and grew—
A leaf unrolling soft to every note,
A change of colours with the change of sound;
And walking to the door to rest himself,
Still with the humming-humming in his ears,
He saw the flowers and heard a melody
They made in growing. Pleasure such as this,
So exquisite, so lonely, might have pass'd
Into the shadowy restlessness of yore;
But wholesome human contact saved him here,
And kept him fresh and meek. The people came
To stir him with their praise, and he would show
The medals and the prizes he had got—
As proud and happy as a child who gains
A prize in school.

The angel still remain'd
In winter, when the garden-plots were bare,
And deep winds piloted the shriven snow:
He saw its gleaming in the cottage fire,
While, with a book of botany on his knee,
He sat and hunger'd for the breath of spring.
The angel of the flowers was with him still!
Here beds of roses sweeten'd all the page;
Here lilies whiter than the fallen snow
Crept gleaming softly from the printed lines;
Here dewy violets sparkled till the book
Dazzled his eyes with rays of misty buel;
And here, amid a page of Latin names,
All the sweet Scottish flowers together grew
With fragrance of the summer.

Hugh and I
Were still fast friends, and still I help'd him on;
And often in the pleasant summer-time,

The service over, on the Sabbath-day,
I join'd him in the garden, where we sat
And chatted in the sun But all at once
It came upon me that the gardener's hand
Had grown less diligent; for tho' 'twas June
The garden that had been the village pride
Look'd but the shadow of its former self;
And ere the week was out I saw in church
Two samples fairer far than any blown
In Hughie's garden—blooming brighter far
In sweeter soil. What wonder that a man,
Loving the pansies as the weaver did—
A skillful judge, moreover—should admire
Sweet Mary Moffat's sparkling pansy eyes?

The truth was out. The weaver play'd the game
(I christen'd it in sport that very day)
Of "Love among the Pansies!" As he spoke,
Telling me all, I saw upon his face
The peevish cloud that it had worn in youth;
I cheer'd him as I could, and bade him hope:
"You both are poor, but, Sutherland, God's flowers
Are poor as well!" He brighten'd as I spoke,
And answer'd, "It is settled! I have kept
The secret till the last, lest 'nay' should come
And spoil it all; but 'ay' has come instead,
And all the help we wait for is your own!"

Even here, I think, his angel clung to him.
The fairies of his garden haunted him
With smiles and sympathies that made
His likes and dislikes, though he knew it not.
Beauty he loved if it was meek and mild,
And like his pansies tender ev'n to tears;
And so he chose a maiden pure and low,
Who, like his garden pets, had love to spare,
Sunshine to cast upon his pallid cheek,
And yet a tender clinging thing, too weak
To bloom uncared for and unsmiled upon.

Soon Sutherland and she he loved were one,—
And bonnily a moon of honey gleam'd
At night among the flowers! Amid the spring
That follow'd, blossom'd with the other buds
A tiny maiden with her mother's eyes.
The little garden was itself again,
The sunshine sparkled on the azure beds;
The angel Heaven had sent to save a soul
Stole from the blooms and took an infant shape;
And, wild with pleasure, seeing how the flowers
Had given her their choicest lights and shades,
The father bore his baby to the font
And had her christen'd PANSY.

After that,
Poor Hugh was happy as the days were long,
Divided in his cares for all his pets,
And proudest of the one he loved the best.
The summer found him merry as a king,
Dancing the little one upon his knee
Here in the garden, while the plots around
Gleam'd in the sun, and seem'd as glad as he.

But moons of honey wane, and summer suns
Of wedlock set to bring the autumn in!
Hugh Sutherland, with wife and child to feed,
Wrought sore to gain his pittance in a world
His pansies made so fair. Came Poverty
With haggard eyes to dwell within the house;
When first she saw the garden she was glad,
And, seated on the threshold, smiled and span.
But times grew harder, bread was scarce as gold,
A shadow fell on Pansy and the flowers;
And when the strife was sorest, Hugh received
An office—lighter work and higher pay—
To take a foreman's place in Edinglass.
'Twas hard, 'twas hard, to leave the little place
He loved so dearly; but the weaver look'd
At Mary, saw the sorrow in her face,
And gave consent,—happy at heart to think
His dear ones would not want. To Edinglass
They went, and settled. Thro' the winter hours
Bravely the weaver toil'd; his wife and child
Were happy, he was heartsome—tho' his taste
Was grassy lowlands and the caller air.

The cottage here remain'd untenanted,
The angel of the flowers forsook the place,
The sunshine faded, and the pansies died.

Two summers pass'd; and still in Edinglass
The weaver toil'd, and ever when I went
Into the city, to his home I hied—
A welcome guest. Now first I saw a change
Had come to Sutherland: for he was pale
And peevish, had a venom on his tongue,
And hung the under-lip like one that doubts,
Part of the truth I heard, and part I saw—
But knew too late, when all the ill was done!
At first, poor Hugh had shrunk from making friends,
And pored among his books of botany;
And later, in the dull dark nights he sat,
A dismal book upon his knee, and read;
A book no longer full of leaves and flowers,
That glimmer'd on the soul's sweet consciousness,
Yet seem'd to fill the eye,—a dismal book,—
Big-sounding Latin, English dull and dark,
And not a breath of summer in it all.
The sunshine perish'd in the city's smoke,
The pansies grew no more to comfort him,
And he began to spend his nights with those
Who waste their substance in the public-house:
The flowers had lent a sparkle to his talk,
Which pleased the muddled wits of idle men.
Sought after, treated, liked by one and all,
He took to drinking; and at last lay down
Stupid and senseless on a rainy night,
And ere he waken'd caught the flaming fire,
Which gleams to white heat on the face, and burns
Clear crimson in the lungs.

But it was long
Ere any knew poor Hughie's plight; and, ere
He saw his danger, on the mother's breast
Lay Pansy withering; tho' the dewy breath
Of spring was floating like a misty rain
Down from the mountains. Then the tiny flower
Folded its leaves in silence, and the sleep
That dwells in winter on the pansy-beds
Fell on the weaver's house. At that sad hour
I enter'd, scarcely welcomed with a word
Of greeting: by the hearth the woman sat
Weeping full sore, her apron o'er a face
Haggard with midnight watching, while the man
Cover'd his bloodshot eyes and cursed himself.
Then leaning o'er, my hand on his, I said—
"She could not bear the smoke of cities, Hugh!
God to His garden has transplanted her,
Where summer dwells forever, and the air
Is fresh and pure!" But Hughie did not speak,
I saw full plainly that he blamed himself;
And ere the day was out he bent above
His little sleeping flower, and wept, and said:
"Ay, sir! she wither'd, wither'd like the rest,
Neglected!" and I saw his heart was full.
When Pansy slept beneath the churchyard grass
Poor Hughie's angel had return'd to Heaven,
And all his heart was dark. His ways grew strange,
Peevish, and sullen; often he would sit
And drink alone; the wife and he grew cold,
And harsh to one another; till at last
A stern physician put an end to all,
And told him he must die.

No bitter cry,
No sound of wailing rose within the house
After the doctor spoke, but Mary mourn'd
In silence, Hughie smoked his pipe and set
His teeth together, at the ingleside.
Days pass'd; the only token of a change
Was Hughie's face—the peevish cloud of care
Seem'd melting to a tender gentleness.
After a time, the wife forgot her grief,
Or could at times forget it, in the care
Her husband's sickness brought. I went to them
As often as I could, for Sutherland
Was dear to me, and dearer for his sin.
Weak as he was he did his best to toil,
But it was weary work! By slow degrees,
When May was breathing on the sickly bunch
Of mignonette upon the window-sill,
I saw his smile was softly wearing round
To what it used to be, when here he sat
Rearing his flowers; altho' his brow at times
Grew cloudy, and he gnaw'd his under lip.
At last I found him seated by the hearth,
Trying to read: I led his mind to themes
Of old langsyne, and saw his eyes grow dim:
"O sir," he cried, "I cannot, cannot rest!
Something I long for, and I know not what,
Torments me night and day!" I saw it all,
And sparkling with the brilliance of the thought,
Look'd in his eyes and caught his hand, and cried,
"Hugh, it's the pansies! Spring has come again,
The sunshine breathes its gold upon the air,
And threads it through the petals of the flowers,
Yet here you linger in the dark!" I ceased,
And watch'd him. Then he trembled as he said,
"I see it now, for as I read the book,
The lines and words, the Latin seem'd to bud,
And they peep'd thro'." He smiled, like one ashamed,
Adding in a low voice, "I long to see
The pansies ere I die!"

What heart of stone
Could throb on coldly, sir, at words like those?
Not mine, not mine! Within a week poor Hugh
Had left the smoke of Edinglass behind,
And felt the wind that runs along the lanes,
Spreading a carpet of the grass and flowers
For June the sunny-hair'd to walk upon.
In the old cottage here he dwelt again:
The place was wilder than it once had been,
But buds were blowing green around about,
And with the glad return of Sutherland
The angel of the flowers came back again.
The end was near, and Hugh was wearied out,
And like a flower was closing up his leaves
Under the dropping of the gloaming dews.

And daily, in the summer afternoon,
I found him seated on the threshold there,
Watching his flowers, and all the place, I thought,
Brighten'd when he was nigh. Now first I talk'd
Of heavenly hopes unto him, and I knew
The angel help'd me. On the day he died
The pain had put its shadow on his face,
And words of doubt were on his tremulous lips:
"Ah, Hughie, life is easy!" I exclaim'd,
"Easier, better, than we know ourselves:
'Tis pansy-growing on a mighty scale,
And God above us is the gardener.
The fairest win the prizes, that is just,
But all the flowers are dear to God the Lord:
'The gardener loves them all, He loves them all!"
He saw the sunshine on the pansy-beds
And brighten'd. Then by slow degrees he grew
Cheerful and meek as dying man could be,
And as I spoke there came from far away
The faint sweet melody of Sabbath bells.
And "Hugh," I said, "if God the Gardener
Neglected those he rears as you have done
Your pansies and your Pansy, it were ill
For we who blossom in His garden. Night
And morning He is busy at His work.
He smiles to give us sunshine, and we live:
He stoops to pluck us softly, and our hearts
Tremble to see the darkness, knowing not
It is the shadow He, in stooping, casts.
He pluckt your Pansy so, and it was well.
But, Hugh, though some be beautiful and grand,

Some sickly, like yourself, and mean and poor,
He loves them all, the Gardener loves them all;"
Then later, when no longer he could sit
Out on the threshold, and the end was near,
We set a plate of pansies by his bed
To cheer him. "He is coming near," I said;
"Great is the garden; but the Gardener
Is coming to the corner where you bloom
So sickly!" And he smiled, and moan'd, "I hear!"
And sank upon his pillow wearily.
His hollow eyes no longer bore the light,
The darkness gather'd round him as I said,
"The Gardener is standing at your side,
His shade is on you, and you cannot see:
O Lord, that lovest both the strong and weak,
Pluck him and wear him!" Even as I pray'd
I felt the shadow there and hid my face;
But when I look'd again the flower was pluck'd,
The shadow gone: the sunshine thro' the blind
Gleam'd faintly, and the widow'd woman wept.

THE CLOUD.

PERCY BYSSHE SHELLEY.

I bring fresh showers for the thirsting flowers
From the seas and the streams;
I bear light shade for the leaves when laid
In their noonday dreams.
From my wings are shaken the dews that waken
The sweet buds every one,
When rocked to rest on their Mother's breast,
As she dances about the sun.
I wield the flail of the lashing hail,
And whiten the green plains under
And then again I dissolve it in rain,
And laugh as I pass in thunder.

I sift the snow on the mountains below,
And their great pines groan aghast;
And all the night 'tis my pillow white,
While I sleep in the arms of the Blast.
Sublime on the towers of my skyey bowers
Lightning my pilot sits;
In a cavern under is fettered the Thunder,
It struggles and howls at fits.
Over earth and ocean with gentle motion
This pilot is guiding me,
Lured by the love of the Genii that move
In the depths of the purple sea;
Over the rills and the crags and the hills,
Over the lakes and the plains,
Wherever he dream under mountain or stream
The Spirit he loves remains;
And I all the while bask in heaven's blue smile,
Whilst he is dissolving in rains.

The sanguine Sunrise, with his meteor eyes,
And his burning plumes outspread,
Leaps on the back of my sailing rack,
When the morning star shines dead:
As on the jag of a mountain-crag
Which an earthquake rocks and swings
An eagle alit one moment may sit
In the light of its golden wings.
And, when Sunset may breathe, from the lit sea beneath,
Its ardors of rest and of love,
And the crimson pall of eve may fall
From the depth of heaven above,
With wings folded I rest on mine airy nest,
As still as a brooding dove.

That orbed maiden with white fire laden
Whom mortals call the Moon
Glides glimmering o'er my fleece-like floor
By the midnight breezes strewn;
And wherever the beat of her unseen feet,
Which only the angels hear,
May have broken the woof of my tent's thin roof,
The stars peep behind her and peer.
And I laugh to see them whirl and flee
Like a swarm of golden bees,
When I widen the rent in my wind-built tent,—
Till the calm rivers, lakes, and seas,
Like strips of the sky fallen through me on high,
Are each paved with the moon and these.

I bind the Sun's throne with a burning zone,
And the Moon's with a girdle of pearl;
The volcanoes are dim, and the stars reel and swim
When the Whirlwinds my banner unfurl.
From cape to cape, with a bridge-like shape,
Over a torrent sea,
Sunbeam-proof, I hang like a roof;
The mountains its columns be.
The triumphal arch through which I march,
With hurricane, fire, and snow,
When the Powers of the air are chained to my chair,
Is the million-colored bow;
The Sphere-fire above its soft colors wove,
While the moist Earth was laughing below.

I am the daughter of Earth and Water,
And the nursling of the sky:
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores;
I change, but I cannot die.
For after the rain, when with never a stain
The pavilion of heaven is bare,
And the winds and sunbeams with their convex gleams
Build up the blue dome of air,
I silently laugh at my own cenotaph,—
And out of the caverns of rain,
Like a child from the womb, like a ghost from the tomb,
I arise, and unbuild it again.

TASTE.

MARK AKENSIDE—"PLEASURES OF IMAGINATION."

What, then, is taste, but these internal powers
Active, and strong, and feeling alive
To each fine impulse? a discerning sense
Of decent and sumblime, with quick disgust
From things deformed or disarranged, or gross
In species? This, nor gems nor stores of gold,
Nor purple state, nor culture can bestow;
But God alone, when first his active hand
Imprints the secret bias of the soul.
He, mighty Parent! wise and just in all,
Free as the vital breeze or light of heaven,
Reveals the charms of nature. Ask the swain
Who journeys homeward from a summer day's
Long labour, why, forgetful of his toils
And due repose, he loiters to behold
The sunshine gleaming, as through amber clouds,
O'er all the western sky; full soon, I ween,
His rude expression and untutored airs,
Beyond the power of language, will unfold
The form of beauty smiling at his heart,
How lovely! how commanding! But though heaven
In every breast hath sown these early seeds
Of love and admiration, yet in vain,
Without fair culture's kind parental aid,
Without enlivening suns, and genial showers,
And shelter from the blast, in vain we hope,
The tender plant should rear its blooming head,
Or yield the harvest promised in its spring.
Nor yet will every soil with equal stores
Repay the tiller's labour; or attend
His will, obsequious, whether to produce
The olive or the laurel. Different minds
Incline to different objects; one pursues
The vast alone, the wonderful, the wild;
Another sighs for harmony, and grace,
And gentlest beauty. Hence when lightning fires
The arch of heaven, and thunders rock the ground;
When furious whirlwinds rend the howling air,
And ocean, groaning from his lowest bed,
Heaves his tempestuous billows to the sky,
Amid the mighty uproar, while below
The nations tremble, Shakspeare looks abroad
From some high cliff superior, and enjoys
The elemental war. But Waller longs
All on the margin of some flowery stream
To spread his careless limbs amid the cool
Of plantane shades, and to the listening deer
The tale of slighted vows and love's disdain
Resound soft-warbling all the livelong day;
Consenting zephyr sighs; the weeping rill
Joins in his plaint, melodious; mute the groves;
And hill and dale with all their echoes mourn.
Such and so various are the tastes of men.

O blest of heaven! whom not the languid songs
Of luxury, the siren! not the bribes
Of sordid wealth, nor all the gaudy spoils
Of pageant honour, can seduce to leave
Those ever-blooming sweets which from the store
Of nature fair Imagination culls
To charm the enlivened soul. What though not all
Of mortal offspring can attain the heights
Of envied life: though only few possess
Patrician treasures or imperial state;
Yet Nature's care, to all her children just,
With richer treasures and an ampler state,
Endows at large whatever happy man
Will deign to use them. His the city's pomp,
The rural honors his. What'er adorns
The princely dome, the column and the arch,
The bereathing marble and the sculptured gold,
Beyond the proud possessor's narrow claim,
His tuneful breast enjoys. For him the spring
Distils her dews, and from the silken gem
Its lucid leaves unfolds: for him the hand
Of autumn tinges every fertile branch
With blooming gold and blushes like the morn.
Each passing hour sheds tribute from her wings;
And still new beauties meet his lonely walk,
And loves unfelt attract him. Not a breeze
Flies o'er the meadow, not a cloud imbibes
The setting sun's effulgence, not a strain
From all the tenants of the warbling shade
Ascends, but whence his bosom can partake
Fresh pleasure, unreproved. Nor thence partakes
Fresh pleasure only: for the attentive mind,
By this harmonious action on her powers,
Becomes herself harmonious: wont so oft
In outward things to meditate the charm
Of sacred order, soon she seeks at home
To find a kindred order, to exert
Within herself this elegance of love,
This fair inspired delight: her tempered powers
Refine at length, and every passion wears
A chaster, milder, more attractive mien,
But if to ampler prospects, if to gaze
On nature's form, where, negligent of all
These lesser graces, she assumes the port
Of that eternal majesty that weighed
The world's foundations: if to these the mind
Exalts her daring eye; then mightier far
Will be the change, and nobler. Would the forms
Of servile custom cramp her generous power;
Would sordid policies, the barbarous growth
Of ignorance and rapine, bow her down
To tame pursuits, to indolence and fear?
Lo! she appeals to nature, to the winds
And rolling waves, the sun's unwearied course,
The elements and seasons: all declare
For what the eternal Maker has ordained
The powers of man: we feel within ourselves
His energy divine: he tells the heart,
He meant, he made us to behold and love
What he beholds and loves, the general orb
Of life and being; to be great like him,
Beneficient and active. Thus the men
Whom nature's works can charm, with God himself
Hold converse—grow familiar day by day.

OVER THE HILL TO THE POORHOUSE.

WILL CARLETON.

Over the hill to the poorhouse I'm trudgin' my weary way,—
I, a woman of seventy, and only a trifle gray,—
I, who am smart an' chipper, for all the years I've told,
As many another woman that's only half as old.

Over the hill to the poor-house,—I can't quite make it clear!
Over the hill to the poor-house,—it seems so horrid queer!
Many a step I've taken, a toilin' to and fro,
But this is a sort of journey I never thought to go.

What is the use of heapin' on me a pauper's shame?
Am I lazy or crazy? am I blind or lame?
True, I am not so supple, nor yet so awful stout;
But charity ain't no favor, if one can live without.

I am willin' and anxious an' ready any day
To work for a decent livin', and pay my honest way;
For I can earn my victuals, an' more too, I'll be bound,
If anybody only is willin' to have me round.

Once I was young an' han'some,—I was, upon my soul,—
Once my cheeks were roses, my eyes as black as coal;
And I can't remember, in them days, of hearin' people say,
For any kind of a reason, that I was in their way.

'Tain't no use of boastin', or talkin' over free,
But many a house an' home was open then to me,
Many a han'some offer I had from likely men,
And nobody ever hinted that I was a burden then.

And when to John I was married, sure he was good and smart,
But he and all the neighbors would own I done my part;
For life was all before me, an' I was young an' strong,
And I worked the best that I could in tryin' to get along.

And so we worked together; and life was hard, but gay,
With now and then a baby for to cheer us on our way;
Till we had half a dozen, an' all growed clean an' neat,
An' went to school like others, an' had enough to eat.

So we worked for the childr'n, and raised 'em every one;
Worked for 'em summer and winter, just as we ought to 've done;
Only perhaps we humored 'em, which some good folks condemn,
But every couple's childr'n's a heap the best to them.

Strange how much we think of our blessed little ones!—
I'd have died for my daughters, I'd have died for my sons;
And God He made that rule of love; but when we're old and gray,
I've noticed it sometimes somehow fails to work the other way.

Strange, another thing; when our boys and girls was grown,
And when, exceptin' Charley, they'd left us there alone;
When John he nearer an' nearer come, an' dearer seemed to be,
The Lord of Hosts He come one day, an' took him away from me.

Still I was bound to struggle, an' never to cringe or fall,—
Still I worked for Charley, for Charley was now my all;
And Charley was pretty good to me, with scarce a word or frown,
Till at last he went a courtin', and brought a wife from town.

She was somewhat dressy, an' hadn't a pleasant smile,—
She was quite conceity, and carried a heap o' style;
But if ever I tried to be friends, I did with her, I know;
But she was hard and proud, an' I couldn't make it go.

She had an edication, an' that was good for her;
But when she twitted me on mine, 'twas carryin' things too fur;
An' I told her once, 'fore company (an' it almost made her sick),
That I never swallowed a grammar, or eat a 'rithmetic.

So 'twas only a few days before the thing was done—
They was a family of themselves, and I another one;
And a very little cottage one family will do,
But I never have seen a house that was big enough for two.

An' I never could speak to suit her, never could please her eye,
An' it made me independent, an' then I didn't try;
But I was terribly staggered, an' felt it like a blow,
When Charley turned ag'in me, an' told me I could go.

I went to live with Susan, but Susan's house was small,
And she was always a-hintin' how snug it was for us all;
And what with her husband's sisters, and what with childr'n three,
'Twas easy to discover that there wasn't room for me.

An' then I went to Thomas, the oldest son I've got,
For Thomas's buildings 'd cover the half of an acre lot;
But all the childr'n was on me—I couldn't stand their sauce—
And Thomas said I needn't think I was comin' there to boss.

An' then I wrote to Rebecca, my girl who lives out West,
And to Isaac, not far from her—some twenty miles at best;
And one of 'em said 'twas too warm there for any one so old,
And t'other had an opinion the climate was too cold.

So they have shirked and slighted me, an' shifted me about—
So they have well'nigh soured me, an' wore my old heart out;
But still I've borne up pretty well, an' wasn't much put down;
Till Charley went to the poor-master, an' put me on the town.

Over the hill to the poor-house—my childr'n dear, good-bye!
Many a night I've watched you when only God was nigh;
And God'll judge between us; but I will always pray
That you shall never suffer the half I do to-day.

TRIFLES.

HANNAH MORE.

Since trifles make the sum of human things,
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And though but few can serve, yet all may please;
O let the ungentle spirit learn from hence,
A small unkindness is a great offense.
To spread large bounties, though we wish in vain,
Yet all may shun the guilt of giving pain.
To bless mankind with tides of flowing wealth,
With rank to grace them, or to crown with health,
Our little lot denies; yet liberal still,
God gives its counterpoise to every ill;
Nor let us murmur at our stinted powers,
When kindness, love, and concord may be ours.
The gift of minist'ring to others' ease,
To all our sons impartial Heaven decrees;
The gentle offices of patient love,
Beyond all flattery, and all price above;
The mild forbearance at a brother's fault,
The angry word suppress'd, the taunting thought:
Subduing and subdued the petty strife,
Which clouds the color of domestic life;
The sober comfort, all the peace which springs
From the large aggregate of little things;
On these small cares of daughter, wife, and friend
The almost sacred joys of Home depend:
There, Sensibility, thou best may'st reign,
Home is thy true legitimate domain.

MONEY.

GEORGE HERBERT.

Money, thou bane of bliss, and source of woe,
Whence comest thou, that thou art so fresh and fine?
I know thy parentage is base and low:
Man found thee poor and dirty in a mine.

Sure thou didst so little contribute
To this great kingdom, which thou now hast got,
That he was fain, when thou wast destitute,
To dig thee out of thy dark cave and grot.

Then forcing thee, by fire he made thee bright:
Nay, thou hast got the face of man; for we
Have with our stamp and seal transferr'd our right:
Thou art the man, and man but dross to thee.

Man calleth thee his wealth who made thee rich:
And while he digs out thee, falls in the ditch.

BEN NEVIS.

JOHN KEATS.

We climb, we pant, we pause; again we climb:
Frown not, stern mountain, nor around thee throw
Thy mist and storm, but look with cloudless brow
O'er all thy giant progeny sublime;
While toiling up the immeasurable height
We climb, we pant, we pause: the thickening gloom
Hath pall'd us in the darkness of the tomb:
And on the hard won summit sound nor sight
Salutes us, save the snow and chilling blast,
And all the guardian fiends of Winter's throne.
Such too is life ten thousand perils past,
Our fame is vapor, and our mirth a groan.
But patience; till the veil be rent away,
And on our vision flash celestial day.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

WHICH FURNISH A THEME FOR REFLECTION, AND A TEXT FOR MENTAL DISCOURSE.

Labor:

Excellence is never granted to man but as the reward of labor. It argues, indeed, no small strength of mind to persevere in the habits of industry without the pleasure of perceiving those advantages which, like the hands of a clock, whilst they make hourly approaches to their point, yet proceed so slowly as to escape observation.—*Reynolds.*

Laughter:

Laughter, while it lasts, slackens and unbraces the the mind, weakens the faculties, and causes a kind of remissness and dissolution in all the powers of the soul; and thus far it may be looked upon as a weakness in the composition of human nature. But if we consider the frequent reliefs we receive from it, and how often it breaks the gloom which is apt to depress the mind and damp our spirits, with transient, unexpected gleams of joy, one would take care not to grow too wise for so great a pleasure of life.—*Addison.*

Life:

We talk of human life as a journey; but how variously is that journey performed! There are those who come forth girt, and shod, and mantled, to walk on velvet lawns and smooth terraces, where every gale is arrested and every beam is tempered. There are others who walk on the Alpine paths of life, against driving misery and through stormy sorrows over sharp afflictions; walk with bare feet and naked breast, jaded, mangled, and chilled.—*Sidney Smith.*

Love:

Oh, how beautiful is love! Even thou that sneerest and laughest in cold indifference or scorn if others are near thee—thou too, must acknowledge its truth when thou art alone, and confess that a foolish world is prone to laugh in public at what in private it reveres as one of the highest impulses of our nature —namely, love.—*Longfellow.*

Marriage:

Marriage is a feast where the grace is sometimes better than the dinner.—*Colton.*

Marriage, indeed, may qualify the fury of his passions; but it very rarely mends a man's manners.—*Congreve.*

Marriage is the best state for man in general; and every man is a worse man in proportion as he is unfit for the marriage state.—*Samuel Johnson.*

Money:

Money does all things; if it gives out, it takes away; it makes honest men and knaves; fools and philosophers; and so, forward, to the end of the chapter.—*L'Estrange.*

A wise man should have money in his head, but not in his heart.—*Swift.*

Mother:

The love of a mother is never exhausted, it never changes, it never tires. A father may turn his back on his child, brothers and sisters may become inveterate enemies, husbands may desert their wives, wives their husbands, but a mother's love endures through all; in good repute, in bad repute, in the face of the world's condemnation, a mother still loves on and still hopes that her child may turn from his evil ways and repent; still she remembers the infant smiles that once filled her bosom with rapture, the merry laugh, the joyful shout of his childhood, the opening promise of his youth, and she can never be brought to think him all unworthy.—*Washington Irving.*

Memory:

Memory is the only paradise out of which we can not be driven away.—*Richter.*

'Tis memory alone that enrichcs the mind by preserving what our labor and industry daily collects.—*Watts.*

Memory is the power to receive again in our minds those ideas which, after imprinting, have disappeared, or have been laid aside out of sight.—*Locke.*

Nature:

The works of nature will bear a thousand views and reviews; the more frequently and narrowly we look into them the more occasion we shall have to admire their beauty.—*Atterbury.*

Nature, the handmaid of God Almighty, doth nothing but with good advice, if we make researches into the true reason of things.—*James Howells.*

It is a great mortification to the vanity of man that his utmost art and industry can never equal the meanest of nature's productions either for beauty or value.—*Hume.*

Novelty:

Novelty is the great parent of pleasure.—*South.*

Novelty has charms that our minds can hardly withstand.—*Thackeray.*

Obstinacy:

Obstinacy in opinions holds the dogmatist in the chains of error, without hope of emancipation.—*Glanville.*

Opinion:

No liberal man would ever impute a charge of unsteadiness to another for having changed his opinion. —*Cicero.*

Opinion is, when the assent of the understanding is so far gained by evidence of probability that it rather inclines to one persuasion than to another, yet not altogether without a mixture of uncertainty, or doubting.—*Hale.*

OGRES.

WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

I dare say the reader has remarked that the upright and independent vowel, which stands in the vowel-list between E and O, has formed the subject of the main part of these essays. How does that vowel feel this morning?—fresh, good-humored, and lively? The Roundabout lines, which fall from this pen, are correspondingly brisk and cheerful. Has anything, on the contrary, disagreed with the vowel? Has its rest been disturbed, or was yesterday's dinner too good, or yesterday's wine not good enough? Under such circumstances, a darkening, misanthropic tinge, no doubt, is cast upon the paper. The jokes, if attempted, are elaborate and dreary. The bitter temper breaks out. That sneering manner is adopted, which you know, and which exhibits itself so especially when the writer is speaking about women. A moody carelessness comes over him. He sees no good in anybody or thing; and treats gentlemen, ladies, history, and things in general, with a like gloomy flippancy. Agreed. When the vowel in question is in that mood, if you like airy gayety and tender gushing benevolence—if you want to be satisfied with yourself and the rest of your fellow-beings; I recommend you, my dear creature, to go to some other shop in Cornhill, or turn to some other article. There are moods in the mind of the vowel of which we are speaking, when it is ill-conditioned and captious. Who always keeps good health, and good humor? Do not philosophers grumble? Are not sages sometimes out of temper? and do not angel women go off in tantrums? To-day my mood is dark. I scowl as I dip my pen into the inkstand.

Here is the day come round—for everything here is done with the utmost regularity:—intellectual labor, sixteen hours; meals, thirty-two minutes; exercise, a hundred and forty-eight minutes; conversation with the family, chiefly literary, and about the housekeeping, one hour and four minutes; sleep, three hours and fifteen minutes (at the end of the month, when the Magazine is complete, I own I take eight minutes more); and the rest for the toilet and the world. Well, I say, the *Roundabout Paper Day* being come, and the subject long since settled in my mind, an excellent subject—a most telling, lively, and popular subject—I go to breakfast determined to finish the meal in 9¾ minutes, as usual, and then retire to my desk and work, when—oh, provoking! Here in the paper is the very subject treated, on which I was going to write! Yesterday another paper which I saw treated it—and of course, as I need not tell you, spoiled it. Last Saturday, another paper had an article on the subject; perhaps you may guess what it was—but I won't tell you. Only this is true, my favorite subject, which was about to make the best paper we have had for a long time: my bird, my game that I was going to shoot and serve up with such a delicate sauce, has been found by other sportsmen; and pop, pop, pop, a half-dozen of guns have banged at it, mangled it, and brought it down.

"And can't you take some other text?" say you. All this is mighty well. But if you have set your heart on a certain dish for dinner, be it cold boiled veal, or what you will, and they bring you turtle and venison, don't you feel disappointed? During your walk you have been making up your mind that that cold meat, with moderation and a pickle, will be a very sufficient dinner: you have accustomed your thoughts to it; and here, in place of it, is a turkey, surrounded by coarse sausages, or a reeking pigeon-pie, or a fulsome roast-pig. I have known many a good and kind man made furiously angry by such a *contretemps*. I have known him to lose his temper, call his wife and servants names, and a whole household made miserable. If, then, as is notoriously the case, it is too dangerous to balk a man about his dinner, how much more about his article? I came to my meal with an ogre-like appetite and gusto. Fee, faw, fum! Wife, where is that tender little Princekin? Have you trussed him, and did you stuff him nicely, and have you taken care to baste him and do him, not too brown, as I told you? Quick! I am hungry! I begin to whet my knife, to roll my eyes about, and roar and clap my huge chest like a gorilla; and then my poor Ogrina has to tell me that the little princes have all run away, whilst she was in the kitchen, making the paste to bake them in! I pause in the description. I won't condescend to report the bad language, which you know must ensue, when an ogre, whose mind is ill regulated, and whose habits of self-indulgence are notorious, finds himself disappointed of his greedy hopes. What treatment of his wife, what abuse and brutal behavior to his children, who, though ogrillons, are children! My dears, you may fancy, and need not ask my delicate pen to describe, the language and behavior of a vulgar, coarse, greedy, large man, with an immense mouth and teeth, which are too frequently employed in the gobbling and crunching of raw man's meat.

And in this circuitous way you see I have reached my present subject, which is Ogres. You fancy they are dead or only fictitious characters—mythical representatives of strength, cruelty, stupidity, and lust for blood? Though they had seven-leagued boots, you remember all sorts of little whipping-snapping Tom Thumbs used to elude and outrun them. They were so stupid that they gave in to the most shallow ambuscades and artifices; witness that well-known ogre, who, because Jack cut open the hasty-pudding, instantly ripped open his own stupid waistcoat and interior. They were cruel, brutal, disgusting, with their sharpened teeth, immense knives, and roaring voices! But they always ended by being overcome by little Tom Thumbkins, or some other smart little champion.

Yes; they were conquered in the end there is no doubt. They plunged headlong (and uttering the

most frightful bad language) into some pit where Jack came with his smart *couteau de chasse* and whipped their brutal heads off. They would be going to devour maidens,

> "But ever when it seemed
> Their need was at the sorest,
> A knight, in armor bright,
> Came riding through the forest."

And down, after a combat, would go the brutal persecutor, with a lance through his midriff. Yes, I say, this is very true and well. But you remember that round the ogre's cave the ground was covered, for hundreds and hundreds of yards, *with the bones of the victims* whom he had lured into the castle. Many knights and maids came to him and perished under his knife and teeth. Were dragons the same as ogres? Monsters dwelling in caverns, whence they rushed, attired in plate armor, wielding pikes and torches, and destroying stray passengers who passed by their lair? Monsters, brutes, rapacious tyrants, ruffians, as they were, doubtless they ended by being overcome. But, before they were destroyed, they did a deal of mischief. The bones round their caves were countless. They had sent many brave souls to Hades, before their own fled, howling out of their rascal carcasses, to the same place of gloom.

There is no greater mistake than to suppose that fairies, champions, distressed damsels, and by consequence ogres, have ceased to exist. It may not be *ogreable* to them (pardon the horrible pleasantry, but as I am writing in the solitude of my chamber, I am grinding my teeth—yelling, roaring, and cursing—brandishing my scissors and paper-cutter, and, as it were, have become an ogre). I say there is no greater mistake than to suppose that ogres have ceased to exist. We all *know* ogres. Their caverns are round us, and about us. There are the castles of several ogres within a mile of the spot where I write. I think some of them suspect I am an ogre myself. I am not; but I know they are. I visit them. I don't mean to say that they take a cold roast prince out of the cupboard, and have a cannibal feast before *me*. But I see the bones lying about the roads to their houses, and in the areas and gardens. Politeness, of course, prevents me from making any remarks; but I know them well enough. One of the ways to know 'em is to watch the scared looks of the ogres' wives and children. They lead an awful life. They are present at dreadful cruelties. In their excesses those ogres will stab about, and kill not only strangers who happen to call in and ask a night's lodging, but they will outrage, murder, and chop up their own kin. We all know ogres, I say, and have been in their dens often. It is not necessary that ogres who ask you to dine should offer their guests the *peculiar dish* which they like. They cannot always get a Tom Thumb family. They eat mutton and beef too; and I dare say even go out to tea, and invite you to drink it. But I tell you there are numbers of them going about in the world. And now you have my word for it, and this little hint, it is quite curious what an interest society may be made to have for you, by your determining to find out the ogres you meet there.

What does the man mean? says Mrs. Downright, to whom a joke is a very grave thing. I mean, madam, that in the company assembled in your genteel drawing-room, who bow here and there, and smirk in white neck-cloths, you receive men who elbow through life successfully enough, but who are ogres in private; men wicked, false, rapacious, flattering; cruel hectors at home, smiling courtiers abroad; causing wives, children, servants, parents, to tremble before them, and smiling and bowing as they bid strangers welcome into their castles. I say, there are men who have crunched the bones of victim after victim; in whose closets lie skeletons picked frightfully clean. When these ogres come out into the world, you don't suppose they show their knives, and their great teeth? A neat, simple white neck-cloth, a merry rather obsequious manner, a cadaverous look, perhaps, now and again, and a rather dreadful grin; but I know ogres very considerably respected: and when you hint to such and such a man, "My dear sir, Mr. Sharpus, whom you appear to like, is, I assure you, a most dreadful cannibal;" the gentleman cries, "Oh, psha, nonsense! Dare say not so black as he is painted. Dare say not worse than his neighbors." We condone everything in this country—private treason, falsehood, flattery, cruelty at home, roguery, and double dealing. What! Do you mean to say in your acquaintance you don't know ogres guilty of countless crimes of fraud and force, and that knowing them you don't shake hands with them; dine with them at your table; and meet them at their own? Depend upon it, in the time when there were real live ogres in real caverns or castles, gobbling up real knights and virgins, when they went into the world—the neighboring market-town, let us say, or earl's castle—though their nature and reputation were pretty well known, their notorious foibles were never alluded to. You would say, "What, Blunderbore, my boy! How do you do? How well and fresh you look! What's the receipt you have for keeping so young and rosy?" And your wife would softly ask after Mrs. Blunderbore and the dear children. Or would it be, "My dear Humguffin! Try that pork. It is home-bred, home-fed, and, I promise you, tender. Tell me if you think it is as good as yours? John, a glass of Burgundy to Colonel Humguffin!" You don't suppose there would be any unpleasant allusions to disdisagreeable home-reports regarding Humguffin's manner of furnishing his larder? I say we all of us know ogres. We shake hands and dine with ogres. And if inconvenient moralists tell us we are cowards for our pains, we turn round with a *tu quoque*, or say that we don't meddle with other folk's affairs; that people are much less black than they are painted, and

so on. What! Won't half the county go to Ogreham Castle? Won't some of the clergy say grace at dinner? Won't the mothers bring their daughters to dance with the young Rawheads? And if Lady Ogreham happens to die—I won't say to go the way of all flesh, that is too revolting—I say if Ogreham is a widower, do you aver, on your conscience and honor, that mothers will not be found to offer their young girls to supply the lamented lady's place? How stale this misanthropy is! Something must have disagreed with this cynic. Yes, my good woman. I dare say you would like to call another subject. Yes, my fine fellow; ogre at home, supple as a dancing-master abroad, and shaking in thy pumps, and wearing a horrible grin of sham gayety to conceal thy terror, lest I should point thee out:—thou art prosperous and honored, art thou? I say thou hast been a tyrant and a robber. Thou hast plundered the poor. Thou hast bullied the weak. Thou hast laid violent hands on the goods of the innocent and confiding. Thou hast made a prey of the meek and gentle who asked for thy protection. Thou hast been hard to thy kinsfolk, and cruel to thy family. Go, monster! Ah, when shall little Jack come and drill daylight through thy wicked cannibal carcase? I see the ogre pass on, bowing right and left to the company; and he gives a dreadful sidelong glance of suspicion as he is talking to my lord bishop in the corner there.

Ogres in our days need not be giants at all. In former times, and in children's books, where it is necessary to paint your moral in such large letters that there can be no mistake about it, ogres are made with that enormous mouth and *ratelier* which you know of, and with which they can swallow down a baby, almost without using that great knife which they always carry. They are too cunning nowadays. They go about in society, slim, small, quietly dressed, and showing no especially great appetite. In my own young days there used to be play ogres—men who would devour a young fellow in one sitting, and leave him without a bit of flesh on his bones. They were quite gentlemanlike-looking people. They got the young fellow into their cave. Champagne, pate-de-foie-gras, and numberless good things, were handed about; and then, having eaten, the young man was devoured in his turn. I believe these card and dice ogres have died away almost entirely as the hasty-pudding giants whom Tom Thumb overcame. Now, there are ogres in city courts who lure you into their dens. About our Cornish mines I am told there are many most plausible ogres, who tempt you into their caverns and pick your bones there. In a certain newspaper there used to be lately a whole column of advertisements from ogres, who would put on the most plausible, nay, piteous appearance, in order to inveigle their victims. You would read, "A tradesman, established for seventy years in the city, and known, and much respected by Messrs. N. M. Rothschild and Baring Brothers, has pressing need for three pounds until next Saturday. He can give security for half a million, and forty thousand pounds will be given for the use of the loan," and so on; or, "An influential body of capitalists are about to establish a company, of which the business will be enormous and the profits proportionately prodigious. They will require A SECRETARY, of good address and appearance, at a salary of two thousand per annum. He need not be able to write, but address and manners are absolutely necessary. As a mark of confidence in the company, he will have to deposit," etc.; or, "A young widow (of pleasing manners and appearance) who has a pressing necessity for four pounds ten for three weeks, offers her Erard's grand piano valued at three hundred guineas; a diamond cross of eight hundred pounds; and board and lodging in her elegant villa near Banbury Cross, with the best references and society, in return for the loan." I suspect these people are ogres. There are ogres and ogres. Polyphemus was a great, tall, one-eyed, notorious ogre, fetching his victims out of a hole, and gobbling them one after another. There could be no mistake about him. But so were the Sirens ogres—pretty blue-eyed things, peeping at you coaxingly from out of the water, and singing their melodious wheedles. And the bones round their caves were more numerous than the ribs, skulls, and thigh-bones round the cavern of hulking Polypheme.

To the castle-gates of some of these monsters up rides the dapper champion of the pen; puffs boldly upon the horn which hangs by the chain; enters the hall resolutely, and challenges the big tyrant sulking within. We defy him to combat, the enormous roaring ruffian! We give him a meeting on the green plain before his castle. Green? No wonder it should be green: It is manured with human bones. After a few graceful wheels and curvets we take our ground. We stoop over our saddle. 'Tis but to kiss the locket of our lady-love's hair. And now the vizor is up: the lance is in rest (Gillott's iron is the point for me). A touch of the spur in the gallant sides of Pegasus, and we gallop at the great brute.

"Cut off his ugly head, Flibbertygibbet, my squire!" And who are these who pour out of the castle? The imprisoned maidens, the maltreated widows, the poor old hoary grandfathers, who have been locked up in the dungeons these scores and scores of years, writhing under the tyranny of that ruffian! Ah, ye knights of the pen! May honor be your shield, and truth tip your lances! Be gentle to all gentle people. Be modest to women. Be tender to children. And as for the Ogre Humbug, out sword, and have at him.

A PARABLE.

DR. H. MORE.

A certain hermit, not well satisfied with the administration of this world and its affairs, and the

divers occurrences of Divine Providence in relation to it, resolved to quit his cell and travel abroad to view the course of things, and make what observations he could, whereby to form a judgment of what disturbed him. He had not gone above half a day's journey before he was overtaken by a young stranger, who came up to him, and joined company with him, who soon insinuated himself into the hermit's affections, that he thought himself happy in having so soon met with so agreeable a companion. As their journey lay the same way, they agreed to eat and lodge always at one house, wheresoever they came; they traveled some few days before the hermit took notice of anything that occurred worthy his observation; but at length he could not but be concerned to see, that at a house where they were very kindly and generously entertained, his fellow-traveler, with whom in this time he had contracted an endearing friendship, at his departure stole a gold cup, and took it away with him. The hermit was astonished that his friend, whom he thought a devout Christian, should be guilty of theft and ingratitude, where he had received such particular obligations; he was, however, resolved to see what his behavior would be at other places before he inquired into it. At night they came to a house of as ill accommodation as the other was good, and where the owner was a man of so morose and inhospitable a temper, that they were a long time denied admittance, and, when received, were treated with the utmost surliness and brutality. Yet such was the different carriage of the young traveler to the morose host, that in the morning he rewarded his inhumanity with his gold cup, which he left behind him in one of the windows. The hermit was not less surprised at this sight than the former, and could not fathom the mystery of so unequal a procedure; yet he still took no notice elther of one action or the other.

The next night they, by agreement, returned to the house from whence the cup was taken. They were treated as courteously as before, but the return for it was more shocking and astonishing; for, at their leaving the place, the hermit saw his companion privately strangle a little child as it lay in the cradle, the only child of the family, and in whom all the temporal happiness of both father and mother were centered. Notwithstanding this last action, he prevailed with himself to contain himself another day, and at night they came to a house of the best entertainment they had met with yet, the master of it doing everything, not only to accommodate them, but to divert them, and make their stay pleasant. In the morning, as the way they were to go was intricate, he sent a faithful servant, for whom he had the greatest esteem for his fidelity, to conduct them. Thus they traveled for a while, till, coming to a bridge which crossed a deep and rapid stream, the young traveler, on a sudden, laid violent hands on the servant, and threw him over into the water and drowned him. Upon this the hermit could contain no longer, but charged his companion with ingratitude, theft, and murder; he enlarged on the heinousness of his crimes in the barbarous requitals he had made his benefactors, and concluded he was resolved to leave so vile and wicked a companion, return to his cell, and confine himself there forever, rather than converse with mankind who committed such crimes without remorse of conscience.

But now behold as strange a sight of another kind! The young man, smiling at the honest zeal of the hermit, putting off his mortal disguise, appeared to him in the form and lustre of an angel of God, telling him he was sent to ease his mind of the perplexity and doubts he had so long labored under, as to the Divine Providence.—What you have seen, said he, seems astonishing and unaccountable; but, in reality, nothing could be more just and equitable; which, for want of your right understanding, has been so great an offense to you. To prove this, know, that the first man from whom the cup was taken, had the best compensation made for his kindnesses, the cup having occasioned great mischiefs while he had it: he is, indeed, courteous and hospitable; but has one great failing, which tarnishes those good deeds, that is, an inclination to drink more than becomes him; and especially when this cup was brought out; therefore, the best office I could do was to remove this temptation, that he might be brought to a better government of himself. When I had taken away this snare, I left it with the morose inhospitable man, as a means of his destruction, that by it he might fall into intemperance, diseases, and even death itself; for there is an enchantment in this cup, that whosoever possesses it will be in danger of being bewitched by it. But perhaps you think nothing can be said for my strangling the little innocent babe in the cradle, and in a place where I had been so civilly entertained. Know then, that this was done in great mercy to the parents, and no real hurt to the child who is now in happiness in heaven. This gentleman and his wife had hitherto lived in great reputation for their piety, justice, sobriety, and other Christian virtues; but, above all, their charity was eminent; divers of their sick and indigent neighbors owing their subsistence, next under God, to their munificence; but since the birth of this child, their minds have degenerated into a love of this world; they were no longer charitable, but their whole thoughts have been employed how to enrich themselves and leave a great fortune to this infant and its posterity. Hence I took this momentary life from the body of the child, that the souls of the parents might live forever: and I appeal to you if this was not the greatest act of kindness and friendship to them.—There remains one action more to defend, my destroying the servant of a gentleman, who had used me so extraordinary civil, and who professed a great esteem for his fidelity; but this was the most faithful instance of gratitude I could show to one who used me so kindly; for this servant was in fact a

rogue, and had entered into a conspiracy to rob and kill his master.—Now know, that Divine Providence is just, and the ways of God are not as your ways, nor his thoughts as your thoughts; for as the heavens are higher than the earth, so are his ways higher than your ways, and his thoughts than your thoughts.

At these words he vanished, leaving the good man to meditate on what had passed, and the reasons given for it; who hereupon, transported with joy and amazement, lifted up his hands and eyes to heaven, and gave glory to God, who had delivered him from his anxiety about the ways of Divine Providence; satisfied as to the wisdom of God's dealings, and those unseen reasons for them which surpass all human conception, he returned with cheerfulness to his cell, and spent the residue of his life in piety and peace.

AGREEABLE COMPANIONS AND FLATTERERS.

RICHARD STEELE.

An old acquaintance who met me this morning seemed overjoyed to see me, and told me I looked as well as he had known me to these forty years; but, continued he, not quite the man you were when we visited together at Lady Brightly's. Oh! Isaac, those days are over. Do you think there are any such fine creatures now living as we then conversed with? He went on with a thousand incoherent circumstances, which, in his imagination, must needs please me; but they had the quite contrary effect. The flattery with which he began, in telling me how well I wore, was not disagreeable; but his indiscreet mention of a set of acquaintance we had outlived, recalled ten thousand things to my memory, which made me reflect upon my present condition with regret. Had he indeed been so kind as, after a long absence, to felicitate me upon an indolent and easy old age, and mentioned how much he and I had to thank for, who at our time of day could walk firmly, eat heartily, and converse cheerfully, he had kept up my pleasure in myself. But of all mankind, there are none so shocking as these injudicious civil people. They ordinarily begin upon something that they know must be a satisfaction; but then, for fear of the imputation of flattery, they follow it with the last thing in the world of which you would be reminded. It is this that perplexes civil persons. The reason that there is such a general outcry among us against flatterers, is, that there are so very few good ones. It is the nicest art in this life, and is a part of eloquence which does not want the preparation that is necessary to all other parts of it, that your audience should be your well-wishers; for praise from an enemy is the most pleasing of all commendations.

It is generally to be observed, that the person most agreeable to a man for a constancy, is he that has no shining qualities, but is a certain degree above great imperfections, whom he can live with as his inferior, and who will either overlook or not observe his little defects. Such an easy companion as this, either now and then throws out a little flattery, or lets a man silently flatter himself in his superiority to him. If you take notice, there is hardly a rich man in the world who has not such a led friend of small consideration, who is a darling for his insignificancy. It is a great ease to have one in our own shape a species below us, and who, without being listed in our service, is by nature of our retinue. These dependents are of excellent use on a rainy day, or when a man has not a mind to dress; or to exclude solitude, when one has neither a mind to that nor to company. There are of this good-natured order who are so kind to divide themselves, and do these good offices to many. Five or six of them visit a whole quarter of the town, and exclude the spleen, without fees, from the families they frequent. If they do not prescribe physic, they can be company when you take it. Very great benefactors to the rich, or those whom they call people at their ease, are your persons of no consequence. I have known some of them, by the help of a little cunning, make delicious flatterers. They know the course of the town, and the general characters of persons; by this means they will sometimes tell the most agreeable falsehoods imaginable. They will acquaint you that such one of a quite contrary party said, that though you were engaged in different interests, yet he had the greatest respect for your good sense and address. When one of these has a little cunning, he passes his time in the utmost satisfaction to himself and his friends; for his position is never to report or speak a displeasing thing to his friend. As for letting him go on in an error, he knows advice against them is the office of persons of greater talents and less discretion.

The Latin word for a flatterer (*assentator*) implies no more than a person that barely consents; and indeed such a one, if a man were able to purchase or maintain him, cannot be bought too dear. Such a one never contradicts you, but gains upon you, not by a fulsome way of commending you in broad terms, but liking whatever you propose or utter; at the same time is ready to beg your pardon, and gainsay you if you chance to speak ill of yourself. An old lady is very seldom without such a companion as this, who can recite the names of all her lovers, and the matches refused by her in the days when she minded such vanities—as she is pleased to call them, though she so much approves the mention of them. It is to be noted, that a woman's flatterer is generally elder than herself, her years serving to recommend her patroness's age, and to add weight to her complaisance in all other particulars.

We gentlemen of small fortunes are extremely necessitous in this particular. I have indeed one who smokes with me often; but his parts are so low, that all the incense he does me is to fill his pipe with me,

and to be out at just as many whiffs as I take. This is all the praise or assent that he is capable of, yet there are more hours when I would rather be in his company than that of the brightest man I know. It would be a hard matter to give an account of this inclination to be flattered; but if we go to the bottom of it, we shall find that the pleasure in it is something like that of receiving money which lay out. Every man thinks he has an estate of reputation, and is glad to see one that will bring any of it home to him; it is no matter how dirty a bag it is conveyed to him in, or by how clownish a messenger, so the money is good. All that we want to be pleased with flattery, is to believe that the man is sincere who gives it us. It is by this one accident that absurd creatures often outrun the most skillful in this art. Their want of ability is here an advantage, and their bluntness, as it is the seeming effect of sincerity, is the best cover to artifice.

It is, indeed, the greatest of injuries to flatter any but the unhappy, or such as are displeased with themselves for some infirmity. In this latter case we have a member of our club, that, when Sir Jeffrey falls asleep, wakens him with snoring. This makes Sir Jeffrey hold up for some moments the longer, to see there are men younger than himself among us, who are more lethargic than he is.

When flattery is practised upon any other consideration, it is the most abject thing in nature; nay, I cannot think of any character below the flatterer, except he that envies him. You meet with fellows prepared to be as mean as possible in their condescensions and expressions; but they want persons and talents to rise up to such a baseness. As a coxcomb is a fool of parts, so a flatterer is a knave of parts.

The best of this order that I know is one who disguises it under a spirit of contradiction or reproof. He told an arrant driveller the other day, that he did not care for being in company with him, because he heard he turned his absent friends into ridicule. And upon Lady Autum's disputing with him about something that happened at the Revolution, he replied with a very angry tone: "Pray, madam, give me leave to know more of a thing in which I was actually concerned, than you who were then in your nurse's arms."

LIFE IN AS-YOU-LIKE.

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

As-you-like is a monarchy; a limited monarchy. At the time I dwelt there, the crown was worn by King Abdomen, almost the greatest man that ever walked. His natural accomplishments were many, he was held to make a more melodious sneeze than any man in the universe. He invented buttons, the people of As-you-like before this time tying their clothes about them with strings. He also invented quart goblets. He was the son of King Stubborn, known as the King of the Shortwools.

After the king came the nobility; that is the men who had shown themselves better than other men, and those virtues were worked into their titles.

Thus there was the Duke of Lovingkindness; the Marquis of Sensibility; the Earl of Tenderheart; the Baron of Hospitality, and so forth. Touching, too, was the heraldry of As-you-like. The royal arms were, charity healing a bruised lamb, with the legend, *Dieu et paix.* And then for the coach-panels of the aristocracy, I have stood by the hour, at holiday times, watching them; and tears have crept into my eyes, and my heart has softened under their delicious influence. There were no lions, griffins, panthers, lynxes—no swords or daggers—no short verbal incitements to man-quelling. Oh, no! One nobleman would have for his bearings a large wheaten loaf, with the legend—*Ask and have.* Another would have a hand bearing a purse, with the question—*Who lacks?* Another would have a truckle-bed painted on his panels, with the words—*To the tired and footsore.* Another would display some comely garment, with—*New clothes for rags.* Oh! I could go through a thousand of such bearings, all with the prettiest quaintness showing the soft fleshly heart of the nobleman, and inviting, with all the brief simplicity of true tenderness, the hungry, the poor, the weary, and the sick, to come, feed, and be comforted. And these men were the nobility of As-you-like; nor was there even a dog to show his democratic teeth at them.

The church was held in deepest reverence. Happy was the man who, in his noon-day walk, should meet a bishop; for it was held by him as an omen of every manner of good fortune. This beautiful superstition arose, doubtless, from the love and veneration paid by the people to the ministers of religion, who from their tenderness, their piety, their affection towards their flocks, were looked upon as the very porters to heaven. The love of the people placed in the hands of their bishops heaps of money; but as quickly as it was heaped, it was scattered again by the ministers of the faith, who were thus perpetually preaching goodness and charity at the hearths of the poor, and the poor were every hour lifting up their hands and blessing them. It was not enough that the bishops were thus toilsome in their out-door work of good; but in the making of new laws and amending of old ones, they showed the sweetness, and, in the truest sense, the greatness of the human spirit. During my stay in As-you-like, what we should call the House of Lords, but what in that country was called the House of Virtues, debated on what some of their lordships deemed a very pretty case to go to war upon; and, sooth to say, for a time the House of Virtues seemed to forget the active benevolence that had heretofore been its moving principle. Whereupon the bishops one by one arose, and from their lips there flowed such heavenly music, in their eyes there sparkled such apostolic tears, that all the members of the House of Virtues rose, and with one

accord fell to embracing one another, and called all the world their brothers, and vowed they would talk away the misunderstanding between themselves and neighbours; they would not shed blood, they would not go to war.

And this was ever after called the peace of the bishops.

The second deliberative assembly was called the House of Workers. No man could be one of these, who had not made known to the world his wisdom—his justice—his worship of truth for truth's sake. No worker was returned upon the mere chance of his fitness. He must be known as an out-door worker for the good of his fellow-men, before he could be sent, an honoured member, to the House. The duty of the assembly was to make laws; and as these were to be made for all men, it was the prime endeavour and striving of the workers to write them in the plainest words, in the briefest meaning. They would debate and work for a whole day—they always assembled with clear heads and fresh spirits every morning at nine—to enshrine their wisdom in the fewest syllables. And whereas, here with us we give our children "Goody Two Shoes" and "Jack and the Bean Stalk," as the easiest and simplest lessons for their tender minds to fasten on, in As-you-like the little creatures read the Abridgement of the Statutes for their first book; so clear, so lucid, so direct was it in its meaning and its purpose.

Nevertheless, as there were some dull and giddy folk, who, after all the labour of the House of Workers, could or would not know the laws, there were certain meek and loving-kind professors called goodmen guides, answering to our attorneys, whose delight it was, for the very smallest imaginable sum, to interpret and make known the power and beauty of the statutes. And whereas among us, physicians and surgeons—may the spirits of chastity and peace consecrate their firesides!—set apart a portion of the day to feel the pulse of stricken poverty, to comfort and solace the maimed and wasting poor—so in As-you-like, did these goodmen guides give a part of their time to the passionate and ignorant, advising them to abstain from the feverish turmoil of law: showing them how suspense would bake their blood and eat their heart, and wear and weigh down man's noble spirit. And thus these goodmen guides would, I say, with a silken string, lead men back to content and neighbourly adjustment. When men could pay for such counsel, they paid a moderate cost; when they were poor, they were advised, as by the free benevolence of the mediator.

The people of As-you-like had, a thousand years or so before, waged war with other nations. There could be no doubt of it, for the cannon still remained. I saw what at one time had been an arsenal. There were several pieces of artillery; the swallows had built their nests under their very mouths. As I will not disguise anything, I own there were a few persons who, when a war was talked of, the war so happily prevented by the bishops, strutted and looked big, and with swollen cheeks gabbled about glory. But they were smiled at for their simplicity; advised, corrected by the dominant reason of the country, and, after a time, confessed themselves to be very much ashamed of their past folly.

Perhaps the manner in which the As-you-likeans transacted business was very strange; it may appear incredible. I was never more surprised than when I first overheard two men dealing for a horse. One was a seller of horses, the other seemed a comfortable yeoman. "That is a pretty nag of yours," said the yeoman. "Pretty enough outside," said the horse-dealer. "I will give you ten lumps for it," said the farmer (the *lump* signifying our pound). "No, you shall not," answered the horse-dealer, "for the nag shies and stumbles, and is touched a little in the wind. Nevertheless the thing is worth four lumps." "You have said it?" cried the yeoman. "I have said it," answered the horse-dealer. Understand that this is the only form of oath—if I may so call it—in As-you-like. "You have said it?" "I have said it." Such is the most solemn protestation among all people, from the king to the herdsman.

The shops in As-you-like are very beautiful. All the goods are labelled at a certain price. You want, let us say, a pair of stockings. You enter the shop. The common salutation is "Peace under this roof," and the shopkeeper answers, "Peace at your home." You look at the stockings, and laying down the money, take the goods and depart. The tradesman never bends his back in thankfulness until his nose touches the counter; he is in no spasm of politeness; not he; you would think him the buyer and not the seller. I remember being particularly astonished at what I thought the ill-manners of a tradesman, to whom I told my astonishment. "What, friend," he said, "should I do? My neighbour wants a fire-shovel—I sell a fire-shovel. If I ought to fling so many thanks at him for buying the fire-shovel, should he not first thank me for being here with fire-shovels to sell? Politeness, friend, as you call it, may be very well; but I should somehow suspect the wholesale dealer in it. Where I should carry away so much politeness, I should fear I had short weight." A strange people, you must own, these As-you-likeeans.

Taxation was light, for there was no man idle in As-you-like. Indeed, there was but one tax; it was called the truth-tax, and for this reason: Every man gave in an account of his wealth and goods, and paid in proportion to his substance. There had been no other taxes, but all these were merged into this one tax, by a solemn determination of the House of Virtues. "Since Providence has given to us the greatest measure of its gifts, it has thereby made us the chancellors to poorer men." Upon this avowed principle, the one tax was made. "Would it not be the trick of roguery to do otherwise?" they said. "Should we not blush to see the ploughman sweat-

ing at his task, knowing that, squared by his means, he paid more than we? Should we not feel the robbers of the man—not the Virtues banded together to protect him?" And thus, there was but one tax. In former ages there had been many; for I was shown in the national museum of As-you-like, several mummies, dry and coloured like saddle-leather, that in past centuries had been living custom-house officers and excisemen.

There were prisons in As-you-like, in which the idle and the vicious were made to work, and taught the wickedness, the very folly of guilt. As the state, however, with paternal love, watched, I may say it, at the very cradles of the poor,—teaching the pauper as he grew, a self-responsibility; showing to him right and wrong, not permitting to grow up, with at best, an odd, vague notion, a mere guess at black,—there were few criminals. The state did not expose its babies—for the poor are its children—to hang them when men.

So dear were the wants of the poor to the rulers of As-you-like, that on one occasion, in a year of scarcity, the monarch sold all his horses—the beautiful cattle went at seventy thousand lumps—and laid out the money in building school-rooms and finding teachers for pauper babies.

And the state, believing man to be something more than a thing of digestion, was always surrounding the people with objects of lovliness, so that a sense of the beautiful might be with them even as the colour of their blood, and thus might soften and elevate the spirit of man, and teach him true gentleness out of his very admiration of the works of his fellow. Hence, the museums and picture galleries, and abbeys and churches, were all thrown open to the people, who always seemed refined, subdued by the emanations of lovliness around them.

There were very many rich people in As-you-like, but I never knew them to be thought a bit the better off for their money. They were thought fortunate, no more. They were looked upon as men, who, having put into a lottery, had had the luck to draw a prize. As for the poor, they were always treated with a softness of manner that surprised me. The poor man in As-you-like seemed privileged by his property. He seemed to have a stronger claim to the sympathies of those in worldly substance over him. Had a rich man talked brutally, or domineered over, or ill-used a pauper in As-you-like, he would have been looked upon as we look upon a man who beats a woman. There was thought to be a moral cowardice in the act that made its doer despicable. Hence, it was as common in As-you-like to see the rich man first touch his hat to the poor, as with us for the pauper to make preliminary homage to wealth. Then, in As-you-like, no man cared to disguise the smallness of his means. To call a man a pauper was no more than with us to say his eyes are grey or hazel. And though there were poor men, there were no famishing creature, no God's image, sitting with his bony, idle hands before him, like a maniac in a cage—brutalized, maddened, by the world's selfishness.

THE BACHELOR'S THERMOMETER.

JAMES SMITH.

ÆTATIS 30. Looked back, through a vista of ten years. Remembered that at twenty I looked upon a man of thirty as a middle-aged man; wondered at my error, and protracted the middle age to forty. Said to myself, "Forty is the age of wisdom." Reflected generally upon past life; wished myself twenty again; and exclaimed, "If I were but twenty, what a scholar I would be by thirty! but it's too late now." Looked in the glass; still youthful, but getting rather fat. Young says, "A fool at forty is a fool indeed;" forty, therefore, must be the age of wisdom.

31. Read in the *Morning Chronicle* that a watchmaker in Paris, aged thirty-one, had shot himself for love. More fool the watchmaker! Agreed that nobody fell in love after twenty. Quoted Sterne, "The expression *fall* in love, evidently shows love to be *beneath* a man." Went to Drury lane; saw Miss Crotch in Rosetta, and fell in love with her. Received her ultimatum; none but matrimonians need apply. Was three months making up my mind (a long time for making up such a little parcel), when Kitty Crotch eloped with Lord Buskin. Pretended to be very glad. Took three turns up and down library, and looked in glass. Getting rather fat and florid. Met a friend in Gray's Inn, who said I was evidently in *rude* health. Thought the compliment ruder than the health.

32. Passion for dancing rather on the decline. Voted sitting out play and farce one of the impossibilities. Still in stage-box three nights per week. Sympathized with the public in vexation, occasioned by non-attendance the other three: can't please everybody. Began to wonder at the pleasure of kicking one's heels on a chalked floor till four in the morning. Sold bay mare, who reared at three carriages, and shook me out of the saddle. Thought saddle-making rather worse than formerly. Hair growing thin. Bought a bottle of Tricosian fluid. Mem. "a flattering unction."

33. Hair thinner. Serious thoughts of a wig. Met Colonel Buckhorse, who wears one. Devil in a bush. Serious thoughts of letting it alone. Met a fellow Etonian in the Green Park, who told me I *wore* well; wondered what he could mean. Gave up cricket-club, on account of the bad air about Paddington; could not run in it without being out of breath.

34. Measured for a new coat. Tailor proposed fresh measure, hinting something about bulk. Old measure too short; parchment shrinks. Shortened my morning ride to Hampstead and Highgate, and

wondered what people could see at Hendon. Determined not to marry; means expensive, end dubious. Counted eighteen bald heads in the pit at the opera. So much the better; the more the merrier.

35. Tried on an old greateoat, and found it an old little one; cloth shrinks as well as parchment. Red face in putting on shoes. Bought a shoe-horn. Remember quizzing my uncle George for using one; then young and foolish. Brother Charles' wife lay-in of her eighth child. Served him right for marrying at twenty-one; age of discretion too! Hunting-belts for gentlemen hung up in glover's windows. Longed to buy one, but two women in shop cheapening mittens. Three gray hairs in left eye-brow.

36. Several gray hairs in whiskers; all owing to carelessness in manufactory of shaving-soap. Remember thinking my father an old man at thirty-six. Settled the point! Men grew old sooner in former days. Laid blame upon flapped waistcoats and tie-wigs. Skated on the Serpentine. Gout. Very foolish exercise. only fit for boys. Gave skates to Charles' eldest son.

37. Fell in love again. Rather pleased to find myself not too old for the passion. Emma only nineteen. What then? Women require protectors; day settled: devilishly frightened; too late to get off. Luckily jilted. Emma married George Parker one day before me. Again determined never to marry. Turned off old tailor, and took to new one in Bond street. Some of those fellows make a man look ten years younger. Not that that was the reason.

38. Stuck rather more to dinner-parties. Gave up country-dancing. Money-musk certainly more fatiguing than formerly. Fiddlers play it too quick. Quadrilles stealing hither over the Channel. Thought of adding to number of *grave* gentlemen who learn to dance. Dick Dapper dubbed me one of the *over*-growns. Very impertinent, and utterly untrue.

39. Quadrilles rising. Wondered sober mistresses of families would allow their carpets to be beat after that fashion. Dinner-parties increasing. Found myself gradually *Tontineing* it towards top of table. Dreaded *Ultima Thule* of hostess's elbow. Good places for cutting turkeys; bad for cutting jokes. Wondered why I was always desired to walk up. Met two school-fellows at Pimlico; both fat and red-faced. Used to say at school that they were both of my age: what lies boys tell!

40. Look back ten years. Remember, at thirty, thinking forty a middle-aged man. Must have meant fifty. Fifty certainly the age of wisdom. Determined to be wise in ten years. Wished to learn music and Italian. Tried *Logier*. 'Twould not do. No defect of capacity, but those things should be learned in childhood.

41. New furnished chambers. Looked in new glass; one chin too much. Looked in other new glass: chin still double. Art of glass-making on the decline. Sold my horse, and wondered people could find any pleasure in being bumped. What were legs made for?

42. Gout again; that disease certainly attacks young people more than formerly. Caught myself at a rubber of whist, and blushed. Tried my hand at original composition, and found a hankering after epigram and satire. Wondered I could ever write love-sonnets. Imitated Horace's ode, "Ne sit ancilla." Did not mean anything serious, though Susan certainly civil and attentive.

43. Bought a hunting-belt. Braced myself up till ready to burst. Intestines not to be trifled with: threw it aside. Young men now-a-days much too small in the waist. Read in *Morning Post* an advertisement "Pills to prevent Corpulency;" bought a box. Never the slimmer, though much the sicker.

44. Met Fanny Stapleton, now Mrs. Meadows, at Bullock's Museum. Twenty-five years ago wanted to marry her. What an escape! Women certainly age much sooner than men. Charles' eldest boy began to think himself a man. Starched cravat and a cane. What presumption! At his age I was a child.

45. A few wrinkles about the eyes, commonly called crow's feet. Must have caught cold. Began to talk politics, and shirk the drawing-room. Eulogized Garrick; saw nothing in Kean. Talked of Lord North. Wondered at the licentiousness of the modern press. Why can't people be civil, like Junius and John Wilkes, in the good old times?

46. Rather on the decline, but still handsome, and interesting. Growing dislike to the company of young men; all of them talk too much or too little. Began to call chambermaids at inns "My dear." Listened to a howl from Capt. Querulous about family expenses, price of bread and butcher's meat. Did not care a jot if bread was a shilling a roll, and butcher's meat fifty pounds a calf. Hugged myself in "single blessedness."

47. Top of head quite bald. Pleaded Lord Grey in justification. Shook it, on reflecting that I was but three years removed from the "Age of Wisdom." Teeth sound, but not so white as heretofore. Something the matter with the dentifrice. Began to be cautious in chronology. Bad thing to remember too far back. Had serious thoughts of not remembering Miss Farren.

48. Quite settled not to remember Miss Farren. Told Laura Willis that Palmer, who died when I was nineteen, certainly did not *look* forty-eight.

49. Resolved never to marry for anything but money or rank.

50. Age of wisdom. Married my cook.

THE SPINSTER'S PROGRESS.

THEODORE HOOK.

At 15. Dimpled cheeks, sparkling eyes, coral lips, and ivory teeth—a sylph in figure. All anxiety for

coming out—looks about her with an arch yet timid expression, and blushes amazingly upon the slightest provocation.

16. Bolder and plumper—draws, sings, plays the harp, dines at table when there are small parties—gets fond of plays, to which she goes in a private box—dreams of a hero—hates her governess—is devoted to poetry.

17. Having no mother who values herself on her youth, is presented by an aunt—first terrified, then charmed. Comes out—Almack's—opera—begins to flirt—selects the most agreeable but most objectionable man in the room as the object of her affections—he, eminently pleasant, but dreadfully poor—talks of love in a cottage, and a casement window all over woodbine.

18. Discards the sighing swain, and fancies herself desperately devoted to a Lancer, who has amused himself by praising her perfections. Delights in *fêtes* and *déjeûners*—dances herself into half a consumption. Becomes an intimate friend of Henry's sister.

19. Votes Henry stupid—too fond of himself to care for her—talks a little louder than the year before—takes care to show that she understands the best-concealed *bon-môts* of the French plays—shows off her bright eyes, and becomes the centre of four satellites who flicker round her.

20. Begins to wonder why none of the sighers propose—gets a little peevish—becomes a politician—rallies the Whigs—avows Toryism—all women are Tories, except two or three who may be anything—gets praised beyond measure by her party—discards Italian music, and sings party songs—called charming, delightful, and "so natural."

21. Enraptured with her new system—pursues it with redoubled ardour—takes to riding constantly on horseback—canters every day half way to the House of Lords with the dear earl, through St. James' Park by the side of her uncle—makes up parties and excursions—becomes a comet instead of a star, and changes her satellites for a Tail, by which she is followed as regularly as the great Agitator is. Sees her name in the papers as the proposer of pic-nics and the patroness of fancy fairs.

22. Pursues the same course—autumn comes—country-house—large party of shooting men—juxtaposition—constant association—sociability in the evening—sportive gambols—snug suppers—an offer—which being made by the only dandy she did not care about in the *mêlée*, she refuses.

23. Regrets it—tries to get him back—he won't come, but marries a rich grocer's widow for her money. Takes to flirting desperately—dresses fantastically—tries a new style of singing—affects a taste—lives with the Italians, calls them divine and charming—gets her uncle to give suppers.

24. Thinks she has been too forward—retires, and becomes melancholy—affects sentiment, and writes verses in an Annual—makes acquaintances with the *savans*, and the authors and authoresses—wonders she is not married.

25. Goes abroad with her uncle and a delightful family—so kind and so charming—stays the year there.

26. Comes home full of new airs and graces—more surprised than ever that she is still single, and begins to fancy she could live very comfortably, if not in a cottage, at least upon a very moderate scale.

27. Thinks the conversation of rational men infinitely preferable to flirting.

28. Looks at matrimony as desirable in the way of an establishment, in case of the death of her uncle—leaves off dancing generally—talks of getting old.

29. Same system—still ineffective—still talks of getting aged—surprised that men do not laugh as they did, when she said so a year or two before.

30. Begins to inquire when a spinster becomes an old maid.

31. Dresses more fantastically than ever—rouges a little—country-house not so agreeable as it used to be—goes everywhere in town—becomes good-natured to young girls, and joins in acting charades and dumb proverbs.

32. Hates balls, or, if she goes to them, likes to sit still and talk to clever middle-aged gentlemen.

33. Wonders why men of sense prefer flirting with girls to the enjoyment of rational conversation with sensible women.

34. Uncle dies—break-up of establishment—remains with her aunt—feels old enough to go about without a chaperon.

35. Takes to cards, where they are played—gives up harp, pianoforte, and singing—beaten out of the field by her juniors.

36. Quarrels with her cousin, who is just married to the prize marquis of the season—goes into Wales on a visit to a distant relation.

37. Returns to London—tries society—fancies herself neglected, and "never goes out"—makes up little tea-parties at her aunt's—very pleasant to everybody else, but never satisfactory to herself.

38. Feels delight in recounting all the unhappy marriages she can recollect—takes a boy out of an orphan-school, dresses him up in a green jacket, with three rows of sugar-loaf buttons, and calls him a page—patronizes a poet.

39. Gets fractious—resolves upon making the best of it—turns gourmand—goes to every dinner to which she is or is not invited—relishes port wine; laughs at it as a good joke—stays in London all the year.

40. Spasmodic—camphor-julip—a little more rouge—fancies herself in love with a captain in the Guards—lets him know it—he not susceptible—she uncommonly angry—makes up a horrid story about him and some poor innocent girl of her acquaintance—they are eternally separated by her means—she happy.

41. Takes to wearing "a front"—port wine gets more popular—avows a resolution never to marry—who would sacrifice her liberty?—quite sure she has seen enough of that sort of thing—Umph!

42. Turns moralist—is shocked at the vices of the world—establishes a school out of the produce of a fancy fair—subscribes—consults with the rector—excellent man—he endeavors to dissuade her from an extravagant course of proceeding which she has adopted—her regard turns to hate, and she puts herself under the spiritual guidance of a Ranter.

43. Learns the Unknown Tongues, and likes them—sees none of her old friends—continues during the whole season enveloped in her new devotion. Her page, having outgrown his green inexpressibles, is dismissed at the desire of her new pastor.

44. Renounces the Oly Oly Bom school of piety, and gets a pug and a poodle—meets the man she refused when she was two-and-twenty—he grown plump and jolly, driving his wife and two great healthy-looking boys, nearly men; and two lovely girls, nearly women—recollects him—he does not remember her—wishes the family at Old Nick—comes home and pinches her poodle's ears.

45. Returns to cards at the Dowager's parties, and smells to snuff if offered her.

46. Her aunt dies.

47. Lives upon her relations; but by the end of the season feels assured that she must do something else next year.

48. Goes into the country and selects a cousin, plain and poor—proposes they should live together—scheme succeeds.

49. Retires to Cheltenham—house in a row near the promenade—subscribes to everything—takes snuff and carries a box—all in fun—goes out to tea in a fly—plays whist—loses—comes back at eleven—camphor-julep, and to bed—but not to sleep.

50. Finds all efforts to be comfortable unavailing, vents all her spleen upon her unhappy cousin, and lavishes all her affections upon a tabby cat, a great, fat, useless Tommy, with a blue riband and a bell round its neck. And there, so far as I have traced it, ends my Spinster's progress up to fifty.

THE HALL OF EBLIS

WILLIAM BECKFORD—"VATHEK."

A deathlike stillness reigned over the mountain and through the air. The moon dilated on a vast platform, the shades of the lofty columns which reached from the terrace almost to the clouds. The gloomy watch-towers, whose number could not be counted, were covered by no roof; and their capitals, of an architecture unknown in the records of the earth, served as an asylum for the birds of night, which, alarmed at the approach of such visitants, fled away croaking.

The chief of the eunuchs, trembling with fear, besought Vathek that a fire might be kindled. "No," replied he, "there is no time left to think of such trifles: abide where thou art, and expect my commands." Having thus spoken he presented his hand to Nouronihar, and, ascending the steps of a vast staircase, reached the terrace, which was flagged with squares of marble, and resembled a smooth expanse of water, upon whose surface not a blade of grass ever cared to vegetate. On the right rose the watch-towers, ranged before the ruins of an immense palace, whose walls were embossed with various figures. In front stood forth the colossal forms of four creatures, composed of the leopard and the griffin, and though but of stone, inspired emotions of terror. Near these were distinguished, by the splendor of the moon, which streamed full on the place, characters like those on the sabres of the Giaour, and which possessed the same virtue of changing every moment. These, after vacillating for some time, fixed at last in Arabic letters, and prescribed to the Caliph the following words: "Vathek! thou hast violated the conditions of my parchment, and deservest to be sent back; but in favor to thy companion, and, as the meed for what thou hast done to obtain it, Eblis permitteth that the portal of his palace shall be opened, and the subterranean fire will receive thee into the number of its adorers."

He scarcely had read these words before the mountain against which the terrace was reared trembled, and the watch-towers were ready to topple headlong upon them. The rock yawned, and disclosed within it a staircase of polished marble, that seemed to approach the abyss. Upon each stair were planted two large torches, like those Nouronihar had seen in her vision, the camphorated vapour of which ascended and gathered itself into a cloud under the hollow of the vault. . . .

The caliph and Nouronihar beheld each other with amazement at finding themselves in a place which, though roofed with a vaulted ceiling, was so spacious and lofty that at first they took it for an immeasurable plain. But their eyes at length growing familiar to the grandeur of the surrounding objects, they extended their view to those at a distance, and discovered rows of columns and arcades which gradually diminished till they terminated in a point radiant as the sun when he darts his last beams athwart the ocean. The pavement, strewed over with gold-dust and saffron, exhaled so subtle an odor as almost overpowered them. They, however, went on, and observed an infinity of censers, in which ambergris and the wood of aloes were continually burning. Between the several columns were placed tables, each spread with a profusion of viands, and wines of every species sparkling in vases of crystal. A throng of genii and other fantastic spirits of either sex danced lasciviously at the sound of music which issued from beneath.

In the midst of this immense hall, a vast multitude was incessantly passing, who severally kept their

right hands on their hearts, without once regarding anything around them. They had all the livid paleness of death. Their eyes, deep sunk in their sockets, resembled those phosphoric meteors that glimmer by night in places of interment. Some stalked slowly on, absorbed in profound reverie; some, shrieking with agony, ran furiously about, like tigers wounded with poisoned arrows; whilst others, grinding their teeth in rage, foamed along more frantic than the wildest maniac. They all avoided each other; and, though surrounded by a multitude that no one could number, each wandered at random, unheedful of the rest, as if alone on a desert where no foot had trodden.

Vathek and Nouronihar, frozen with terror at a sight so baleful, demanded of the Giaour what these appearances might mean, and why these ambulating spectres never withdrew their hands from their hearts "Perplex not yourselves with so much at once," replied he, bluntly; "you will soon be acquainted with all; let us haste and present you to Eblis." They continued their way through the multitude, but notwithstanding their confidence at first, they were not sufficiently composed to examine with attention the various perspective of halls and galleries that opened on the right hand and on the left, which were all illuminated by torches and brasiers, whose flames rose in pyramids to the centre of the vault. At length they came to a place where long curtains, brocaded with crimson and gold, fell from all parts in solemn confusion. Here the choirs and dances were heard no longer. The light which glimmered came from afar.

After some time Vathek and Nouronihar perceived a gleam brightening through the drapery, and entered a vast tabernacle hung round with the skins of leopards. An infinity of elders, with streaming beards, and afrits in complete armour, had prostrated themselves before the ascent of a lofty eminence, on the top of which, upon a globe of fire, sat the formidable Eblis. His person was that of a young man, whose noble and regular features seemed to have been tarnished by malignant vapours. In his large eyes appeared both pride and despair; his flowing hair retained some resemblance to that of an angel of light. In his hand, which thunder had blasted, he swayed the iron sceptre that causes the monster Ouranbad, the afrits, and all the powers of the abyss to tremble. At his presence, the heart of the caliph sunk within him, and he fell prostrate on his face. Nouronihar, however, though greatly dismayed, could not help admiring the person of Eblis, for she expected to have seen some stupendous giant. Eblis, with a voice more mild than might be imagined, but such as penetrated the soul and filled it with the deepest melancholy, said: "Creatures of clay, I receive you into mine empire; ye are numbered amongst my adorers; enjoy whatever this palace affords; the treasures of the pre-adamite sultans; their fulminating sabres; and those talismans that compel the dives to open the subterranean expanses of the mountain of Kaf, which communicate with these. There, insatiable as your curiosity may be, shall you find sufficient objects to gratify it. You shall possess the exclusive privilege of entering the fortresses of Aherman, and the halls of Argenk, where are pourtrayed all creatures endowed with intelligence, and the various animals that inhabited the earth prior to the creation of that contemptible being whom ye denominate the father of mankind."

Vathek and Nouronihar, feeling themselves revived and encouraged by this harangue, eagerly said to the Giaour: "Bring us instantly to the place which contains these precious talismans. "Come," answered this wicked dive, with his malignant grin, "come and possess all that my sovereign hath promised, and more." He then conducted them into a long aisle adjoining the tabernacle, preceding them with hasty steps, and followed by his disciples with the utmost alacrity. They reached at length a hall of great extent and covered with a lofty dome, around which appeared fifty portals of bronze, secured with as many fastenings of iron. A funereal gloom prevailed over the whole scene. Here, upon two beds of incorruptible cedar, lay recumbent the fleshless forms of the pre-adamite kings, who had been monarchs of the whole earth. They still possessed enough of life to be conscious of their deplorable condition Their eyes retained a melancholy motion; they regarded one another with looks of the deepest dejection, each holding his right hand motionless on his heart. At their feet were inscribed the events of their several reigns, their power, their pride, and their crimes; Soliman Daki, and Soliman called Gian Ben Gian, who, after having chained up the dives in the dark caverns of Kaf, became so presumptuous as to doubt of the Supreme power. All these maintained great state, though not to be compared with the eminence of Soliman Ben Daoud.

This king, so renowned for his wisdom, was on the loftiest elevation, immediately under the dome. He appeared to possess more animation than the rest. Though, from time to time, he laboured with profound sighs, and, like his companions, kept his right hand on his heart, yet his countenance was more composed, and he seemed to be listening to the sullen roar of a cataract, visible in part through one of the grated portals. This was the only sound that intruded on the silence of those doleful mansions. A range of brazen vases surrounded the elevation. "Remove the covers from these cabalistic repositories," said the Giaour to Vathek, "and avail thyself of the talismans which will break asunder all these gates of bronze, and not only render thee master of the treasures contained within them, but also of the spirits by which they are guarded."

The caliph, whom this ominous preliminary had entirely disconcerted, approached the vases with faltering footsteps, and was ready to sink with terror when he heard the groans of Soliman. As he pro-

ceeded, a voice from the livid lips of the prophet articulated these words: "In my lifetime I filled a magnificent throne, having on my right hand twelve thousand seats of gold, where the patriarchs and the prophets heard my doctrine; on my left the sages and doctors, upon as many thrones of silver, were present at all my decisions. Whilst I thus administered justice to innumerable multitudes, the birds of the air, hovering over me served as a canopy against the rays of the sun. My people flourished, and my palace rose to the clouds. I erected a temple to the Most High, which was the wonder of the universe, but I basely suffered myself to be seduced by the love of women, and a curiosity that could not be restrained by sublunary things. I listened to the counsels of Aherman, and the daughter of Pharaoh; and adored fire, and the hosts of heaven. I forsook the holy city, and commanded the genii to rear the stupendous palace of Istakar, and the terrace of the watch-towers, each of which was consecrated to a star. There for a while I enjoyed myself in the zenith of glory and pleasure. Not only men, but supernatural beings were also subject to my will. I began to think, as these unhappy monarchs around me had already thought, that the vengeance of heaven was asleep, when at once the thunder burst my structures asunder, and precipitated me hither, where, however, I do not remain, like the other inhabitants, totally destitute of hope; for an angel of light hath revealed that, in consideration of the piety of my early youth, my woes shall come to an end when this cataract shall forever cease to flow. Till then I am in torments—ineffable torments! An unrelenting fire preys on my heart."

Having uttered this exclamation, Soliman raised his hands toward Heaven in token of supplication; and the caliph discerned through his bosom, which was transparent as crystal, his heart enveloped in flames. At a sight so full of horror, Nouronihar fell back, like one petrified, into the arms of Vathek, who cried out, with a convulsive sob: "O Giaour! whither hast thou brought us! Allow us to depart, and I will relinquish all thou hast promised. O Mohammed! remains there no more mercy!" "None, none!" replied the malicious dive. "Know, miserable prince! thou art now in the abode of vengeance and despair. Thy heart, also, will be kindled like those of the other votaries of Eblis. A few days are allotted thee previous to this fatal period; employ them as thou wilt; recline on these heaps of gold; command the infernal potentates; range at thy pleasure through these immense subterranean domains, no barrier shall be shut against thee. As for me, I have fulfilled my mission; I now leave thee to thyself." At these words he vanished.

The caliph and Nouronihar remained in the most abject affliction. Their tears were unable to flow, and scarcely were they able to support themselves. At length, taking each other despondingly by the hand, they went falteringly from this fatal hall, indifferent which way they turned their steps. Every portal opened at their approach. The dives fell prostrate before them. Every reservoir of riches was disclosed to their view, but they no longer felt the incentives of curiosity, of pride, or avarice. With like apathy they heard the chorus of genii, and saw the stately banquets prepared to regale them. They went wandering on, from chamber to chamber, hall to hall, and gallery to gallery, all without bounds or limit; all distinguishable by the same lowering gloom, all adorned with the same awful grandeur, all traversed by persons in search of repose and consolation, but who sought them in vain; for every one carried within him a heart tormented in flames. Shunned by these various sufferers, who seemed by their looks to be upbraiding the partners of their guilt, they withdrew from them to wait, in direful suspense, the moment which should render them to each other the like objects of terror.

AUTUMNAL THOUGHTS.

ARCHIBALD ALISON—"TABLE TALK."

There is an eventide in the day—an hour when the sun retires and the shadows fall, and when nature assumes the appearances of soberness and silence. It is an hour from which everywhere the thoughtless fly, as peopled only in their imagination with images of gloom; it is the hour, on the other hand, which in every age the wise have loved, as bringing with it sentiments and affections more valuable than all the splendours of the day. Its first impression is to still all the turbulence of thought or passion which the day may have brought forth. We follow with our eye the descending sun—we listen to the decaying sounds of labour and of toil; and, when all the fields are silent around us, we feel a kindred stillness to breathe upon our souls, and to calm them from the agitations of society. From this first impression there is a second which naturally follows it; in the day we are living with men, in the eventide we begin to live with nature; we see the world withdrawn from us, the shades of night darken over the habitations of men, and we feel ourselves alone. It is an hour fitted, as it would seem, by Him who made us to still, but with gentle hand, the throb of every unruly passion, and the ardour of every impure desire; and, while it veils for a time the world that misleads us, to awaken in our hearts those legitimate affections which the heat of the day may have dissolved. There is yet a further scene it presents to us. While the world withdraws from us, and while the shades of the evening darken upon our dwellings, the splendours of the firmament come forward to our view. In the moments when earth is overshadowed, heaven opens to our eyes the radiance of a sublimer being; our hearts follow the successive splendours of the scene; and while we forget for a time the obscurity of earthly concerns, we feel that there are "yet greater things than these."

There is, in the second place, an "eventide" in the year—a season, as we now witness, when the sun withdraws his propitious light, when the winds arise and the leaves fall, and nature around us seems to sink into decay. It is said, in general, to be the season of melancholy; and if by this word be meant that it is the time of solemn and of serious thought, it is undoubtedly the season of melancholy; yet it is a melancholy so soothing, so gentle in its approach, and so prophetic in its influence, that they who have known it feel, as instinctively, that it is the doing of God, and that the heart of man is not thus finely touched but to fine issues.

When we go out into the fields in the evening of the year, a different voice approaches us. We regard, even in spite of ourselves, the still but steady advances of time. A few days ago, and the summer of the year was grateful, and every element was filled with life, and the sun of heaven seemed to glory in his ascendant. He is now enfeebled in his power; the desert no more "blosoms like the rose;" the song of joy is no more heard among the branches; and the earth is strewed with that foliage which once bespoke the magnificence of summer. Whatever may be the passions which society has awakened, we pause amid this apparent desolation of nature. We sit down in the lodge "of the wayfaring man in the wilderness," and we feel that all we witness is the emblem of our fate, such also, in a few years will be our own condition. The blossoms of our spring, the pride of our summer, will also fade into decay; and the pulse that now beats high with virtuous or with vicious desire, will gradually sink, and then must stop for ever. We rise from our meditations with hearts softened and subdued, and we return into life as into a shadowy scene, where we have "disquieted ourselves in vain."

Yet a few years, we think, and all that now bless, or all that now convulse humanity, will also have perished. The mightiest pageantry of life will pass —the loudest notes of triumph or of conquest will be silent in the grave; the wicked, wherever active, "will cease from troubling," and the weary, wherever suffering, "will be at rest." Under an impression so profound we feel our own hearts better. The cares, the animosities, the hatreds which society may have engendered, sink unperceived from our bosoms. In the general desolation of nature we feel the littleness of our own passions—we look forward to that kindred evening which time must bring to all—we anticipate the graves of those we hate as those we love. Every unkind passion falls with the leaves that fall around us; and we return slowly to our homes, and to the society which surround us, with the wish only to enlighten or to bless them.

If there were no other effects, my brethren, of such appearances of nature upon our minds, they would still be valuable—they would teach us humility, and with it they would teach us charity.

MAN'S DISPROPORTION.

BLAISE PASCAL.

Let man contemplate entire nature in her height and full majesty; let him remove his view from the low objects which surround him; let him regard that shining luminary placed as an eternal lamp to give light to the universe; let him consider the earth as a point, in comparison with the vast circuit described by that sun; let him learn with wonder that this vast circuit itself is but a very minute point when compared with that embraced by the stars which roll in the firmament. But if our view stops there, let the imagination pass beyond; it will sooner be wearied with conceiving than nature with supplying food for contemplation. All this visible world is but an imperceptible point in the ample bosom of nature. No idea approaches it. In vain we extend our conceptions beyond imaginable spaces; we bring forth but atoms, in comparison with the reality of things. It is an infinite sphere, of which the centre is everywhere, the circumference nowhere. In fine, it is the greatest discernible character of the omnipotence of God, that our imagination loses itself in this thought.

Let man, having returned to himself, consider what he is, compared to what is; let him regard himself as a wanderer into this remote province of nature; and let him, from this narrow prison wherein he finds himself dwelling (I mean the universe), learn to estimate the earth, kingdoms, cities, and himself, at a proper value.

What is man in the midst of the infinite? But to show him another prodigy equally astonishing, let him seek in what he knows things the most minute; let a mite exhibit to him in the exceeding smallness of its body, parts incomparably smaller, limbs with joints, veins in these limbs, blood in these veins, humors in this blood, globules in these humors, gases in these globules; let him, still dividing these last objects, exhaust his powers of conception, and let the ultimate object at which he can arrive now be the subject of our discourse; he will think, perhaps, that this is the minutest atom of nature. I will show him therein a new abyss. I will picture to him not only the visible universe, but the conceivable immensity of nature, in the compass of this abbreviation of an atom. Let him view therein an infinity of worlds, each of which has its firmament, its planets, its earth, in the same proportion as the visible world; and on this earth animals, and in fine mites, in which he will find again what the first have given; and still finding in the others the same things, without end, and without repose, let him lose himself in these wonders, as astonishing in their littleness as the others in their magnitude; for who will not marvel that our body, which just before was not perceptible in the universe, itself imperceptible in the bosom of the all, is now a colossus, a world, or rather an all in

comparison with the nothingness at which it is impossible to arrive?

Whoever shall thus consider himself, will be frightened at himself, and observing himself suspended in the mass of matter alloted to him by nature, between these two abysses of infinity and nothingness, will tremble at the sight of these wonders; and I believe that his curiosity being changed into admiration he will be more disposed to contemplate them in silence, than to investigate them with presumption.

BOSTON IN THE LAST CENTURY.

GEORGE BANCROFT—"HISTORY OF UNITED STATES."

The king set himself, and his ministry, and parliament, and all Great Britain to subdue to his will one stubborn little town on the sterile coast of the Massachusetts Bay. The odds against it were fearful; but it showed a life inextinguishable, and had been chosen to keep guard over the liberties of mankind.

The Old World had not its parallel. It counted about sixteen thousand inhabitants of European origin, all of whom learned to read and write. Good public schools were the foundation of its political system; and Benjamin Franklin, one of their grateful pupils, in his youth apprenticed to the art which makes knowledge the common property of mankind, had gone forth from them to stand before the nations as the representative of the modern plebeian class.

As its schools were for all its children, so the great body of its male inhabitants of twenty-one years of age, when assembled in a hall which Faneuil, of Huguenot ancestry, had built for them, was the source of all municipal authority. In the meeting of the town, its taxes were voted, its affairs discussed and settled; its agents and public servants annually elected by ballot; and abstract political principles freely debated. A small property qualification was attached to the right of suffrage, but did not exclude enough to change the character of the institution. There had never existed a considerable municipality approaching so nearly to a pure democracy; and, for so populous a place, it was undoubtedly the most orderly and best governed in the world.

Its ecclesiastical polity was in like manner republican. The great mass were Congregationalists; each church was an assembly formed by voluntary agreement; self-constituted, self-supported, and independent. They were clear that no person or church had power over another church. There was not a Roman Catholic altar in the place; the usages of 'papists' were looked upon as worn-out superstitions, fit only for the ignorant. But the people were not merely the fiercest enemies of 'popery and slavery;' they were Protestants even against Protestantism; and though the English Church was tolerated, Boston kept up its exasperation against prelacy. Its ministers were still its prophets and its guides; its pulpit, in which, now that Mayhew was no more, Cooper was admired above all others for eloquence and patriotism, by weekly appeals inflamed alike the fervour of piety and of liberty. In the *Boston Gazette* it enjoyed a free press, which gave currency to its conclusions on the natural right of man to self-government.

Its citizens were inquisitive; seeking to know the causes of things, and to search for the reason of existing institutions in the laws of nature. Yet they controlled their speculative turn by practical judgment, exhibiting the seeming contradiction of susceptability to enthusiasm, and calculating shrewdness. They were fond of gain, and adventurous, penetrating, and keen in their pursuit of it; yet their avidity was tempered by a well-considered and continuing liberality. Nearly every man was struggling to make his way in the world and his own fortune; and yet individually, and as a body, they were public-spirited.

MEANS OF ACQUIRING DISTINCTION.

SIDNEY SMITH.

It is natural to every man to wish for distinction; and the praise of those who can confer honour by their praise, in spite of all false philosophy, is sweet to every human heart; but as eminence can be but the lot of a few, patience of obscurity is a duty which we owe not more to our own happiness than to the quiet of the world at large. Give a loose, if you are young and ambitious, to that spirit which throbs within you; measure yourself with your equals; and learn, from frequent competition, the place which nature has alloted to you; make of it no mean battle, but strive hard; strengthen your soul to the search of truth, and follow that spectre of excellence which beckons you on beyond the walls of the world to something better than man has yet done. It may be you shall burst out into light and glory at the last; but if frequent failure convince you of that mediocrity of nature which is incompatible with great actions, submit wisely and cheerfully to your lot; let no mean spirit of revenge tempt you to throw off your loyalty to your country, and to prefer a vicious celebrity to obscurity crowned with piety and virtue. If you can throw new light upon moral truth, or by any exertions mutiply the comforts or confirm the happiness of mankind, this fame guides you to the true ends of your nature; but in the name of God, as you tremble at retributive justice, and in the name of mankind, if mankind be dear to you, seek not that easy and accursed fame which is gathered in the work of revolutions; and deem it better to be forever unknown, than to found a momentary name upon the basis of anarchy and irreligion.

SELFISHNESS.—A man will lay down his head, or peril his life for his honor, but let us be shy how we ask him to give up his ease or his heart's desire.

TAM O' SHANTER.

ROBERT BURNS.

When chapman billies[1] leave the street,
And drouthy[2] neibors neibors meet,
As market days are wearin' late,
And folk begin to tak the gate;[3]
While we sit bousing at the nappy,[4]
And gettin' fou and unco happy,
We think na on the lang Scots miles,
The mosses, water, slaps, and stiles,[5]
That lie between us and our hame,
Whare sits our sulky sullen dame,
Gathering her brows like gathering storm,
Nursing her wrath to keep it warm.

This truth fand honest Tam o' Shanter,
As he frae Ayr ae night did canter,
(Auld Ayr, wham ne'er a town surpasses
For honest men and bonny lasses.)

O Tam! hadst thou but been sae wise
As ta'en thy ain wife Kate's advice!
She tauld thee weel thou wast a skellum,[6]
A blethering blustering, drunken blellum;[7]
That frae November till October,
Ae market day thou wasna sober;
That ilka melder, wi' the miller
Thou sat as lang as thou hadst siller;[8]
That every noig[9] was ca'd a shoe on,
The smith and thee gat roaring fou on;
That at the Lord's house, even on Sunday,
Thou drank wi' Kirkton Jean till Monday,
She prophesied that, late or soon,
Thou wouldst be found deep drown'd in Doon!
Or catch'd wi' warlocks i' the mirk,[10]
By Alloway's haunted kirk.

Ah, gentle dames! it gars[11] me greet
To think how mony counsels sweet,
How mony lengthen'd sage advices,
The husband frae the wife despises!

But to our tale—Ae market night,
Tam had got planted unco[12] right,
Fast by an ingle,[13] bleezing finely,
Wi' reaming swats,[14] that drank divinely;
And at his elbow Souter Johnny,
His ancient, trusty, drouthy[15] crony;
Tam lo'ed him like a vera brither—
They had been fou for weeks thegither!
The night they drave on wi' sangs and clatter,
And aye the ale was growing better:

The landlady and Tam grew gracious,
Wi' favours secret, sweet, and precious;
The Souter tauld his queerest stories,
The landlord's laugh was ready chorus:
The storm without might rair[16] and rustle—
Tam didna mind the storm a whistle.

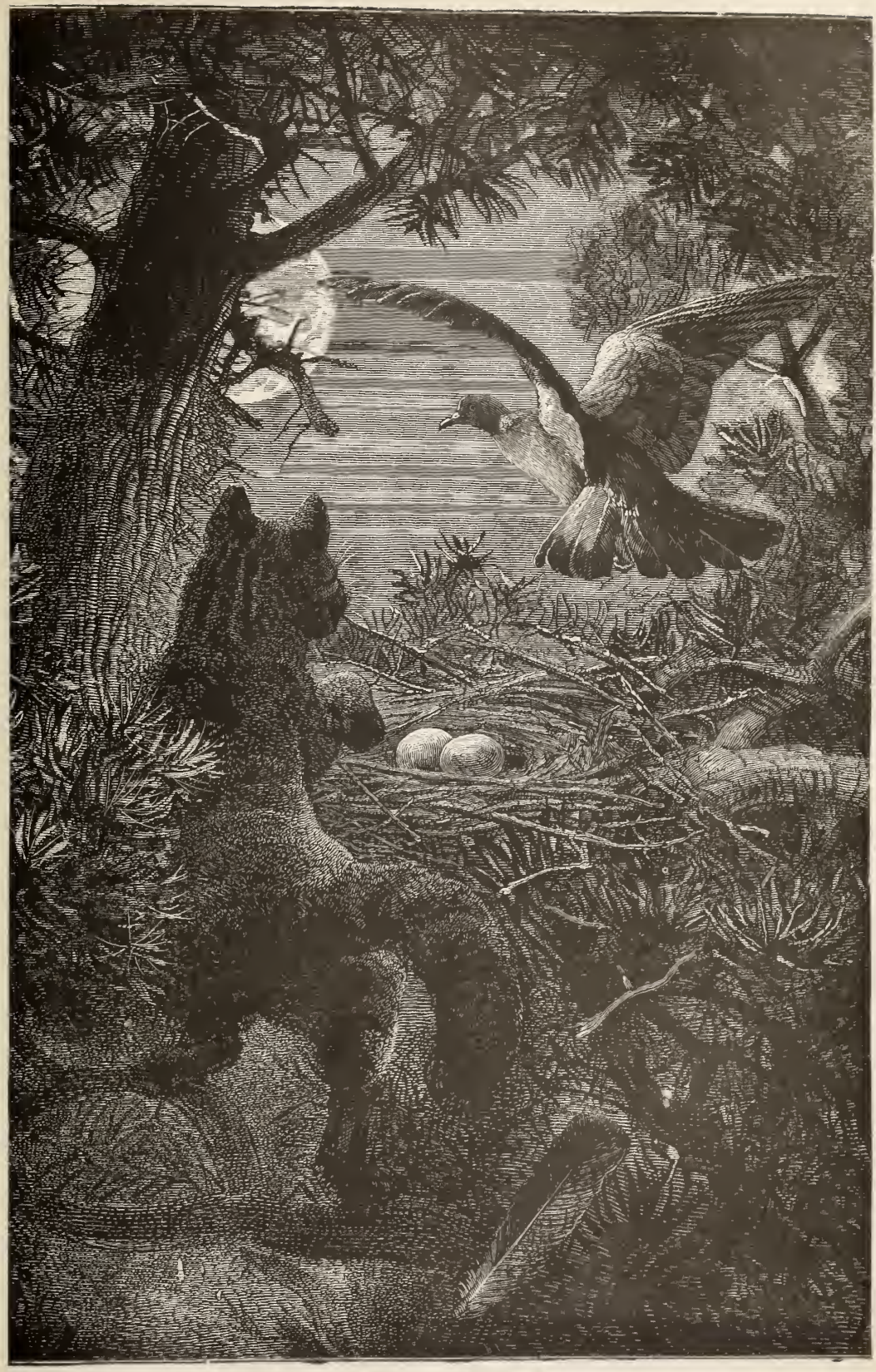
Care, mad to see a man sae happy,
E'en drown'd himsel amang the nappy!
As bees flee hame wi' ladies[17] o' treasure.
The minutes wing'd their way wi' pleasure:
Kings may be blest, but Tam was glorious,
O'er a' the ills o' victorious!
But pleasure are like poppies spread,
You seize the flower, its bloom is shed!
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white—then melts forever;
Or like the borealis race,
That flit ere you can point their place;
Or like the rainbow's lovely form,
Evanishing amid the storm.
Nae man can tether[18] time or tide;
The hour approaches Tam maun ride,
That hour, o' night's black arch the keystane,
That dreary hour he mounts his beast in;
And sic[19] a night he taks the road in
As ne'er poor sinner was abroad in.

The wind blew as 'twad blawn its last:
The rattling showers rose on the blast,
The speedy gleams the darkness swallow'd;
Loud, deep, and lang, the thunder bellow'd
That night, a child might understand
The deil had business on his hand.

Weel mounted on his gray mare Meg,
A better never lifted leg,
Tam skelpit[20] on through dub and mire,
Despising wind, and rain, and fire;
Whiles holding fast his guid blue bonnet,
Whiles crooning[21] o'er some auld Scots sonnet;
Whiles glowering[22] round wi' prudent cares,
Lest bogles[23] catch him unawares.
Kirk Alloway was drawing nigh,
Whare ghaists and houlets[24] nightly cry.

By this time he was 'cross the foord,
Whare in the snaw the chapman smoor'd,[25]
And past the birks and meikle stane
Whare drunken Charlie brak's neckbane:
And through the whins, and by the cairn[26]
Where hunters fand the murder'd bairn:
And near the thorn, aboon the well,
Whare Mungo's mither hang'd hersel.

1 Fellows.
2 Thirsty.
3 Road.
4 Ale.
5 Breaches in hedges or walls.
6 A worthless fellow.
7 A talker of nonsense, a boaster and a drunken fool.
8 Money.
9 Horse.
10 Dark.
11 Makes.
12 Unusually.
13 Fire.
14 Foaming ale.
15 Thirsty.
16 Roar.
17 Loads.
18 Tie up.
19 Such.
20 Rode with careless speed.
21 Humming.
22 Staring.
23 Spirits.
24 Ghosts and owls.
25 Pedlar was smothered.
26 Stone-heap.



A MIDNIGHT ATTACK.

Before him Doon pours a' his floods;
The doubling storm roars through the woods;
The lightnings flash frae pole to pole;
Near and more near the thunders roll;
When, glimmering through the groaning trees,
Kirk Alloway seem'd in a bleeze;
Through ilka bore[27] the beams were glancing,
And loud resounded mirth and dancing.

Inspiring bold John Barleycorn!
What dangers thou canst make us scorn!
Wi' tippenny,[28] we fear nae evil,
Wi' usquebae,[29] we'll face the devil!—
The swat sae ream'd in Tammie's noddle,[30]
Fair play, he cared na deils a boddle.[31]
But Maggie stood right sair astonish'd,
Till by the heel and hand admonished
She ventured forward on the light,
And, wow! Tam saw an unco sight!
Warlocks and witches in a dance;
Nae cotillon brent-new[32] frae France;
But hornpipes, jigs, strathspeys, and reels,
But life and mettle i' their heels
At winnock-bunker,[33] i' the cast,
There sat auld Nick, in shape o' beast;
A towzin tyke,[34] black, grim, and large,
To gie them music was his charge
He screw'd the pipes, and gart[35] them skirl,[36]
Till roof and rafters a' did dirl.[37]
Coffins stood round, like open presses,
That shaw'd the dead in their last dresses,
And by some devilish cantrip[38] slight
Each in its cauld hand held a light,—
By which heroic Tam was able,
To note upon the haly table,
A murder's banes in gibbet airns,[39]
Twa span lang, wee,[40] unchristen'd bairns;
A thief, new-cutted frae a rape,
Wi' his last gasp his gab[41] did gape;
Five tomahawks wi' bluid red-rusted;
Five scimitars, wi' murder crusted;
A garter, which a babe had strangled;
A knife, a father's throat had mangled,
Whom his ain son o' life bereft,
The gray hairs yet stack to the heft[42]
Wi' mair o' horrible and awfu',
Which even to name wad be unlawfu'.

As Tammie glower'd,[43] amazed and curious,
The mirth and fun grew fast and furious:
The piper loud and louder blew,
The dancers quick and quicker flew;
They reel'd, they set, they cross'd, they cleekit,
Till ilka carlin swat and reekit,[44]
And coost[46] her duddies[46] to the wark,
And linket[47] at it in her sark.[48]

Now Tam! O Tam! had thae been queans,[49]
A' plump and strappin' in their teens,
Their sarks, instead o' creeshie flannen,[50]
Been snaw-white seventeen-hunder linen!
Thir breeks[51] o' mine, my only pair,
That ance were plush, o' guid blue hair,
I wad hae gien them aff my hurdies,[52]
For ae blink[53] o' the bonny burdies![54]

But wither'd beldams, auld, and droll,
Rigwoodie[55] hags, wad spean[56] a foal,
Lowpin' and flingin' on a cummock,[57]
I wonder didna turn thy stomach.

But Tam kenn'd[58] what was what fu' brawlie,[59]
"There was ae winsome wench and walie,"[60]
That night enlisted in the core,
(Lang after kenn'd on Carrick shore;
For mony a beast to dead she shot,
And perished mony a bonny boat,
And shook baith meikle corn and bear,
And kept the country side in fear.)
Her cutty sark,[61] O'Paisley harn,
That, while a lassie,[62] she had worn,
In longitude though sorely scanty,
It was her best, and she was vauntie.[63]

Ah! little kenn'd thy reverend grannie,
That sark she coft[64] for her wee Nannie,
Wi' twa pund Scots. ('twas a' her riches,)
Wad ever graced a dance o' witches!

But here my muse her wing maun cour,[65]
Sic flights are far beyond her power;
To sing how nannie lap and flang,[66]
(A souple jade[67] she was and strang,[68])
And how Tam stood like one bewitch'd,
And thought his very een enrich'd;
Even Satan glower'd, and fidged fu' fain,
And hotched'd[69] and blew wi' might and main:
Till first ae caper, syne[70] anither,
Tam tint[71] his reason a' thegither,

27 Every hole in the wall.
28 Twopenny ale.
29 Whisky.
30 The ale so wrought in Tammie's head.
31 A small coin.
32 Brand-new.
33 A kind of window seat.
34 A rough dog.
35 Made.
36 Scream.
37 Vibrate.
38 Spell.
39 Irons.
40 Small.
41 Mouth.
42 Handle.
43 Stared.
44 Till each old beldam smoked with sweat.
45 Stript.
46 Clothes.
47 Tripped.
48 Shirt.
49 Young girls.
50 Greasy flannel.
51 These breeches.
52 Hams.
53 Look.
54 Lasses.
55 Gallows-worthy.
56 Wean.
57 Jumping and capering on a staff.
58 Knew.
59 Full well.
60 A hearty girl and jolly.
61 Short shirt.
62 Girl.
63 Proud of it.
64 Bought.
65 Lower.
66 Jumped and kicked.
67 Girl.
68 Strong.
69 Hitched.
70 Then.
71 Lost.

And roars out, "Weel done, Cuttysark!"
And in an instant a' was dark:
And scarcely had he Maggie rallied,
When out the hellish legion sallied.
As bees bizz out wi' angry fyke,[72]
When blundering herds assail their byke,[73]
As open pussie's mortal foes,
When, pop! she starts before their nose;
As eager runs the market-crowd,
When "Catch the thief!" resounds aloud;
So Maggie runs, the witches follow,
Wi' nony an eldritch[74] screech and hollow.

Ah, Tam! ah, Tam! thou'lt get thy fairin'![75]
In hell they'll roast thee like a herrin'!
In vain thy Kate awaits thy comin'!
Kate so soon will be a wofu' woman!
Now, do thy speedy utmost, Meg,
And win the keystane¶ of the brig;
There at them thou thy tail may toss,
A running stream they darena cross;
But ere the keystane she could make
The fient[76] a tail she had to shake!
Nor Nannie, far before the rest,
Hard upon noble Maggie prest,
And flew at Tam wi' furious ettle:[77]
But little wist[78] she maggie's mettle—
Ae spring brought off her master hale,
But left behind her ain gray tail;
The carlin claught her by the rump,
And left poor Maggie scarce a stump.

Now, wha this tale o' truth shall read,
Ilk[79] man and mother's son, take heed:
Whane'er to drink you are inclined,
Or Cutty-sarks run in your mind,
Think! ye may buy the joys owre dear—
Remember Tam o' Shanter's mare.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

EDWARD YOUNG.

The City Viewed Afar Off.

Blest be that hand divine, which gently laid
My heart at rest beneath this humble shed!
The world's a stately bark, on dangerous seas,
With pleasure seen, but boarded at our peril:
Here, on a single plank, thrown safe ashore,
I hear the tumult of the distant throng,
As that of seas remote, or dying storms;
And meditate on scenes more silent still;
Pursue my theme, and fight the fear of death.
Here, like a shepherd gazing from his hut,
Touching his reed, or leaning on his staff,
Eager ambition's fiery chase I see;
I see the circling hunt of noisy men
Burst law's enclosure, leap the mounds of right,
Pursuing and pursued, each other's prey;
As wolves for rapine; as the fox for wiles;
Till death, that mighty hunter, earths them all.
Why all this toil for triumphs of an hour?
What though we wade in wealth, or soar in fame,
Earth's highest station ends in 'here he lies,'
And 'dust to dust' concludes her noblest song.

Changes of Nature.

Look nature through, 'tis revolution all;
All change, no death; day follows night, and night
The dying day; stars rise and set, and set and rise:
Earth takes the example. See, the Summer gay,
With her green chaplet and ambrosial flowers,
Droops into pallid Autumn: Winter gray,
Horrid with frost, and turbulent with storm,
Blows Autumn and his golden fruits away,
Then melts into the Spring: soft Spring, with breath
Favonian, from warm chambers of the south,
Recalls the first. All, to reflourish, fades:
As in a wheel, all sinks to reascend:
Emblems of man, who passes, not expires.

Human Life.

Life speeds away
From point to point, though seeming to stand still.
The cunning fugitive is swift by stealth,
Too subtle is the movement to be seen;
Yet soon man's hour is up, and we are gone.
Warnings point out our danger; gnomons, time;
As these are useless when the sun is set,
So those, but when more glorious reason shines.
Reason should judge in all; in reason's eye
That sedentary shadow travels hard.
But such our gravitation to the wrong,
So prone our hearts to whisper that we wish,
'Tis later with the wise than he's aware:
A Wilmington goes slower than the sun:
And all mankind mistake their time of day;
Even age itself. Fresh hopes are hourly sown
In furrowed brows. To gentle life's descent
We shut our eyes, and think it is a plain.
We take fair days in winter for the spring,
And turn our blessings into bane. Since oft
Man must compute that age he cannot feel,
He scarce believes he's older for his years.
Thus, at life's latest eve, we keep in store
One disappointment sure, to crown the rest—
The disappointment of a promised hour.

Life Compared to the Sea.

Self-flattered, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend;
All in some darling enterprise embarked:
But where is he can fathom its event?

72 Fuss.
73 Hive.
74 Unearthly.
75 Deserts.
76 Ne'er.
77 Design.
78 Knew.
79 Each.

Amid a multitude of artless hands,
Ruin's sure perquisite, her lawful prize!
Some steer aright, but the black blast blows hard,
And puffs them wide of hope: with hearts of proof
Full against wind and tide, some win their way,
And when strong effort has deserved the port,
And tugged it into view, 'tis won! 'tis lost!
Though strong their oar, still stronger is their fate:
They strike! and while they triumph they expire.
In stress of weather most, some sink outright:
O'er them, and o'er their names the billows close;
To-morrow knows not they were ever born.
Others a short memorial leave behind,
Like a flag floating when the bark's ingulfed;
It floats a moment, and is seen no more.
One Cæsar lives; a thousand are forgot.
How few beneath auspicious planets born—
Darlings of Providence! fond fates elect!—
With swelling sails make good the promised port,
With all their wishes freighted! yet even these,
Freighted with all their wishes, soon complain;
Free from misfortune, not from nature free,
They still are men, and when is man secure?
As fatal time, as storm! the rush of years
Beats down their strength, their numberless escapes
In ruin end. And now their proud success
But plants new terrors on the victor's brow:
What pain to quit the world, just made their own,
Their nest so deeply downed, and built so high!
Too low they build, who build beneath the stars.

An Apostrophe to Night.

These thoughts, O Night! are thine;
From thee they came like lovers' secret sighs,
While others slept. So Cynthia, poets feign,
In shadows veiled, soft, sliding from her sphere,
Her shepherd cheered; of her enamoured less
Than I of thee. And art thou still unsung,
Beneath whose brow, and by whose aid, I sing?
Immortal silence! where shall I begin?
Where end? or where steal music from the spheres
To soothe their goddess?
O majestic Night!
Nature's great ancestor! Day's elder born!
And fated to survive the transient sun!
By mortals and immortals seen with awe!
A starry crown thy raven brow adorns,
An azure zone thy waist; clouds, in heaven's loom,
Wrought through varieties of shape and shade,
In ample folds of drapery divine,
Thy flowing mantle form, and, heaven throughout,
Voluminously pour thy pompous train;
Thy gloomy grandeurs—Nature's most august,
Inspiring aspect!—claim a grateful verse;
And like a sable curtain starred with gold,
Drawn o'er my labors past, shall clothe the scene.

Life, Death, and Immortality.

Tired Nature's sweet restorer, balmy Sleep!
He, like the world, his ready visit pays
Where Fortune smiles; the wretched he forsakes;
Swift on his downy pinion flies from woe,
And lights on lids unsullied with a tear.
From short (as usual) and disturbed repose
I wake; how happy they who wake no more!
Yet that were vain, if dreams infest the grave.
I wake, emerging from a sea of dreams
Tumultuous; where my wrecked desponding thought
From wave to wave of fancied misery
At random drove, her helm of reason lost
Though now restored, 'tis only change of pain—
A bitter change!—severer for severe:
The day too short for my distress; and night,
E'en in the zenith of her dark domain,
Is sunshine to the color of my fate.
Night, sable goddess! from her ebon throne,
In rayless majesty, now stretches forth
Her leaden sceptre o'er a slumbering world.
Silence how dead! and darkness how profound!
Nor eye nor listening ear an object finds;
Creation sleeps. 'Tis as the general pulse
Of life stood still, and Nature made a pause;
An awful pause! prophetic of her end.
And let her prophecy be soon fulfilled:
Fate! drop the curtain; I can lose no more.
Silence and Darkness! solemn sisters! twins
From ancient Night, who nurse the tender thought
To reason, and on reason build resolve—
That column of true majesty in man—
Assist me: I will thank you in the grave;
The grave your kingdom: there this frame shall fall
A victim sacred to your dreary shrine.
But what are ye?
Thou, who didst put to flight
Primeval Silence, when the morning stars
Exulting, shouted o'er the rising ball;
O Thou! whose word from solid darkness struck
That spark, the sun, strike wisdom from my soul;
My soul, which flies to thee, her trust, her treasure,
As misers to their gold, while others rest.
Through this opaque of nature and of soul,
This double night, transmit one pitying ray,
To lighten and to cheer. Oh lead my mind—
A mind that fain would wander from its woe—
Lead it through various scenes of life and death,
And from each scene the noblest truths inspire.
Nor less inspire my conduct than my song;
Teach my best reason, reason; my best will
Teach rectitude; and fix my firm resolve
Wisdom to wed, and pay her long arrear:
Nor let the phial of thy vengeance, poured
On this devoted head, be poured in vain. . . .
How poor, how rich, how abject, how august,
How complicate, how wonderful is man!
How passing wonder He who made him such!
Who centered in our make such strange extremes,
From different natures marvellously mixed,
Connection exquisite of distant worlds!
Distinguished link in being's endless chain!
Midway from nothing to the Deity!

A beam ethereal, sullied and absorpt!
Though sullied and dishonored, still dlvlne!
Dim minlature of greatness absolute!
An heir of glory! a frail child of dust:
Helpless immortal! insect infinite!
A worm! a god! I tremble at myself,
And ln myself am lost. At home, a stranger,
Thought wanders up and down, surprised, aghast,
And wondering at her own. How reason reels!
Oh what a miracle to man is man!
Triumphantly distressed! what joy! what dread!
Alternately transported and alarmed!
What can preserve my life, or what destroy?
An angel's arm can't snatch me from the grave;
Legions of angels can't confine me there.
'Tis past conjecture; all things rise in proof:
While o'er my limbs sleep's soft dominion spread,
What though my soul fantastic measures trod
O'er fairy fields; or mourned along the gloom
Of silent woods; or, down the craggy steep
Hurled headlong, swam with pain the mantled pool;
Or scaled the cliff; or danced on hollow winds,
With antic shapes, wild natives of the brain?
Her ceaseless flight, though devious, speaks her nature
Of subtler essence than the common clod. . . .
Even silent night proclaims my soul immortal! . . .
Why, then, their loss deplore that are not lost?
This ls the desert, *this* the solitude:
Now populous, how vital is the grave!
This is creation's melancholy vault,
The vale funereal, the sad cypress gloom;
The land of apparitions, empty shades!
All, all on earth is shadow, all beyond
Is substance; the reverse is folly's creed;
How solid all, where change shall be no more!
Thls is the bud of being, the dim dawn,
The twilight of our day, the vestibule;
Life's theatre as yet is shut, and death,
Strong death alone can heave the massy bar,
This gross impediment of clay remove,
And make us embryos of existence free
From real life; but little more remote
Is he, not yet a candldate for light,
The future embryo, slumbering in his sire.
Embryos we must be till we burst the shell,
Yon amblent azure shell, and spring to life,
The life of gods, O transport! and of man.
Yet man, fool man! here buries all his thoughts;
Inters celestial hopes wlthout one sigh.
Prisoner of earth, and pent beneath the moon,
Here plnlons all his wishes; winged by heaven
To fly at infinite: and reach it there
Where seraphs gather lmmortality,
On life's fair tree, fast by the throne of God.
What golden joys ambroslal clustering glow
In hls full beam, and rlpen for the just,
Where momentary ages are no more!
Where time, and paln, and chance, and death expire!
And is it ln the flight of threescore years
To push eternity from human thought,
And smother souls immortal in the dust?
A soul lnmortal, spending all her fires,
Wasting her strength in strenuous idleness,
Thrown into tumult, raptured or alarmed,
At aught thls scene can threaten or indulge,
Resembles ocean into tempest wrought,
To waft a feather, or to drown a fly.

Thoughts on Time.

The bell strikes one. We take no note of tlme
But from its loss: to glve lt then a tongue
Is wise in man. As if an angel spoke,
I feel the solemn sound. If heard aright,
It is the knell of my departed hours.
Where are they? With the years beyond the flood
It is the signal that demands dispatch:
How much is to be done? My hopes and fears
Start up alarmed, and o'er life's narrow verge
Look down—on what? A fathomless abyss.
A dread eternity! how surely mine!
And can eternity belong to me,
Poor pensloner on the bounties of an hour?

O time! than gold more sacred; more a load
Than lead to fools, and fools reputed wise.
What moment granted man without account?
What years are squandered, wisdom's debt unpaid!
Our wealth in days all due to that discharge.
Haste, haste, he lies in wait, he's at the door;
Insidious Death; should his strong hand arrest,
No composltion sets the prisoner free.
Eternity's inexorable chain
Fast binds, and vengeance claims the full arrear.

Youth is not rich in tlme; it may be poor;
Part wlth lt as with money, sparing; pay
No moment, but in purchase of its worth;
And what it's worth, ask death-beds; they can tell.
Part with it as with life, reluctant; big
With holy hope of nobler time to come;
Time hlgher aimed, still nearer the great mark
Of men and angels, virtue more divine.

Ah! how unjust to nature and hlmself
Is thoughtless, thankless, inconslstent man!
Like children babbling nonsense in their sports,
We censure Nature for a span too short;
That span too short we tax as tedious too;
Torture invention, all expedients tire,
To lash the lingering moments into speed,
And whlrl us (happy riddance) from ourselves.

Tlme, ln advance, behind him hldes hls wings,
And seems to creep, decrepit with his age.
Behold him when passed by; what then is seen
But his broad pinions swifter than the winds?
And all mankind, in contradiction strong
Rueful, aghast, cry out on his career.

We waste, not use our time; we breathe, not live;
Time wasted is existence; used, is life;
And bare existence man, to live ordained,
Wrings and oppresses with enormous weight.
And why? since time was given for use, not waste,
Enjoined to fly, with tempest, tide, and stars,
To keep his speed, nor even wait for man.
Time's use was doomed a pleasure, waste a pain,
That man might feel his error if unseen,
And, feeling, fly to labour for his cure;
Not blundering, split on idleness for ease.

We push time from us, and we wish him back;
Life we think long and short; death seek and shun.
O the dark days of vanity! while
Here, how tasteless! and how terrible when gone!
Gone? they ne'er go; when past, they haunt us still:
The spirit walks of every day deceased,
And smiles an angel, or a fury frowns.
Nor death nor life delight us. If time past,
And time possessed, both pain us, what can please?
That which the Deity to please ordained,
Time used. The man who consecrates his hours
By vigorous effort, and an honest aim,
At once he draws the sting of life and death:
He walks with nature, and her paths are peace.

'Tis greatly wise to talk with our past hours,
And ask them what report they bore to heaven,
And how they might have borne more welcome news.
Their answers form what men experience call;
If wisdom's friend her best, if not, worst foe.

The Man whose Thoughts are not of this World.

Some angel guide my pencil, while I draw,
What nothing less than angel can exceed—
A man on earth devoted to the skies;
Like ships in seas, while in, above the world.
With aspect mild, and elevated eye,
Behold him seated on a mount serene,
Above the fogs of sense, and passion's storm;
All the black cares and tumults of this life,
Like harmless thunders, breaking at his feet,
Excite his pity, not impair his peace.
Earth's genuine sons, the sceptred and the slave,
A mingled mob! a wandering herd! he sees,
Bewildered in the vale; in all unlike!
His full reverse in all! what higher praise?
What stronger demonstration of the right?
The present all their care; the future his.
When public welfare calls, or private want,
They give to Fame; his bounty he conceals.
Their virtues varnish Nature; his exalt.
Mankind's esteem they court; and he his own.
Theirs the wild chase of false felicities;
His the composed possession of the true.
Alike throughout is his consistent peace,
All of one colour, and an even thread;
While party-coloured shreds of happiness,
With hideous gaps between, patch up for them
A madman's robe; each puff of Fortune blows
The tatters by, and shews their nakedness.

Procrastination.

Be wise to-day; 'tis madness to defer:
Next day the fatal precedent will plead;
Thus on, till wisdom is pushed out of life.
Procrastination is the thief of time;
Year after year it steals, till all are fled,
And to the mercies of a moment leaves
The vast concerns of an eternal scene.
If not so frequent, would not this be strange?
That 'tis so frequent, this is stranger still.
Of man's miraculous mistakes, this bears
The palm, 'That all men are about to live,'
For ever on the brink of being born:
All pay themselves the compliment to think
They one day shall not drivel, and their pride
On this reversion takes up ready praise;
At least their own their future selves applaud;
How excellent that life they ne'er will lead!
Time lodged in their own hands is Folly's vails;
That lodged in Fate's to wisdom they consign;
The thing they can't but purpose, they postpone.
'Tis not in folly not to scorn a fool,
And scarce in human wisdom to do more.
All promise is poor dilatory man,
And that through every stage. When young, indeed,
In full content we sometimes nobly rest,
Unanxious for ourselves, and only wish,
As duteous sons, our fathers were more wise.
At thirty, man suspects himself a fool;
Knows it at forty, and reforms his plan;
At fifty, chides his infamous delay,
Pushes his prudent purpose to resolve;
In all the magnanimity of thought
Resolves, and re-resolves; then dies the same.
And why? because he thinks himself immortal.
All men think all men mortal but themselves;
Themselves, when some alarming shock of fate
Strikes through their wounded hearts the sudden dread:
But their hearts wounded, like the wounded air,
Soon close; where passed the shaft no trace is found,
As from the wing no scar the sky retains,
The parted wave no furrow from the keel,
So dies in human hearts the thought of death:
E'en with the tender tear which nature sheds
O'er those we love, we drop it in their grave.

LINES

COMPOSED A FEW MILES ABOVE TINTERN ABBEY.

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH.

Five years have passed; five summers, with the length
Of five long winters; and again I hear
These waters, rolling from their mountain springs

With a sweet inland murmur. Once again
Do I behold these steep and lofty cliffs,
That on a wild secluded scene impress
Thoughts of more deep seclusion, and connect
The landscape with the quiet of the sky.
The day is come when I again repose
Here, under this dark sycamore, and view
These plots of cottage ground, these orchard tufts,
Which, at this season, with their unripe fruits,
Are clad in one green hue, and lose themselves
Among the woods and copses, nor disturb
The wild green landscape. Once again I see
These hedgerows, hardly hedgerows, little lines
Of sportive wood run wild; these pastoral farms
Green to the very door; and wreaths of smoke
Sent up in silence from among the trees!
With some uncertain notice, as might seem,
Of vagrant dwellers in the houseless woods,
Or of some hermit's cave, where, by his fire,
The hermit sits alone.
These beauteous forms,
Through a long absence, have not been to me
As is a landscape to a blind man's eye:
But oft, in lonely rooms, and 'mid the din
Of towns and cities, I have owed to them,
In hours of weariness, sensations sweet,
Felt in the blood, and felt along the heart,
And passing even into my purer mind
With tranquil restoration: feelings, too,
Of unremembered pleasure: such, perhaps,
As may have had no trivial influence
On that best portion of a good man's life,
His little, nameless, unremembered acts
Of kindness and of love. Nor less, I trust,
To them I may have owed another gift,
Of aspect more sublime; that blessed mood
In which the burthen of the mystery,
In which the heavy and the weary weight
Of all this unintelligible world
Is lightened; the serene and blessed mood
In which the affections gently lead us on,
Until the breath of this corporeal frame,
And even the motion of our human blood
Almost suspended, we are laid asleep
In body, and become a living soul:
While with an eye made quiet by the power
Of harmony and the deep power of joy,
We see into the life of things.
If this
Be but a vain belief, yet oh! how oft,
In darkness, and amid the many shapes
Of joyful daylight, when the fretful stir
Unprofitable, and the fever of the world,
Have hung upon the beatings of my heart,
How oft in spirit have I turned to thee,
O sylvan Wye!—thou wanderer through the woods—
How often has my spirit turned to thee!
And now, with gleams of half-extinguished thought,
With many recognitions dim and faint,
And somewhat of a sad perplexity,
The picture of the mind revives again:
While here I stand, not only with the sense
Of present pleasure, but with pleasing thoughts
That in this moment there is life and food
For future years. And so I dare to hope,
Though changed, no doubt, from what I was when first
I came among these hills; when, like a roe,
I bounded o'er the mountains, by the sides
Of the deep rivers, and the lonely streams,
Wherever nature led: more like a man
Flying from something that he dreads, than one
Who sought the thing he loved. For nature then—
The coarser pleasures of my boyish days
And their glad animal movements all gone by—
To me was all in all. I cannot paint
What then I was. The sounding cataract
Haunted me like a passion; the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love
That had no need of a remoter charm,
By thought supplied, or any interest
Unborrowed from the eye. That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. Not for this
Faint I, nor mourn, nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed, for such loss, I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth, but hearing oftentimes
The still sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,
Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
And the round ocean, and the living air,
And the blue sky, and in the mind of man;
A motion and a spirit that impels
All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
And rolls through all things. Therefore am I still
A lover of the meadows and the woods
And mountains, and of all that we behold
From this green earth; of all the mighty world
Of eye and ear, both what they half create
And what perceive; well pleased to recognize
In nature, and the language of the sense,
The anchor of my purest thoughts, the nurse,
The guide, the guardian of my heart, and soul
Of all my moral being.
Nor, perchance,
If I were not thus taught, should I the more
Suffer my genial spirits to decay:
For thou art with me here, upon the banks
Of this fair river; thou, my dearest friend
My dear, dear friend, and in thy voice I catch
The language of my former heart, and read
My former pleasures in the shooting lights

Of thy wild eyes. Oh! yet a little while
May I behold in thee what I was once,
My dear, dear sister! And this prayer I make,
Knowing that nature never did betray
The heart that loved her; 'tis her privilege,
Through all the years of this our life, to lead
From joy to joy; for she can so inform
The mind that is within us, so impress
With quietness and beauty, and so feed
With lofty thoughts, that neither evil tongues,
Rash judgments, nor the sneers of selfish men,
Nor greetings where no kindness is, nor all
The dreary intercourse of daily life,
Shall e'er prevail against us, or disturb
Our cheerful faith that all which we behold
Is full of blessings. Therefore let the moon
Shine on thee in thy solitary walk;
And let the misty mountain winds be free
To blow against thee: and in after years,
When these wild ecstasies shall be matured
Into a sober pleasure, when thy mind
Shall be a mansion for all lovely forms,
Thy memory be as a dwelling-place
For all sweet sounds and harmonies; oh! then,
If solitude, or fear, or pain, or grief,
Should be thy portion, with what healing thoughts
Of tender joy wilt thou remember me,
And these my exhortations. Nor, perchance,
If I should be where I no more can hear
Thy voice, nor catch from thy wild eyes these gleams
Of past existence, wilt thou then forget
That on the banks of this delightful stream
We stood together; and that I, so long
A worshiper of nature, hither came,
Unwearied in that service: rather say
With warmer love, oh! with far deeper zeal
Of holier love. Nor wilt thou then forget,
That after many wanderings, many years
Of absence, these steep woods and lofty cliffs,
And this green pastoral landscape, were to me
More dear, both for themselves and for thy sake!

THE SPLENDID SHILLING.

JOHN PHILIPS.

Happy the man who, void of care and strife,
In silken or in leathern purse retains
A Splendid Shilling: he nor hears with pain
New oysters cried, nor sighs for cheerful ale;
But with his friends, when nightly mists arise,
To Juniper's Magpie or Town-hall* repairs:
Where, mindful of the nymph, whose wanton eye
Transfixed his soul, and kindled amorous flames,
Chloe or Phyllis, he each cheerful glass
Wishes her health, and joy, and equal love.
Meanwhile he smokes, and laughs at merry tale,
Or pun ambiguous, or conundrum quaint.
But I, whom griping penury surrounds,
And hunger, sure attendant upon want,
With scanty offals, and small acid tiff,
Wretched repast! my meager corpse sustain:
Then solitary walk, or doze at home
In garret vile, and with a warming puff
Regale chilled fingers: or from tube as black
As winter-chimney, or well-polished jet,
Exhale mundungus, ill perfuming scent:
Not blacker tube nor of a shorter size,
Smokes Cambro-Briton—versed in pedigree
Sprung from Cadwallader and Arthur, kings
Full famous in romantic tale—when he
O'er many a craggy hill and barren cliff,
Upon a cargo of famed Cestrian cheese,
High overshadowing rides, with a design
To vend his wares, or at the Avonian mart
Or Maridunum, or the ancient town
Ycleped Brechinia, or where Vaga's stream
Encircles Ariconium, fruitful soil!
Whence flow nectareous wines, that well may vie
With Massic, Setin, or renowned Falern.
Thus, while my joyless minutes tedious flow
With looks demure, and silent pace, a dun,
Horrible monster! hated by gods and men,
To my aërial citadel ascends:
With vocal heel thrice thundering at my gate;
With hideous accent thrice he calls; I know
The voice ill-boding, and the solemn sound.
What should I do? or whither turn? Amazed,
Confounded, to the dark recess I fly
Of wood-hole; straight my bristling hairs erect
Through sudden fear: a chilly sweat bedews
My shuddering limbs, and—wonderful to tell!—
My tongue forgets her faculty of speech;
So horrible he seems! His faded brow
Intrenched with many a frown, and conic beard,
And spreading band, admired by modern saints,
Disastrous acts forebode; in his right hand
Long scrolls of paper solemnly he waves,
With characters and figures dire inscribed,
Grievous to mortal eyes—ye gods, avert
Such plagues from righteous men!—Behind him stalks
Another monster, not unlike himself,
Sullen of aspect, by the vulgar called
A catchpole, whose polluted hands the gods
With force incredible, and magic charms,
First have endued: if he his ample palm
Should haply on ill-fated shoulder lay
Of debtor, straight his body, to the touch
Obsequious—as whilom knights were wont—
To some enchanted castle is conveyed,
Where gates impregnable, and coercive chains,
In durance strict detain him, till, in form
Of money Pallas sets the captive free.
Beware, ye debtors! when ye walk, beware,
Be circumspect; oft with insidious ken
This caitiff eyes your steps aloof, and oft
Lies perdue in a nook or gloomy cave,
Prompt to enchant some inadvertent wretch
With his unhallowed touch. So—poets sing—

Grimalkin, to domestic vermin sworn
An everlasting foe, with watchful eye
Lies nightly brooding o'er a chinky gap,
Portending her fell claws, to thoughtless mice
Sure ruin. So her disembowelled web
Arache, in a hall or kitchen, spreads
Obvious to vagrant flies: she secret stands
Within her woven cell: the humming prey,
Regardless of their fate, rush on the toils
Inextricable; nor will aught avail
Their arts, or arms, or shapes of lovely hue;
The wasp insidious, and the buzzing drone,
And butterfly, proud of expanded wings
Distinct with gold, entangled in her snares
Useless resistance make: with eager strides,
She tow'ring flies to her expected spoils:
Then, with envenomed jaws, the vital blood
Drinks of reluctant foes, and to her cave
Their bulky carcasses triumphant drags.
So pass my days. But when nocturnal shades
This world envelop, and th' inclement air
Persuades men to repel benumbing frosts
With pleasant wines and crackling blaze of wood,
Me lonely sitting, nor the glimmering light
Of make-weight candle, nor the joyous talk
Of loving friend, delights; distressed, forlorn,
Amidst the horrors of the tedious night,
Darkling I sigh, and feed with dismal thoughts
My anxious mind; or sometimes mournful verse
Indite, and sing of groves and myrtle shades,
Or desperate lady near a purling stream,
Or lover pendent or a willow tree.
Meanwhile I labor with eternal drought,
And restless wish, and rave; my parched throat
Finds no relief, nor heavy eyes repose:
But if a slumber haply does invade
My weary limbs, my fancy's still awake;
Thoughtful of drink, and eager, in a dream,
Tipples imaginary pots of ale,
In vain; awake I find the settled thirst
Still gnawing, and the pleasant phantom curse.
Thus do I live, from pleasure quite debarred,
Nor taste the fruits that the sun's genial rays
Mature, John apple, nor the downy peach,
Nor walnut in rough-furrowed coat secure,
Nor medlar, fruit delicious in decay.
Afflictions great! yet greater still remain:
My galligaskins, that have long withstood
The winter's fury and encroaching frosts,
By time subdued—what will not time subdue!—
A horrid chasm disclosed with orifice
Wide, discontinuous; at which the winds
Eurus and Auster and the dreadful force
Of Boreas, that congeals the Cronian waves,
Tumultuous enter with dire chilling blasts,
Portending agues. Thus, a well-fraught ship,
Long sailed secure, or through th' Ægean deep,
Or the Ionian, till, cruising near
The Lilybean shore, with hideous crush
On Scylla or Charybdis—dangerous rocks!—
She strikes rebounding; whence the shattered oak,
So fierce a shock unable to withstand,
Admits the sea; in at the gaping side
The crowding waves rush with impetuous rage,
Resistless, overwhelming! horrors seize
The mariners; death in their eyes appears;
They stare, they lave, they pump, they swear, they pray;
(Vain efforts!) still the battering waves rush in,
Implacable; till deluged by the foam,
The ship sinks foundering in the vast abyss.

POOR JACK.

CHARLES DIBDIN.

Go patter to lubbers and swabs, d'ye see,
'Bout danger, and fear, and the like;
A tight water-boat and good sea-room give me,
And 'taint to a little I'll strike:
Though the tempest top-gallant-masts smack smooth should smite,
And shiver each splinter of wood,
Clear the wreck, stow the yards, and house everything tight,
And under reef'd foresail we'll scud:
Avast! nor don't think me a milksop so soft
To be taken for trifles aback;
For they say there's a Providence sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

Why, I heard our good chaplain palaver one day
About souls, heaven, mercy, and such;
And, my timbers! what lingo he'd coil and belay,
Why 'twas just all as one as High Dutch:
For he said how a sparrow can't founder, d'ye see,
Without orders that come down below;
And many fine things that proved clearly to me
That Providence takes us in tow:
For, says he, do you mind me, let storms e'er so oft
Take the topsails of sailors aback,
There's a sweet little cherub that sits up aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

I said to our Poll, for, d'ye see, she would cry,
When last we weigh'd anchor for sea,
What argufies sniv'ling and piping your eye,
Why, what a d——'d fool you must be!
Can't you see the world's wide, and there's room for us all,
Both for seamen and lubbers ashore,
And if to old Davy I should go, friend Poll,
Why you will ne'er hear of me more;
What then, all's a hazard; come, don't be so soft,
Perhaps I may laughing come back;
For, d'ye see, there's a cherub sits smiling aloft,
To keep watch for the life of poor Jack.

D'ye mind me, a sailor should be every inch
All as one as a piece of the ship,

And with her brave the world without offering to flinch,
From the moment the anchor's a-trip.
As for me, in all weathers, all times, tides, and ends,
Nought's a trouble from duty that springs,
For my heart is my Poll's, and my rhino's my friend's;
And as for my life 'tis the king's:
Even when my time comes, ne'er believe me so soft
As for grief to be taken aback,
For the same little cherub that sits up aloft
Will look out a good berth for poor Jack.

"AD AMICOS"—1829-1876

OLIVER WENDELL HOLMES.

Behold this cup; its mystic wine
No alien's lip has ever tasted;
The blood of friendship's clinging vine,
Still flowing, flowing, yet unwasted.
Old Time forgot his running sand,
And laid his hour-glass down to fill it,
And Death himself, with gentle hand,
Has touched the chalice, not to spill it.

Each bubble rounding at the brim
Is rainbowed with its magic story;
The shining days, with age grown dim,
Are dressed again in robes of glory.
In all its freshness spring returns,
With song of birds and blossoms tender;
Once more the torch of passion burns,
And youth is here in all its splendour!

Hope swings her anchor like a toy,
Love laughs and shows the silver arrow
We knew so well as man and boy,—
The shaft that stings through bone and marrow.
Again our kindling pulses beat,
With tangled curls our fingers dally,
And bygone beauties smile as sweet
As fresh-blown lilies of the valley.

O blessed hour! We may forget
Its wreaths, its rhymes, its songs, its laughter,
But not the loving eyes we met,
Whose light shall gild the dim hereafter.
How every heart to each grows warm!
Is one in sunshine's ray? We share it.
Is one in sorrow's blinding storm?
A look, a word, shall help him bear it.

"The boys" we were, "the boys" we'll be
As long as three, as two, are creeping;
Then here's to him—ah! which is he?—
Who lives till all the rest are sleeping;
A life with tranquil comfort blest,
The young man's health, the rich man's plenty.
All earth can give that earth has best,
And heaven at fourscore years and twenty.

THE BURIAL OF SIR JOHN MOORE

CHARLES WOLFE.

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot
O'er the grave where our hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
The sods with our bayonets turning;
By the struggling moonbeam's misty light,
And the lantern dimly burning.

No useless coffin enclosed his breast,
Nor in sheet nor in shroud we wound him;
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

Few and short were the prayers we said,
And we spoke not a word of sorrow;
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe and the stranger would tread o'er his head,
And we far away on the billow!

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him,—
But little he'll reck, if they let him sleep on
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the clock struck the hour for retiring;
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was sullenly firing.

Slowly and sadly we laid him down,
From the field of his fame fresh and gory;
We carved not a line, and we raised not a stone—
But we left him alone with his glory.

THE CLOSING YEAR.

GEORGE D. PRENTICE.

'T is midnight's holy hour,—and silence now
Is brooding like a gentle spirit o'er
The still and pulseless world. Hark! on the winds
The bell's deep tones are swelling,—'t is the knell
Of the departed year. No funeral train
sweeping past; yet, on the stream and wood,
With melancholy light, the moonbeams rest
Like a pale, spotless shroud; the air is stirred
As by a mourner's sigh, and on yon cloud
That floats so still and placidly through heaven,
The spirits of the seasons seem to stand—
Young Spring, bright Summer, Autumn's solemn form,

And Winter with its aged locks,—and breathe,
In mournful cadences that come abroad
Like the far wind-harp's wild and touching wail,
A melancholy dirge o'er the dead year,
Gone from the earth forever.

'T is a time
For memory and for tears. Within the deep,
Still chambers of the heart, a specter dim,
Whose tones are like the wizard's voice of Time
Heard from the tomb of ages, points its cold
And solemn finger to the beautiful
And holy visions that have passed away,
And left no shadow of their loveliness
On the dead waste of life. That specter lifts
The coffin-lid of Hope and Joy and Love,
And bending mournfully above the pale,
Sweet forms that slumber there, scatters dead flowers
O'er what has passed to nothingness.

The year
Has gone, and with it, many a glorious throng
Of happy dreams. Its mark is on each brow,
Its shadow in each heart. In its swift course
It waved its scepter o'er the beautiful,
And they are not. It laid its pallid hand
Upon the strong man, and the haughty form
Is fallen, and the flashing eye is dim.
It trod the hall of revelry, where thronged
The bright and joyous, and the tearful wail
Of stricken ones is heard where erst the song
And reckless shout resounded.

It passed o er
The battle-plain where sword and spear and shield
Flashed in the light of midday, and the strength
Of serried hosts is shivered, and the grass,
Green from the soil of carnage, waves above
The crushed and moldering skeleton. It came
And faded like a wreath of mist at eve;
Yet ere it melted in the viewless air
It heralded its millions to their home
In the dim land of dreams.

Remorseless time!
Fierce spirit of the glass and scythe!—what power
Can stay him in his silent course, or melt
His iron heart to pity? On, still on,
He presses, and forever. The proud bird,
The condor of the Andes, that can soar
Through heaven's unfathomable depths, or brave
The fury of the northern hurricane,
And bathe his plumage in the thunder's home,
Furls his broad wings at nightfall, and sinks down
To rest upon his mountain crag,—but Time
Knows not the weight of sleep or weariness,
And night's deep darkness has no chain to bind
His rushing pinions.

Revolutions sweep
O'er earth, like troubled visions o'er the breast
Of dreaming sorrow; cities rise and sink
Like bubbles on the water; fiery isles
Spring blazing from the ocean, and go back
To their mysterious caverns; mountains rear
To heaven their bald and blackened cliffs, and bow
Their tall heads to the plain; new empires rise,
Gathering the strength of hoary centuries,
And rush down like the Alpine avalanche,
Startling the nations; and the very stars,
Yon bright and burning blazonry of God,
Glitter awhile in their eternal depths,
And, like the Pleiades, loveliest of their train,
Shoot from their glorious spheres, and pass away
To darkle in the trackless void,—yet Time,
Time the tomb builder, holds his fierce career,
Dark, stern, all-pitiless, and pauses not
Amid the mighty wrecks that strew his path
To sit and muse, like other conquerors,
Upon the fearful ruin he has wrought.

THE BEGGAR.

THOMAS MOSS.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

These tattered clothes my poverty bespeak,
These hoary locks proclaim my lengthened years;
And many a furrow in my grief-worn cheek
Has been the channel to a stream of tears.

Yon house, erected on the rising ground,
With tempting aspect drew me from my road,
For plenty there a residence has found,
And grandeur a magnificent abode.

(Hard is the fate of the infirm and poor!)
Here craving for a morsel of their bread,
A pampered menial forced me from the door,
To seek a shelter in a humbler shed.

Oh! take me to your hospitable dome,
Keen blows the wind, and piercing is the cold!
Short is my passage to the friendly tomb,
For I am poor, and miserably old.

Should I reveal the source of every grief,
If soft humanity e'er touched your breast,
Your hands would not withhold the kind relief,
And tears of pity could not be repressed.

Heaven sends misfortunes—why should we repine?
'Tis Heaven has brought me to the state you see:
And your condition may be soon like mine,
The child of sorrow, and of misery.

A little farm was my paternal lot,
Then, like the lark, I sprightly hailed the morn;
But ah! oppression forced me from my cot;
My cattle died, and blighted was my corn.

My daughter—once the comfort of my age!
Lured by a villain from her native home,
Is cast, abandoned, on the world's wide stage,
And doomed in scanty poverty to roam.

My tender wife—sweet soother of my care!
Struck with sad anguish at the stern decree,
Fell—lingering fell, a victim to despair,
And left the world to wretchedness and me.

Pity the sorrows of a poor old man!
Whose trembling limbs have borne him to your door,
Whose days are dwindled to the shortest span;
Oh! give relief, and Heaven will bless your store.

HUMAN LIFE.

SAMUEL ROGERS.

The lark has sung his carol in the sky,
The bees have hummed their noontide lullaby;
Still in the vale the village bells ring round,
Still in Llewellyn hall the jests resound;
For now the caudle-cup is circling there,
Now, glad at heart, the gossips breathe their prayer,
And, crowding, stop the cradle to admire
The babe, the sleeping image of his sire.
A few short years, and then these sounds shall hail
The day again, and gladness fill the vale;
So soon the child a youth, the youth a man,
Eager to run the race his fathers ran.
Then the huge ox shall yield the broad sirloin;
The ale, now brewed, in floods of amber shine;
And basking in the chimney's ample blaze,
'Mid many a tale told of his boyish days,
The nurse shall cry, of all her ills beguiled,
"'Twas on her knees he sat so oft and smiled."
And soon again shall music swell the breeze;
Soon, issuing forth, shall glitter through the trees
Vestures of nuptial white; and hymns be sung,
And violets scattered round; and old and young
In every cottage-porch, with garlands green,
Stand still to gaze, and, gazing, bless the scene,
While, her dark eyes declining, by his side,
Moves in her virgin veil the gentle bride.
And once, alas! nor in a distant hour,
Another voice shall come from yonder tower;
When in dim chambers long black weeds are seen,
And weeping heard where only joy has been;
When, by his children borne, and from his door,
Slowly departing to return no more,
He rests in holy earth with them that went before.
And such is human life; so gliding on,
It glimmers like a meteor, and is gone!
Yet is the tale, brief though it be, as strange,
As full, methinks, of wild and wonorous change,
As any that the wandering tribes require,
Stretched in the desert round their evening fire;
As any sung of old, in hall or bower,
To minstrel-harp, at midnight's witching hour!
The day arrives, the moment wished and feared;
The child is born, by many a pang endeared,
And now the mother's ear has caught his cry;
O grant the cherub to her asking eye!
He comes—she clasps him. To her bosom pressed,
He drinks the balm of life, and drops to rest.
Her by her smile how soon the stranger knows!
How soon by his the glad discovery shows!
As to her lips she lifts the lovely boy,
What answering looks of sympathy and joy!
He walks, he speaks. In many a broken word
His wants, his wishes, and his griefs are heard.
And ever, ever to her lap he flies,
When rosy sleep comes on with sweet surprise.
Locked in her arms, his arms across her flung
(That name most dear forever on his tongue),
As with soft accents round her neck he clings,
And, cheek to cheek, her lulling song she sings,
How blest to feel the beatings of his heart,
Breathe his sweet breath, and kiss for kiss impart;
Watch o'er his slumbers like the brooding dove,
And, if she can, exhaust a mother's love!

COMPLAINT OF NATURE.

JOHN LOGAN.

'Few are thy days, and full of woe,
O man, of woman born!
Thy doom is written, "Dust thou art,
And shalt to dust return."

'Determined are the days that fly
Successive o'er thy head;
The numbered hour in on the wing
That lays thee with the dead.

'Alas! the little day of life
Is shorter than a span;
Yet black with thousand hidden ills
To miserable man.

'Gay is thy morning, flattering hope
Thy sprightly step attends;
But soon the tempest howls behind,
And the dark night descends.

'Before its splendid hour the cloud
Comes o'er its beam of light;
A pilgrim in a weary land,
Man tarries but a night.

'Behold! sad emblem of thy state,
The flowers that paint the field;
Or trees that crown the mountain's brow,
And boughs and blossoms yield.

'When chill the blast of Winter blows,
Away the Summer flies,
The flowers resign their sunny robes,
And all their beauty dies.

'Nipt by the year the forest fades;
And, shaking to the wind,
The leaves toss to and fro, and streak
The wilderness behind.

'The Winter past, reviving flowers
Anew shall paint the plain,
The woods shall hear the voice of Spring,
And flourish green again.

But man departs this earthly scene,
Ah! never to return!
No second Spring shall e'er revive
The ashes of the urn.

'The inexorable doors of death,
What hand can e'er unfold?
Who from the cerements of the tomb
Can raise the human mould?

'The mighty flood that rolls along
Its torrents to the main,
The waters lost can ne'er recall
From that abyss again.

'The days, the years, the ages, dark
Descending down to night,
Can never, never be redeemed
Back to the gates of light.

'So man departs the living scene,
To night's perpetual gloom;
The voice of morning ne'er shall break
The slumbers of the tomb.

'Where are our fathers? whither gone
The mighty men of old?
The patriarchs, prophets, princes, kings,
In sacred books enrolled?

'Gone to the resting-place of man,
The everlasting home,
Where ages past have gone before,
Where future ages come.'

Thus nature poured the wail of woe,
And urged her earnest cry;
Her voice, in agony extreme,
Ascended to the sky.

The Almighty heard: then from his throne
In majesty he rose;
And from the heaven, that opened wide,
His voice in mercy flows:

'When mortal man resigns his breath,
And falls a clod of clay,
The soul immortal wings its flight
To never-setting day.

'Prepared of old for wicked men
The bed of torment lies;
The just shall enter into bliss
Immortal in the skies.'

LOUGHRIG TARN.

JOHN WILSON.

Thou guardian Naiad of this little lake,
Whose banks in unprofaned nature sleep,
(And that in waters lone and beautiful
Dwell spirits radiant as the homes they love,
Have poets still believed O surely blest
Beyond all genii or of wood or wave,
Or sylphs that in the shooting sunbeams dwell,
Art thou! yea, happier even than summer-cloud
Beloved by air and sky, and floating slow
O'er the still bosom of upholding heaven.

Beauteous as blest, O Naiad, thou must be!
For, since thy birth, have all delightful things,
Of form and hue, of silence and of sound,
Circled thy spirit, as the crowding stars
Shine round the placid Moon. Lov'st thou to sink
Into thy cell of sleep? The water parts
With dimpling smiles around thee, and below,
The unsunn'd verdure, soft as cygnet's down,
Meets thy descending feet without a sound.
Lov'st thou to sport upon the watery gleam?
Lucid as air around, thy head it lies
Bathing thy sable locks in pearly light,
While all around, the water-lilies strive
To shower their blossoms o'er the virgin queen
Or doth the shore allure thee?—well it may:
How soft these fields of pastoral beauty melt
In clear water! neither sand nor stone
Bars herb or wild-flower from the dewy sound,
Like Spring's own voice now rippling round the Tarn.
There oft thou liest 'mid the echoing bleat
Of lambs, that race amid the sunny gleams;
Or bee's wide murmur as it fills the broom
That yellows round thy bed. O gentle glades,
Amid the tremulous verdure of the woods,
In steadfast smiles of more essential light,
Lying like azure streaks of placid sky
Amid the moving clouds, the Naiad loves
Your glimmering alleys, and your rustling bowers;
For there, in peace reclined, her half closed eye
Through the long vista sees her darling lake
Even like herself, diffused in fair repose.

Not undelightful to the quiet breast
Such solitary dreams as now have fill'd
My busy fancy: dreams that rise in peace,

And thither lead; partaking in their flight
Of human interests and earthly joys.
Imagination fondly leans on truth,
And sober scenes of dim reality
To her seem lovely as the western sky
To the rapt Persian worshipping the sun,
Methinks this little lake, to whom my heart
Assigned a guardian spirit, renders back
To me, in tenderest gleams of gratitude,
Profounder beauty to reward my hymn.

Long hast thou been a darling haunt of mine,
And still warm blessings gush'd into my heart
Meeting or parting with thy smiles of peace.
But now thy mild and gentle character,
More deeply felt than ever, seems to blend
Its essence pure with mine, like some sweet tune
Oft heard before with pleasure, but at last,
In one high moment of inspired bliss,
Borne through the spirit like an angel's song.

This is the solitude that reason loves!
Even he who yearns for human sympathies,
And hears a music in the breath of man,
Dearer than voice of mountain or of flood,
Might live a hermit here, and mark the sun
Rising or setting 'mid the beauteous calm,
Devoutly blending in his happy soul
Thoughts both of earth and heaven!—Yon mountain side,
Rejoicing in its clustering cottages,
Appears to me a paradise preserved
From guilt by Nature's hand, and every wreath
Of smoke, that from these hamlets mounts to heaven,
In its straight silence holy as a spire
Rear'd o'er the house of God.
Thy sanctity
Time yet hath reverenced; and I deeply feel
That innocence her shrine shall here preserve
For ever.—The wild vale that lies beyond,
Circled by mountains trod up by the feet
Of venturous shepherd, from all visitants,
Save the free tempests and the fowls of heaven,
Guards thee;—and wooded knolls fantastical
Seclude thy image from the gentler dale,
That by the Brathay's often varied voice
Cheer'd as it winds along in beauty fades
'Mid the green banks of joyful Windermere!

O gentlest lake! from all unhallow'd things
By grandeur guarded in thy lovliness,
Ne'er may the poet with unwelcome feet
Press thy soft moss embathed in flowery dles,
And shadow'd in thy stillness like the heavens.
May innocence forever lead me here,
To form amid the silence high resolves
For future life; resolves, that, born in peace,
Shall live 'mid tumult, and though haply mild
As infants in their play, when brought to bear
On the world's business, shall assert their power
And majesty—and lead me boldly on
Like giants conquering in a noble cause.

This is a holy faith, and full of cheer
To all who worship Nature, that the hours,
Pass'd tranquilly with her, fade not away
For ever like the clouds, but in the soul
Possess a sacred, silent, dwelling place,
Where with a smiling visage memory sits,
And startles oft the virtuous with a show
Of unsuspected pleasures. Yea, sweet lake!
Oft hast thou borne into my grateful heart
Thy lovely presence, with a thousand dreams
Dancing and brightening o'er thy sunny wave,
Though many a dreary mile of waste and snow
Between us interposed. And even now,
When yon bright star hath risen to warn me home,
I bid thee farewell in the certain hope
That thou, this night, wilt o'er my sleeping eyes
Shed cheering visions, and with freshest joy
Make me salute the dawn. Nor may the hymn
Now sung by me unto thy listening woods
Be wholly vain,—but haply it may yield
A gentle pleasure to some gentle heart,
Who blessing, at its close, the unknown bard,
May, for his sake, upon thy quiet banks
Frame visions of his own, and other songs
More beautiful to Nature and to Thee.

THE ORPHAN BOY'S TALE.

AMELIA OPIE.

Stay, lady, stay, for mercy's sake,
And hear a helpless orphan's tale;
Ah! sure my looks must pity wake;
'Tis want that makes my cheek so pale.
Yet I was once a mother's pride,
And my brave father's hope and joy:
But in the Nile's proud fight he died,
And now I am an orphan boy.

Poor foolish child! how pleased was I
When news of Nelson's victory came,
Along the crowded streets to fly,
And see the lighted windows flame!
To force me home my mother sought;
She could not bear to see my joy:
For with my father's life 'twas bought,
And made me a poor orphan boy.

The people's shouts were long and loud,
My mother, shuddering, closed her ears,
'Rejoice! rejoice!' still cried the crowd;
My mother answered with her tears.
'Why are you crying thus,' said I,
'While others laugh and shout with joy?'
She kissed me—and, with such a sigh!
She called me her poor orphan boy,

'What is an orphan boy!' I cried,
As in her face I looked and smiled;
My mother, through her tears replied:
'You'll know too soon, ill-fated child!'
And now they've tolled my mother's knell,
And I'm no more a parent's joy;
O lady, I have learned too well
What 'tis to be an orphan boy!

Oh, were I by your bounty fed!—
Nay, gentle lady, do not chide—
Trust me, I mean to earn my bread;
The sailor's orphan boy has pride.
Lady, you weep!—ha!—this to me!
You'll give me clothing, food, employ?
Look down, dear parents! look, and see
Your happy, happy, orphan boy!

HOPE AND PRIDE.

ALEXANDER POPE—"ESSAY ON MAN."

Heav'n from all creatures hides the book of fate.
All but the page prescribed, their present state:
From brutes what men, from men what spirits know;
Or who could suffer being here below?
The lamb thy riot dooms to bleed to-day,
Had he thy reason, would he skip and play?
Pleased to the last, he crops the flow'ry food,
And licks the hand just raised to shed his blood.
Oh, blindness to the future! kindly giv'n,
That each may fill the circle marked by Heav'n,
Who sees with equal eye, as God of all,
A hero perish, or a sparrow fall,
Atoms of system into ruin hurled,
And now a bubble burst, and now a world.
Hope humbly then; with trembling pinions soar,
Wait the great teacher Death; and God adore.
What future bliss, He gives not thee to know,
But gives that hope to be thy blessing now.
Hope springs eternal in the human breast:
Man never Is, but always To be blest:
The soul, uneasy and confined from home,
Rests and expatiates in a life to come.
Lo, the poor Indian! whose untutored mind
Sees God in clouds, or hears Him in the wind;
His soul, proud science never taught to stray
Far as the solar walk, or milky way;
Yet simple nature to his hope has giv'n,
Behind the cloud-topt hill, an humbler heav'n;
Some safer world in depths of woods embraced,
Some happier island in the watery waste,
Where slaves once more their native land behold,
No fiends torment, no Christians thirst for gold.
To be, contents his natural desire,
He asks no angel's wing, no seraph's fire;
But thinks, admitted to that equal sky,
His faithful dog shall bear him company.

Go, wiser thou! and, in thy scale of sense,
Weigh thy opinion against Providence;
Call imperfection what thou fanciest such,
Say, here he gives too little, there too much;
Destroy all creatures for thy sport or guest,
Yet cry, If Man's unhappy, God's unjust;
If Man alone engross not Heaven's high care;
Alone made perfect here, immortal there:
Snatch from His hand the balance and the rod,
Re-judge His justice, be the god of God.
In pride, in reas'ning pride, our error lies;
All quit their sphere, and rush into the skies.
Pride still is aiming at the blest abodes,
Men would be angels, angels would be gods.
Aspiring to be gods, if angels fell,
Aspiring to be angels, men rebel:
And who but wishes to invert the laws
Of Order, sins against the Eternal Cause.

NIGHT IN THE DESERT.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.—"THALABA."

How beautiful is night!
A dewy freshness fills the silent air;
No mist obscures, nor cloud, nor speck, nor stain
Breaks the serene of heaven:
In full-orbed glory, yonder moon divine
Rolls through the dark-blue depths.
Beneath her steady ray
The desert-circle spreads,
Like the round ocean, girdled with the sky
How beautiful is night!

Who, at this untimely hour,
Wanders o'er the desert sands?
No station is in view,
No palm-grove islanded amid the waste.
The mother and her child,
The widowed mother and the fatherless boy,
They, at this untimely hour,
Wander o'er the desert sands.

THE KING OF THULE.

GOETHE—"FAUST."

There was a king in Thule
Was faithful till the grave,
To whom his mistress, dying,
A golden goblet gave.

Naught was to him more precious;
He drained it at every bout:
His eyes with tears ran over,
As oft as he drank thereout.

When came his time of dying,
The towns in his land he told,
Naught else to his heir denying
Except the goblet of gold.

He sat at the royal banquet
With his knights of high degree,
In the lofty hall of his fathers,
In the castle by the sea.

There stood the old carouser,
And drank the last life-glow;
And hurled the hallowed goblet
Into the tide below.

He saw it plunging and filling,
And sinking deep in the sea;
Then fell his eyelids for ever,
And never more drank he!

TO DAFFODILS.

ROBERT HERRICK.

Fair daffodils, we weep to see
You haste away so soon;
As yet the early-rising sun
Has not attained his noon:
Stay, stay,
Until the hasting day
Has run
But to the even-song:
And having prayed together, we
Will go with you along!

We have short time to stay as you;
We have as short a spring;
As quick a growth to meet decay,
As you or anything:
We die,
As your hours do; and dry
Away
Like to the summer's rain,
Or as the pearls of morning-dew,
Ne'er to be found again.

THE OLD OAKEN BUCKET.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

How dear to this heart are the scenes of my childhood,
When fond recollection presents them to view!
The orchard, the meadow, the deep-tangled wildwood,
And every loved spot which my infancy knew;—
The wide-spreading pond, and the mill which stood by it,
The bridge, and the rock where the cataract fell;
The cot of my father, the dairy-house nigh it,
And e'en the rude bucket which hung in the well.
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hung in the well.

That moss-covered vessel I hail as a treasure;
For often, at noon, when returned from the field,
I found it the source of an exquisite pleasure,
The purest and sweetest that nature can yield.
How ardent I seized it, with hands that were glowing!
And quick to the white-pebbled bottom it fell;
Then soon, with the emblem of truth overflowing,
And dripping with coolness, it rose from the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket, arose from the well.

How sweet from the green, mossy brim to receive it,
As, poised on the curb, it inclined to my lips!
Not a full blushing goblet could tempt me to leave it,
Though filled with the nectar that Jupiter sips.
And now, far removed from the loved situation,
The tear of regret will intrusively swell,
As fancy reverts to my father's plantation,
And sighs for the bucket which hangs in the well;
The old oaken bucket, the iron-bound bucket,
The moss-covered bucket which hangs in the well.

BRITAIN A THOUSAND YEARS HENCE.

HENRY KIRKE WHITE.

Where now is Britain?—Where her laureled names,
Her palaces and halls? Dashed in the dust.
Some second Vandal hath reduced her pride,
And with one big recoil hath thrown her back
To primitive barbarity.——Again
Through her depopulated vales the scream
Of bloody superstition hollow rings,
And the scared native to the tempest howls
The yell of deprecation. O'er her marts,
Her crowded ports, broods Silence; and the cry
Of the low curlew, and the pensive dash
Of distant billows, breaks alone the void.
Even as the savage sits upon the stone
That marks where stood her capitals, and hears
The bittern booming in the weeds, he shrinks
From the dismaying solitude.—Her bards
Sing in a language that hath perished;
And their wild harps, suspended o'er their graves,
Sigh to the desert winds a dying strain.

Meanwhile the arts, in second infancy,
Rise in some distant clime, and then perchance
Some bold adventurer, filled with golden dreams,
Steering his bark through trackless solitudes,
Where, to his wandering thoughts, no daring prow
Hath ever ploughed before—espies the cliffs
Of fallen Albion.—To the land unknown
He journeys joyful; and perhaps descries
Some vestige of her ancient stateliness;
Then he, with vain conjecture, fills his mind
Of the unheard-of race, which had arrived
At science in that solitary nook,
Far from the civil world: and sagely sighs
And moralises on the state of man.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS

WHICH FURNISH A THEME FOR REFLECTION, AND A TEXT FOR MENTAL DISCOURSE.

Pain:

Of night impatient we demand the day;
The day arrives, then for the night we pray.
The night and day successive come and go;
Our lasting pains no interruption know.
—*Blackmore.*

Parents:

Honor thy parents to prolong thine end;
With them, though for a truth, do not contend:
Though all should truth defend, do thou lose rather
The truth awhile, than lose their love forever.
Whoever makes his father's heart to bleed
Shall have a child that will revenge the deed.
—*Randolph.*

Parting:

I never spoke the word "Farewell"
But with an utterance faint and broken;
A heart-sick yearning for the time
When it should never more be spoken.
—*Caroline Bowles.*

To know, to esteem, to love—and then part.
Makes up life's tale to many a feeling heart.
—*Coleridge.*

Past:

How readily we wish time spent revoked,
That we might try the ground again, where once
(Through inexperience, as we now perceive,)
We miss'd that happiness we might have found.
—*Cowper.*

Perfection:

Many things impossible to thought
Have been by need to full perfection brought.
—*Dryden.*

Perseverance:

Hold you ever to your special drift;
Though sometimes you do blench from this to that
As cause doth minister.—*Shakspeare.*

If aught obstruct thy cause, yet stand not still,
But wind about till thou hast topp'd the hill.
—*Sir J. Denham.*

Quarrels:

Dissensions, like small streams, are first begun:
Scarce seen they rise, but gather as they run;
So lines that from their parallel decline
More they proceed the more they still disjoin.
—*Garth.*

Resignation:

To be resign'd when ill betide,
Patient when favors are denied,
And pleased with favors given,
Dear Chloe, this is wisdom's part;
This is that incense of the heart
Whose fragrance smells to heaven.
—*Nathaniel Cotton.*

Reading:

Silent companions of the lonely hour,
Friends who can never alter or forsake,
Who for inconstant roving have no power,
And all neglect, perforce, must calmly take,—
Let me return to you; this turmoil ending
Which worldly cares have in my spirit wrought
And, o'er your old familiar pages bending,
Refresh my mind with many a tranquil thought.
—*Mrs. Norton.*

Revenge:

The fairest action of our human life
Is scorning to revenge an injury;
For who forgives without a further strife,
His adversary's heart to him doth tie:
And 'tis a firmer conquest, truly said,
To win the heart than overthrow the head.
—*Elizabeth Carew.*

Rest:

Where can a frail man hide him? in what arms
Shall a short life enjoy a little rest?
—*Fanshaw.*

Riches:

Riches cannot rescue from the grave,
Which claims alike the monarch and the slave.
—*Dryden.*

Sensibility:

Oh, life is a waste of wearisome hours,
Which seldom the rose of enjoyment adorns;
And the heart that is soonest awake to the flowers
Is always the first to be touched by the thorns.
—*Moore.*

Silence:

Silence in times of suff'ring is best;
'Tis dangerous to disturb a hornet's nest.
—*Dryden.*

Indeed, true gladness does not always speak;
Joy bred and born but in the tongue is weak.
—*Ben Jonson.*

Sin:

He that commits a sin shall find
The pressing guilt lie heavy on his mind,
Though bribes or favors shall assert his cause.
—*Creech.*

Slander:

The world with calumny abounds;
The whitest virtue slander wounds:
These are whose joy is, night and day,
To take a character away.
—*Pope.*

Sleep:

All birds and beasts lie hush'd; sleep steals away
The wild desires of men and toils of day,
And brings, descending through the silent air,
A sweet forgetfulness of human care.—*Pope.*

Nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep.—*Young.*

RIP VAN WINKLE.

WASHINGTON IRVING.

Whoever has made a voyage up the Hudson, must remember the Kaatskill Mountains. They are a dismembered branch of the great Appalachian family, and are seen away to the west of the river, swelling up to a noble height, and lording it over the surrounding country. Every change of season, every change of weather, indeed every hour of the day, produces some change in the magical hues and shapes of these mountains, and they are regarded by all the good-wives, far and near, as perfect barometers. When the weather is fair and settled, they are clothed in blue and purple, and print their bold outlines on the clear evening sky; but sometimes, when the rest of the landscape is cloudless, they will gather a hood of gray vapours about their summits, which, in the last rays of the setting sun, will glow and light up like a crown of glory.

At the foot of these fairy mountains, the voyager may have descried the light smoke curling up from a village, whose single roofs gleam among the trees, just where the blue tints of the upland melt away into the fresh green of the nearer landscape. It is a little village of great antiquity, having been founded by some of the Dutch colonists, in the early times of the province, just about the beginning of the government of the good Peter Stuyvesant (may he rest in peace!); and there were some of the houses of the original settlers standing within a few years, with lattice-windows, gable fronts surmounted with weather-cocks, and built of small yellow bricks brought from Holland.

In that same village, and in one of these very houses (which, to tell the precise truth, was sadly time-worn and weather-beaten), there lived many years since, while the country was yet a province of Great Britain, a simple, good-natured fellow, of the name of Rip Van Winkle. He was a descendant of the Van Winkles who figured so gallantly in the chivalrous days of Peter Stuyvesant, and accompanied him to the siege of Fort Christina. He inherited, however, but little of the martial character of his ancestors. I have observed that he was a simple, good-natured man; he was moreover a kind neighbour and an obedient henpecked husband. Indeed, to the latter circumstance might be owing that meekness of spirit which gained him such universal popularity; for those men are most apt to be obsequious and conciliating abroad who are under the discipline of shrews at home. Their tempers, doubtless, are rendered pliant and malleable in the fiery furnace of domestic tribulation, and a curtain-lecture is worth all the sermons in the world for teaching the virtues of patience and long-suffering. A termagant wife may, therefore, in some respects, be considered a tolerable blessing; and if so, Rip Van Winkle was thrice blessed.

Certain it is, that he was a great favourite among all the good-wives of the village, who, as usual with the amiable sex, took his part in all family squabbles, and never failed, whenever they talked those matters over in their evening gossipings, to lay all the blame on Dame Van Winkle. The children of the village, too, would shout with joy whenever he approached. He assisted at their sports, made their playthings, taught them to fly kites and shoot marbles, and told them long stories of ghosts, witches, and Indians. Whenever he went dodging about the village, he was surrounded by a troop of them, hanging on his skirts, clambering on his back, and playing a thousand tricks on him with impunity; and not a dog would bark at him throughout the neighbourhood.

The great error in Rip's composition was an insuperable aversion to all kinds of profitable labour. It could not be for the want of assiduity or perseverance; for he would sit on a wet rock, with a rod as long and heavy as a Tartar's lance, and fish all day without a murmur, even though he should not be encouraged by a single nibble. He would carry a fowling-piece on his shoulder for hours together, trudging through woods and swamps, and up hill and down dale, to shoot a few squirrels or wild pigeons. He would never even refuse to assist a neighbour in the roughest toil, and was a foremost man at all country frolics for husking Indian corn or building stone fences; the women of the village, too, used to employ him to run their errands, and to do such little odd jobs as their less obliging husbands would not do for them;—in a word, Rip was ready to attend to anybody's business but his own; but as to doing family duty and keeping his farm in order, it was impossible.

In fact, he declared it was no use to work on his farm; it was the most pestilent little piece of ground in the whole country; everything about it went wrong, and would go wrong in spite of him. His fences were continually falling to pieces; his cow would either go astray, or get among the cabbages; weeds were sure to grow quicker in his fields than anywhere else; the rain always made a point of setting in just as he had some out-door work to do. So that, though his patrimonial estate had dwindled away under his management, acre by acre, until there was little more left than a mere patch of Indian corn and potatoes, yet it was the worst-conditioned farm in the neighbourhood.

His children, too, were as ragged and wild as if they belonged to nobody. His son Rip, an urchin begotten in his own likeness, promised to inherit the habits, with the old clothes, of his father. He was generally seen trooping like a colt at his mother's heels, equipped in a pair of his father's cast-off galligaskins, which he had much ado to hold up with one hand, as a fine lady does her train in bad weather.

Rip Van Winkle, however, was one of those happy mortals, of foolish, well-oiled dispositions, who take the world easy, eat white bread or brown, whichever can be got with least thought or trouble, and would

rather starve on a penny than work for a pound. If left to himself, he would have whistled life away, in perfect contentment; but his wife kept continually dinning in his ears about his idleness, his carelessness, and the ruin he was bringing on his family. Morning, noon, and night, her tongue was incessantly going, and everything he said or did was sure to produce a torrent of household eloquence. Rip had but one way of replying to all lectures of the kind, and that, by frequent use, had grown into a habit. He shrugged his shoulders, shook his head, cast up his eyes, but said nothing. This, however, always provoked a fresh volley from his wife, so that he was fain to draw off his forces, and take to the outside of the house—the only side which, in truth, belongs to a henpecked husband.

Rip's sole domestic adherent was his dog Wolf, who was as much henpecked as his master; for Dame Van Winkle regarded them as companions in idleness, and even looked upon Wolf with an evil eye as the cause of his master's going so often astray. True it is, in all points of spirit befitting an honourable dog, he was as courageous an animal as ever scoured the woods—but what courage can withstand the ever-during and all-besetting terrors of a woman's tongue? The moment Wolf entered the house, his crest fell, his tail drooped to the ground or curled between his legs, he sneaked about with a gallows air, casting many a sidelong glance at Dame Van Winkle, and, at the least flourish of a broomstick or ladle, would flee to the door with yelping precipitation.

Times grew worse and worse with Rip Van Winkle as years of matrimony rolled on; a tart temper never mellows with age, and a sharp tongue is the only edge-tool that grows keener by constant use. For a long while he used to console himself, when driven from home, by frequenting a kind of perpetual club of the sages, philosophers, and other idle personages of the village, that held its sessions on a bench before a small inn, designated by a rubicund portrait of his majesty George III. Here they used to sit in the shade, of a long lazy summer's day, talk listlessly over village gossip, or tell endless sleepy stories about nothing. But it would have been worth any statesman's money to have heard the profound discussions that sometimes took place, when by chance an old newspaper fell into their hands from some passing traveller. How solemnly they would listen to the contents, as drawled out by Derrick Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, a dapper, learned little man, who was not to be daunted by the most gigantic word in the dictionary; and how sagely they would deliberate upon public events some months after they had taken place.

The opinions of this junto were completely controlled by Nicholas Vedder, a patriarch of the village and landlord of the inn, at the door of which he took his seat from morning till night, just moving sufficiently to avoid the sun and keep in the shade of a large tree; so that the neighbours could tell the hour by his movements as accurately as by a sun-dial. It is true, he was rarely heard to speak, but smoked his pipe incessantly. His adherents, however (for every great man has his adherents), perfectly understood him, and knew how to gather his opinions. When anything that was read or related displeased him, he was observed to smoke his pipe vehemently and send forth short, frequent, and angry puffs; but when pleased, he would inhale the smoke slowly and tranquilly, and emit it in light and placid clouds, and sometimes taking the pipe from his mouth, and letting the fragrant vapour curl about his nose, would gravely nod his head in token of perfect approbation.

From even this stronghold the unlucky Rip was at length routed by his termagant wife, who would suddenly break in upon the tranquility of the assemblage, call the members all to nought, nor was that august personage, Nicholas Vedder himself, sacred from the daring tongue of this terrible virago, who charged him outright with encouraging her husband in habits of idleness.

Poor Rip was at last reduced almost to despair; and his only alternative to escape from the labour of the farm and the clamour of his wife, was to take gun in hand and stroll away into the woods. Here he would sometimes seat himself at the foot of a tree and share the contents of his wallet with Wolf, with whom he sympathized as a fellow-sufferer in persecution. "Poor Wolf," he would say, "thy mistress leads thee a dog's life of it; but never mind, my lad, whilst I live thou shalt never want a friend to stand by thee!" Wolf would wag his tail, look wistfully in his master's face, and if dogs can feel pity, I verily believe he reciprocated the sentiment with all his heart.

In a long ramble of the kind on a fine autumnal day, Rip had unconsciously scrambled to one of the highest parts of the Kaatskill Mountains. He was after his favorite sport of squirrel-shooting, and the still solitudes had echoed and re-echoed with the reports of his gun. Panting and fatigued, he threw himself, late in the afternoon, on a green knoll, covered with mountain herbage, that crowned the brow of a precipice. From an opening between the trees, he could overlook all the lower country for many a mile of rich woodland. He saw at a distance the lordly Hudson, far, far below him, moving on in its silent but majestic course, with the reflection of a purple cloud, or the sail of a lagging bark, here and there sleeping on its glassy bosom, and at last losing itself in the blue highlands.

On the other side he looked down into a deep mountain glen, wild, lonely, and shagged, the bottom filled with fragments from the impending cliffs, and scarcely lighted by the reflected rays of the setting sun. For some time Rip lay musing on this scene, evening was gradually advancing, the mountains began to throw their long blue shadows over the valleys, he saw that it would be dark long before he

could reach the village, and he heaved a heavy sigh when he thought of encountering the terrors of Dame Van Winkle.

As he was about to descend he heard a voice from a distance, hallooing, "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!" He looked around, but could see nothing but a crow winging its solitary flight across the mountain. He thought his fancy must have deceived him, and turned again to descend, when he heard the same cry ring through the still evening air: "Rip Van Winkle! Rip Van Winkle!"—at the same time Wolf bristled up his back, and giving a low growl, skulked to his master's side, looking fearfully down into the glen. Rip now felt a vague apprehension stealing over him; he looked down anxiously in the same direction, and perceived a strange figure slowly toiling up the rocks, and bending under the weight of something he carried on his back. He was surprised to see any human being in this lonely and unfrequented place, but supposing it to be some one of the neighbourhood in need of his assistance, he hastened down to yield it.

On nearer approach he was still more surprised at the singularity of the stranger's appearance. He was a short, square-built old fellow, with thick, bushy hair and a grizzled beard. His dress was of the antique Dutch fashion—a cloth jerkin strapped round the waist—several pair of breeches, the outer one of ample volume, decorated with rows of buttons down the sides and bunches at the knees. He bore on his shoulder a stout keg, that seemed full of liquor, and made signs for Rip to approach and assist him with the load. Though rather shy and distrustful of this new acquaintance, Rip complied with his usual alacrity, and mutually relieving each other, they clambered up a narrow gully, apparently the dry bed of a mountain torrent. As they ascended, Rip every now and then heard long, rolling peals, like distant thunder, that seemed to issue out of a deep ravine, or rather cleft between lofty rocks, toward which their rugged path conducted. He paused for an instant, but supposing it to be the muttering of one of those transient thunder-showers which often take place in mountain heights, he proceeded. Passing through the ravine, they came to a hollow, like a small amphitheatre, surrounded by perpendicular precipices, over the brinks of which impending trees shot their branches, so that you only caught glimpses of the azure sky and the bright evening cloud. During the whole time, Rip and his companion had laboured on in silence; for though the former marveled greatly what could be the object of carrying a keg of liquor up this wild mountain, yet there was something strange and incomprehensible about the unknown, that inspired awe and checked familiarity.

On entering the amphitheatre, new objects of wonder presented themselves. On a level spot in the centre was a company of odd-looking personages playing at nine-pins. They were dressed in a quaint outlandish fashion: some wore short doublets, others jerkins, with long knives in their belts, and most of them had enormous breeches, of similar style with that of the guide's. Their visages, too, were peculiar; one had a large head, broad face, and small piggish eyes; the face of another seemed to consist entirely of nose, and was surmounted by a white sugar-loaf hat, set off with a little red cockstail. They all had beards, of various shapes and colours. There was one who seemed to be the commander. He was a stout, old gentleman, with a weather-beaten countenance; he wore a laced doublet, broad belt, and hanger, high-crowned hat and feather, red stockings, and high-heeled shoes, with roses in them. The whole group reminded Rip of the figures in an old Flemish painting in the parlour of Dominie Van Schaick, the village parson, and which had been brought over from Holland at the time of the settlement.

What seemed particularly odd to Rip was, that though these folks were evidently amusing themselves, yet they maintained the gravest faces, the most mysterious silence, and were, withal, the most melancholy party of pleasure he had ever witnessed. Nothing interrupted the stillness of the scene but the noise of the balls, which, whenever they were rolled, echoed along the mountains like rumbling peals of thunder.

As Rip and his companion approached them, they suddenly desisted from their play, and stared at him with such fixed statue-like gaze, and such strange, uncouth, lack-lustre countenances, that his heart turned within him, and his knees smote together. His companion now emptied the contents of the keg into large flagons and made signs to him to wait upon the company. He obeyed with fear and trembling; they quaffed the liquor in profound silence, and then returned to their games.

By degrees Rip's awe and apprehension subsided. He even ventured, when no eye was fixed upon him, to taste the beverage, which he found had much of the flavour of excellent Hollands. He was naturally a thirsty soul, and was soon tempted to repeat the draught. One taste provoked another, and he reiterated his visits to the flagon so often, that at length his senses were overpowered, his eyes swam in his head, his head gradually declined, and he fell into a deep sleep.

On awaking he found himself on the green knoll from whence he had first seen the old man of the glen. He rubbed his eyes—it was a bright sunny morning. The birds were hopping and twittering among the bushes, and the eagle was wheeling aloft, and breasting the pure mountain breeze. "Surely," thought Rip, "I have not slept here all night." He recalled the occurrences before he fell asleep. The strange man with the keg of liquor—the mountain ravine—the wild retreat among the rocks—the woe-begone party at nine-pins—the flagon—"Oh! that flagon! that wicked flagon!" thought Rip—"what excuse shall I make to Dame Van Winkle?"

He looked round for his gun, but in place of the clean well-oiled fowling-piece, he found an old firelock lying by him, the barrel encrusted with rust, the lock falling off, and the stock worm-eaten. He now suspected that the grave roysters of the mountain had put a trick upon him, and having dozed him with liquor, had robbed him of his gun. Wolf, too, had disappeared, but he might have strayed away after a squirrel or partridge. He whistled after him, and shouted his name, but all in vain; the echoes repeated his whistle and shout, but no dog was to be seen.

He determined to revisit the scene of last evening's gambol, and if he met with any of the party, to demand his dog and gun. As he rose to walk he found himself stiff in the joints, and wanting in his usual activity. "These mountain beds do not agree with me," thought Rip, "and if this frolic should lay me up with a fit of the rheumatism, I shall have a blessed time with Dame Van Winkle." With some difficulty he got down into the glen; he found the gully up which he and his companion had ascended the preceding evening; but to his astonishment a mountain stream was now foaming down it, leaping from rock to rock, and filling the glen with babbling murmurs. He, however, made a shift to scramble up its sides, working his toilsome way through thickets of birch, sassafras, and witch-hazel, and sometimes tripped up or entangled by the wild grape-vines that twisted their coils and tendrils from tree to tree, and spread a kind of net-work in his path.

At length he reached to where the ravine had opened through the cliffs to the amphitheatre; but no traces of such opening remained. The rocks presented a high impenetrable wall, over which the torrent came tumbling in a sheet of feathery foam, and fell into a broad deep basin, black from the shadows of the surrounding forest. Here, then, poor Rip was brought to a stand. He again called and whistled after his dog; he was only answered by the cawing of a flock of idle crows, sporting high in air about a dry tree that overhung a sunny precipice; and who, secure in their elevation, seemed to look down and scoff at the poor man's perplexities. What was to be done? The morning was passing away, and Rip felt famished for want of his breakfast. He grieved to give up his dog and gun; he dreaded to meet his wife; but it would not do to starve among the mountains. He shook his head, shouldered the rusty firelock, and with a heart full of trouble and anxiety, turned his steps homeward.

As he approached the village he met a number of people, but none whom he knew, which somewhat surprised him, for he had thought himself acquainted with every one in the country round. Their dress, too, was of a different fashion from that to which he was accustomed. They all stared at him with equal marks of surprise, and whenever they cast eyes upon him, invariably stroked their chins. The constant recurrence of this gesture induced Rip, involuntarily, to do the same, when to his astonishment he found his beard had grown a foot long!

He had now entered the skirts of the village. A troop of strange children ran at his heels, hooting at him, and pointing at his gray beard. The dogs, too, not one of which he recognized for an old acquaintance, barked at him as he passed. The very village was altered; it was larger and more populous. There were rows of houses which he had never seen before, and those which had been his familiar haunts had disappeared. Strange names were over the doors—strange faces at the windows—everything was strange. His mind now misgave him; he began to doubt whether both he and the world around him were not bewitched. Surely this was his native village, which he had left but the day before. There stood the Kaatskill Mountains—there ran the silver Hudson at a distance—there was every hill and dale precisely as it had always been. Rip was sorely perplexed—"That flagon last night," thought he, "has addled my poor head sadly!"

It was with some difficulty that he found the way to his own house, which he approached with silent awe, expecting every moment to hear the shrill voice of Dame Van Winkle. He found the house gone to decay—the roof fallen in, the windows shattered, and the doors off the hinges. A half-starved dog that looked like Wolf was skulking about it. Rip called him by name, but the cur snarled, showed his teeth and passed on. This was an unkind cut indeed. "My very dog," sighed poor Rip, "has forgotten me!"

He entered the house, which, to tell the truth, Dame Van Winkle had always kept in good order. It was empty, forlorn, and apparently abandoned. This desolateness overcame all his connubial fears—he called fondly for his wife and children—the lonely chambers rang for a moment with his voice, and then all again was silence.

He now hurried forth and hastened to his old resort, the village inn; but it, too, was gone. A large, rickety wooden building stood in its place, with great gaping windows, some of them broken, and mended with old hats and petticoats, and over the door was painted—"The Union Hotel, by Jonathan Doolittle." Instead of the great tree that used to shelter the quiet little Dutch inn of yore, there now was reared a tall naked pole, with something on the top that looked like a red night-cap, and from it was fluttering a flag, on which was a singular assemblage of stars and stripes—all this was strange and incomprehensible. He recognized on the sign, however, the ruby face of King George, under which he had smoked so many a peaceful pipe; but even this was singularly metamorphosed. The red coat was changed for one of blue and buff, a sword was held in the hand instead of a sceptre, the head was decorated with a cocked hat, and underneath was painted in large characters, GENERAL WASHINGTON.

There was, as usual, a crowd of folk about the

door, but none that Rip recollected. The very character of the people seemed changed. There was a busy, bustling disputatious tone about it, instead of the accustomed phlegm and drowsy tranquility. He looked in vain for the sage, Nicholas Vedder, with his broad face, double chin, and fair long pipe, uttering clouds of tobacco smoke instead of idle speeches; or Van Bummel, the schoolmaster, doling forth the contents of an ancient newspaper. In place of these, a lean, bilious-looking fellow, with his pockets full of handbills, was haranguing vehemently about rights of citizens—elections—members of congress—liberty—Bunker's Hill—heroes of seventy-six—and other words, that were a perfect Babylonish jargon to the bewildered Van Winkle.

The appearance of Rip, with his long, grizzled beard, his rusty fowling piece, his uncouth dress, and the army of women and children that had gathered at his heels, soon attracted the attention of the tavern politicians. They crowded round him, eyeing him from head to foot with great curiosity. The orator bustled up to him, and drawing him partly aside, inquired "on which side he voted?" Rip stared in vacant stupidity. Another short but busy little fellow pulled him by the arm, and rising on tiptoe, inquired in his ear "whether he was Federal or Democrat?" Rip was equally at a loss to comprehend the question, when a knowing, self-important old gentleman, in a sharp cocked hat, made his way through the crowd, putting them to the right and left with his elbows as he passed, and planting himself before Van Winkle, with one arm akimbo, the other resting on his cane, his keen eyes and sharp hat penetrating, as it were, into his very soul, demanded in an austere tone, "what brought him to the election with a gun on his shoulder, and a mob at his heels, and whether he meant to breed a riot in the village?"—"Alas! gentlemen," cried Rip, somewhat dismayed, "I am a poor, quiet man, a native of the place, and a loyal subject of the king, God bless him!"

Here a general shout from the by-standers—"A tory! a tory! a spy! a refugee! hustle him! away with him!" It was with great difficulty that the self-important man in the cocked hat restored order; and having assumed a tenfold austerity of brow, demanded again of the unknown culprit what he came there for, and whom he was seeking? The poor man humbly assured him that he meant no harm, but merely came there in search of some of his neighbors, who used to keep about the tavern.

"Well—who are they? name them."

Rip bethought himself a moment, and inquired, "Where's Nicholas Vedder?"

There was a silence for a little while, when an old man replied, in a thin piping voice. "Nicholas Vedder? why he is dead and gone these eighteen years! There was a wooden tombstone in the churchyard that used to tell all about him, but that's rotted and gone too."

"Where's Brom Dutcher?"

"Oh, he went off to the army in the beginning of the war; some say he was killed at the storming of Stoney Point; others say he was drowned in a squall at the foot of Antony's Nose. I don't know, but he never came back again."

"Where's Van Bummel, the schoolmaster?"

"He went off to the war too, was a great militia-general, and is now in Congress."

Rip's heart died away at hearing of these sad changes in his home and friends, and finding himself thus alone in the world. Every answer puzzled him, too, by treating of such enormous lapses of time, and of matters which he could not understand: war—congress—Stoney Point;—he had no courage to ask after any more friends, but cried out in despair, "Does nobody here know Rip Van Winkle?"

"Oh, Rip Van Winkle!" exclaimed two or three, "Oh, to be sure! that's Rip Van Winkle yonder, leaning against the tree."

Rip looked and beheld a precise counterpart of himself, as he went up the mountain: apparently as lazy, and certainly as ragged. The poor fellow was now completely confounded. He doubted his own identity, and whether he was himself or another man. In the midst of his bewilderment the man in the cocked hat demanded who he was, and what was his name.

"God knows!" exclaimed he at his wit's end; "I'm not myself—I'm somebody else—that's me, yonder—no—that's somebody else got into my shoes—I was myself last night, but I fell asleep on the mountains and they've changed my gun, and everything's changed, and I am changed, and I can't tell what's my name, or who I am!"

The bystanders began now to look at each other, nod, wink significantly, and tap their fingers against their foreheads. There was a whisper also about securing the gun, and keeping the old fellow from doing mischief, at the very suggestion of which the self-important man in the cocked hat retired with some precipitation. At this critical moment a fresh comely woman passed through the throng to get a peep at the gray-bearded man. She had a chubby child in her arms, which, frightened at his looks, began to cry. "Hush, Rip," cried she, "hush, you little fool, the old man won't hurt you." The name of the child, the air of the mother, the tone of her voice, all awakened a train of recollections in his mind. "What is your name, my good woman," asked he.

"Judith Gardenier."

"And your father's name?"

"Ah, poor man, his name was Rip Van Winkle; it's twenty years since he went away from home with his gun and never has been heard of since—his dog came home without him; but whether he shot himself or was carried away by the Indians, nobody can tell. I was then but a little girl."

Rip had but one question more to ask; but he put it with a faltering voice:

"Where's your mother?"

"Oh, she too had died but a short time since; she broke a blood-vessel in a fit of passion at a New England pedlar."

There was a drop of comfort at least in this intelligence. The honest man could contain himself no longer. He caught his daughter and her child in his arms. "I am your father!" cried he—"young Rip Van Winkle once—old Rip Van Winkle now! Does nobody know poor Rip Van Winkle?"

All stood amazed, until an old woman, tottering out from among the crowd, put her hand to her brow, and peering under it in his face for a moment, exclaimed, "Sure enough! it is Rip Van Winkle—it is himself! Welcome home again, old neighbor. Why, where have you been these twenty long years?"

Rip's story was soon told, for the whole twenty years had been to him but as one night. The neighbours stared when they heard it; some were seen to wink at each other, and put their tongues in their cheeks; and the self-important man in the cocked hat, who, when the alarm was over, had returned to the field, screwed down the corners of his mouth, and shook his head—upon which there was a general shaking of the head throughout the assemblage.

It was determined, however, to take the opinion of old Peter Vonderdonk, who was seen slowly advancing up the road. He was a descendant of the historian of that name, who wrote one of the earliest accounts of the province. Peter was the most ancient inhabitant of the village, and well versed in all the wonderful events and traditions of the neighborhood. He recollected Rip at once, and corroborated his story in the most satisfactory manner. He assured the company that it was a fact, handed down from his ancestor the historian, that the Kaatskill Mountains had always been haunted by strange beings. That it was affirmed that the great Hendrick Hudson the first discoverer of the river and country, kept a kind of vigil there every twenty years, with his crew of the *Half-moon*, being permitted in this way to re-visit the scenes of his enterprise, and keep a guardian eye upon the river, and the great city called by his name. That his father had once seen them in their old Dutch dresses playing at nine pins in a hollow of the mountain; and that he himself had heard, one summer afternoon, the sound of their balls like distant peals of thunder.

To make a long story short, the company broke up, and returned to the more important concerns of the election. Rip's daughter took him home to live with her; she had a snug, well-furnished house, and a stout cheery farmer for a husband, whom Rip recollected for one of the urchins that used to climb upon his back. As to Rip's son and heir, who was the ditto of himself, seen leaning against the tree, he was employed to work on the farm; but evinced an hereditary disposition to attend to anything else but his business.

Rip now resumed his old walks and habits; he soon found many of his former cronies, though all rather the worse for the wear and tear of time; and preferred making friends among the rising generation, with whom he soon grew into great favour.

Having nothing to do at home, and being arrived at that happy age when a man can do nothing with impunity, he took his place once more on the bench at the inn-door, and was reverenced as one of the patriarchs of the village, and a chronicle of the old times "before the war." It was some time before he could get into the regular track of gossip, or could be made to comprehend the strange events that had taken place during his torpor. How that there had been a revolutionary war—that the country had thrown off the yoke of old England—and that, instead of being a subject of his majesty George III., he was now a free citizen of the United States. Rip, in fact, was no politician; the changes of states and empires made but little impression on him; but there was one species of despotism under which he had long groaned, and that was—petticoat government. Happily that was at an end; he had got his neck out of the yoke of matrimony, and could go in and out when he pleased, without dreading the tyranny of Dame Van Winkle. Whenever her name was mentioned, however, he shook his head, shrugged his shoulders, and cast up his eyes; which might pass either for an expression of resignation to his fate or joy at his deliverance.

He used to tell his story to every stranger that arrived at Mr. Doolittle's hotel. He was observed at first to vary on some points every time he told it, which was, doubtless, owing to his having so recently awaked. It at last settled down precisely to the tale I have related, and not a man, woman or child in the neighbourhood but knew it by heart. Some always pretended to doubt the reality of it, and insisted that Rip had been out of his head, and that this was one point on which he always remained flighty. The old Dutch inhabitants, however, almost universally gave it full credit. Even to this day they never hear a thunder-storm of a summer afternoon about the Kaatskill, but they say Hendrick Hudson and his crew are at their game of nine pins; and it is a common wish of all henpecked husbands in the neighbourhood, when life hangs heavy on their hands, that they might have a quieting draught out of Rip Van Winkle's flagon.

WHEESHT.

ROBERT CHAMBERS.

Genius of Silence! whose step, as thou walkest over the earth, falls as lightly as the descending snow-flake, invest me with thy mantle of down, and provide me with a quill of softest plume, while I attempt to recount all the properties and associations of thy shibboleth—WHEESHT!

Everybody must have more or less acquaintance with a provokingly quiet set of people, who constantly look and move as if they were saying wheesht! —a velvet-footed race, with smooth, goodly faces, who eat, drink, walk, and sleep—perhaps snore too—below their breath, and would not for the world be guilty of what they call making a fuss. This set of people are always very anxious that things should be managed in a prudent, quiet, unostentatious way. If they were going to have a ride in a coach—supposing they could bear the rattle of such a thing—they would have it drawn up six doors off.

"————lest folk
Should say that they were proud."

They keep the doors within their house always well oiled, and the pulleys of their windows in the best state of repair, so that none of them may ever be guilty of a single creak or rattle. Their clothes are always very trim about their persons,—or, to use a Scottish phrase, *clappit*; no superfluous skirts—no majestic train—not so much as a useless lappel, if it can be avoided; because such things tend to make a fuss—might even happen to pull down something that would make a crash, or a clash, or a dash, or a splash, or something else in *ash*. When they rise to leave a room, it is perceptible that they are sedulous to glide away as smoothly, and noiselessly, and unobservedly, as possible, they are evidently much put about that they cannot devolve through the key-hole, so as to save the fluster of opening the door. "We must learn to walk circumspectly. We must make no stir. Let us take things coolly. Let us do everything with decency and propriety. Allow no room for evil tongues. As well not give people occasion to *speak*. We'll do very well in our own quiet way. WHEESHT!" As these people move along, they keep a clear look-out on all hands, afraid to come in contact with anything; and they evidently would feel much convenienced, if Providence would see fit to furnish them with antennæ like the spider, or whiskers like the cat, so that they might be admonished beforehand of the chance of being disturbed by any little object. If they saw a nut-shell in the way, they would go about to avoid treading upon it. "Bad boys, to throw their nut-shells down in the way!" If you were to come up behind one of them in the street, and, conceiving him to be one of your own hearty hail-fellow-well-met kind of acquaintances, give him a sound slap on the shoulder, and ask him how he did, you would see him start like a Laputan philosopher under the influence of the flapper, and perhaps next moment faint, sink, and die away upon the street, unknelled, uncoffined, and unknown, unless an address card happened to be found in his pocket. But see one *trysted* with an obstreperous bottle of small ale, with which he is going to regale you as you drop in, some warm, thirsty forenoon, at his country box. He brings in the bottle in his arms, nursing it all the way as carefully as he would a new-born babe. He sets about the business of driving in the screw with all the solemnity, and silence, and decorum with which a Druid could have set about the sacrifice of a human being. The stopper is recusant—it requires more exertion than he can at any time think of making, for violent gesture is equivalent to noise. It has to be transferred to your own less scrupulous care. You make the cork fly in a moment, and see what a water-spout of foam! The quietist is paralyzed with the loudness of the report, and the fizzing, cheeping, squeaking, spirting, and squirting which the liquor makes, as you vainly endeavor to repress it with your hand. The echoes of the house, that have slumbered for months, are roused by your calls for relays of tumblers, wherein to receive the seemingly endless effusion of froth. And after puzzling and noozling your way to the bottom of half-a-dozen of these tumblers, in the vain quest of a mouthful, you leave the unhappy quietist in agony for the evening—his ears rent with your jocund remarks on the small ale, and all the rest of his senses shattered, and torn, and disgusted with the scene of ravage which you have been the innocent means of introducing into his parlor. It must be remarked that these velvet people scarcely detest anything so much as a hearty laugh. They mark a cachinnator as a man to be avoided. Of men whom they have every other reason to regard with esteem, they will remark—"Yes, he is very good—a very estimable man; but don't you think he has a rather boisterous way of laughing?" Your quietist never laughs, even at the most amusing incident or witticism: he only treats you to a soft noiseless smile. In their conversation, they appear as if they were at some pains to avoid using the harsh consonants, such as *r* and *s*: they indulge chiefly in liquids and vowels, and do a great deal with such monosyllabic interjections, as ah, eh, ay, oh, &c. They often speak upon a respiration, instead of an aspiration, as if their words made less noise when bound inwards than outwards; they seem as if they wished to swallow their very language, upon the same principal as a manufactory consuming its own smoke, so that it might never give any trouble, or create any fuss in the world. Sometimes, in company, they escape the horror of making a noise with their tongues altogether. They sit in a composed manner, perhaps looking into the fire, and only signify their appreciation of what you are saying to them by occasional inarticulate sounds within their closed lips, or by a motion of the head to one side, or by a mere transient glance of the eye. This is what they call having a little quiet conversation; and when the parties rise, it is always observable that they display an appearance of vast edification.

These men of aspirate existence are often found in possession of small public dignities, such as that of provost, bailie, or town-clerk in some country burgh. Nothing can be done by such people—no step can be taken, till they have thoroughly ascertained that

it is to have a perfectly good appearance, and that there is no back-come or negative influence which may derange it. "Wheesht! just let us keep a *calm sough*. We must proceed decently. We must walk with circumspection. That business about the Portbrae—I'll just take occasion some night to ca' in by John Richie's, and hear what *he* says about it, and if he doesna seem to hae any objection, we'll see what may be done. In the meantime, ye may throw yersell in Mr.——'s way, and hear *his* breath. We canna be ower cautious. Dinna gang anes eerand. That would look ower *set-like* on the business. We'll see about it a', by and by; ay, we'll see about it; just be canny for a awhile, wheesht!"

Or perhaps it is—"That business about the clerkship to the buird: my son John, he's a weel-doing lad. Mr. Jamieson, his late master, just looked upon him as the apple o' his ee. He used to say he could take a voyage to Cheena, and hae an easy mind a' the time, for he was sure that John wad hae everything richt when he cam back. Served a regular apprenticeship to a double-you-ess. Though it's myself that says't, there canna be a candidate better qualifeed. For my ain part, I'm an auld servant o' the toon. In that business, ye ken, o' the brig, I was never aff my feet—lost a gude deal o' my ain business by negleck—and ye ken as weel as ony body hoo muckle fyke I've ha'en wi' the Puir's House, I've just been considering whether John has ony chance. We're anxious to soond our way afore we gang ony farther; for we wadna like to pit in for't and no get it after a'. *Ye*'ll hae a vote? [Here the person addressed intimates many friendly wishes, but is not inclined to give a distinct pledge.] Ou na—we canna expek that, ye ken. It wad neither be richt o' me to ask it, nor for you to gie't. The toon's interest, abune *a* things! But I just ca'd to let ye ken hoo things stude. I'm by na means anxious for the place to John. But some o' oor freends wad hae us to come forrit, ane we did na like that they should ha' been at sae muckle trouble on oor account, and we fa' back after a'. In the meantime, ye'll say naething till ye hear frae me. We're gaun to be very cautious. We'll *feel* our way—Wheesht!"

Even to the humblest individuals connected with corporations this system of quietness extends. There is always a kind of valet or *man* of the corporation's body, who hands about the circulars which call the members together, attends to the decoring, as Caleb Balderstone would call it, of the hall of assembly, and lives in a den hard by, where he "keeps the keys." This man is always found to be a most decided votary of the idea of *wheest*. He goes noiseless about the place, like a puff of Old Town smoke, and seems absolutely oppressed with a sense of the decency with which it is necessary to conduct "corporation business." Yea, he cannot pronounce the very word "corporation," without that sinking of the voice and interjectional reverence of manner with which certain words of a really sacred nature are properly uttered in ordinary discourse. He looks upon "the corporation" as the greatest of all public bodies; if the government itself be greater, it is only greater in another way. And the deacon, in his opinion—oh, no man can equal the deacon. "The corporation is very rich. *We* support twenty-three dekeyed members and eleven windows, and *we* ha'e a richt to put five callants into the Orphan Hospital. We've our chairter frae James the Sixth; and our record—we've a grand record. It has the Catholic oath at the beginning,—"By my pairt of Paradise"—that ilk member swears to, when he enters. If you wad be very quiet about it, ye micht gang up stairs and sec't. Mak' nae noise, now. Wheesht!"

There is a kindred set of men, who act in something like the same capacity to places of worship—old decent men—squires of the church's body, who come in, as avant-couriers of the minister, to lay down his Bible on the desk, and who evidently are at a great deal of trouble in keeping up a tremendously grave and important aspect, appropriate to their duties. These old men appear in large entailed black coats, which have been in the family for ages, and the skirts of which sweep solemnly by, almost like the mainsheet of a seventy-four. Such persons might be the very doorkeepers of the Court of Silence—the high priests of the idea of *wheesht*. They are immensely impressed with a sense of the greatness of the minister, though, perhaps, he is in reality no conflagrator of the Thames; and their whole form and impression breathes of the solemnity of "the vestry." Anything that an elder says is to them law; and if the minister were to address himself to them, they would feel the honor so deeply, that they would not know what they were about all the rest of the day. When they appear within the body of the church they do not, of course, say anything; but it is evident that they mean a great deal by their anti-disturbance aspect. "Children, be all quiet; public worship is just about to commence; it behoves all people to show an outward decency in the house of God. I could give ye a word mysel'; but I leave it to the minister. All I shall say is—*Wheesht!*"

Then there is a set of equally peaceable old men, men, who, in the country, act as elders, and stand every Sunday, with a peculiarly mortified and speechless aspect, beside the plate which receives the oblations of the congregation—"grave and reverend seignors," fixed as statues, with their hands thrust into the opposite cuffs of their spencers, and downcast faces that would not smile for untold gold. The boys, and even older people, are almost afraid to pass them, they are so awfully solemn. In one respect they are a kind of fuglemen. The countenances of the worshippers in passing catch from them the contagion of decorum, and instead of the easy, this-world expression which they sported a few minutes ago, while talking in the churchyard upon such terrane subjects as crops and markets, display in their

pews a gravity appropriate to the place, but which could scarcely have been otherwise assumed. In fact, these old grave men, if planted in the entrance to the cave of Trophonius, would have been sufficient to account for the miracle. During the first prayer they are seen to enter the body of the church, and plant themselves in a seat under the pulpit, with a quietness and solemnity that would not be amiss among the special jurors of Rhadamanthus. If you visit one in his own residence, some evening during the week, you find him sitting in a small lonely room, with a large Bible open before him, into which, as you enter, he quietly thrusts his spectacles for a mark. You almost tremble to disturb so fine a picture of religious contemplation. When he speaks, you find that he has a deep, guttural voice, broken and softened into something inexpressibly smooth and gentle; a constant *susurrus* of wheesht! If you converse regarding books, you find that, of all secular compositions, he likes Hervey's Meditations, and what he calls *Strum's* Reflections. The subdued tone of these works harmonize finely with the tranquil pulsations of his soul and heart. On a Sunday afternoon, when the slight bustle which the dismissal of the congregation has made upon the street is all hushed down into the soft and melancholy calm which ever rests that day upon the rural towns of Scotland, if you drop quietly in upon him, you find him sitting in his back room, in the midst of his family, with a stream of rich light from the setting sun falling upon his quiet gray head, and a large Bible displaying its brighter treasures before him. He is reading a chapter to his children in the low, murmuring voice peculiar to him. The whole scene is one of piquant noiselessness and repose; for the children, admirably trained, are all as quiet as doves, and, besides his own voice, there is no sound to be heard, excepting, perhaps, the soft occasional wail of the wind, or the equivocal lull of the distant waterfall. Should one of the young people betray but the slightest mark of restlessness, a glance from the old man, *over the top of the spectacles*, stills it in an instant. There is something in the scene that seems to say,—"Children, let us all be meek and gentle of spirit—let us all be reverent, and lowly, and quiet; let us sit amidst the stillness of the evening hour, and offer up the silent vespers of a grateful and devout spirit—be every worldly and profane thought banished—be ye holy and calm—wheest!"

There is a set of the generation of quietists, who are ever and anon coming up to you in the street with a curious *entre-nous* expression of phiz, as if, like a grief-laden ghost, they were possessed of some secret which they could not bring themselves to divulge. Now, for my part, I have no curiosity after secrets. I would rather want the best of them than be at the trouble of recollecting to keep them to myself. Yet these people do often seize me by the button, and attempt to work off "a great secret" upon me, in their quiet way, dribble by dribble, notwithstanding all I can do to the contrary. "Have you heard of anything within the last few days? Anything about ——? I heard it whispered last night, but I could not believe it. It was talked of to-day, however, I know, in the Parliament House. And Guthry, I'm told, knows all about it. For God's sake, however, don't speak loundly about it; and don't say I told you. It's a very delicate business. Wheesht!" And so, after a thousand insinuations, by whisper, wink, shrug, and smile, they quit button, and leave you weltering in astonishment, unable to make out, for the life of you, what all this means; nay, perhaps, so completely do you feel bamboozled by the tide of new and imperfect ideas which has been let loose upon you, that you scarcely know that you are walking on the earth for five minutes after. You feel ravished away, as it were, into middle air, *caput ferit alta sidera*—not with elation, but with botheration of spirit. Your imagination toils and pants after their meaning through the great abyss of space; and you hardly feel the pressure of the real world around you for the afternoon.

Then there is a set of people, of the quieter sex—good neighbours, mothers of families, who, when there is any sickness in your own house, and the mistress of the house herself is not very well able to take care of it, rush in unbidden, apparently upon the same instinct which brings birds of prey to fields of battle, and immediately began to assume a strange kind of unauthorized directorate, as if they had been all their lives as familiar with the scene as yourself. These kind persons leave their own houses to Providence, all selfish considerations being abandoned for the time at the call of what they term distress. On coming home to dinner, totally unwitting of the trouble which has befallen the family in your absence, you are surprised *in limine*, at the very doorstep, by meeting a quiet-looking oldish woman in her stocking-soles, who comes forward, holding up her hand, after the manner of a judge administering an oath, and only pronounces the single emphatic word—wheesht! You are beckoned in a most mysterious manner into a side-room, and told to be very quiet, for —— has just fallen into a sleep, which the doctor expects to do a great deal of good, and there must, upon no account, be any disturbance. Though the bedroom of the patient is so far away that no voice, however loud, could reach it, this high-priestess of silence still speaks thirty degrees below the zero of articulation, the sense of the necessity of quiet being so weighty upon her mind, that she totally forgets the state of the case in this particular instance, and even, perhaps, if she were removed to the distance of several miles, would still fear to give her words full utterance. You soon find this discreet old lady in full possession of your house, invested with the management of the keys, arbitress of all matters connected with the children's frocks, and sole autocrat of the bread and butter. If you live in any of the streets of the New Town, where hardly a cart or car-

riage is to be heard from morning till night, you immediately find the street in front of the door strewed with tanners' bark, to deafen the sound of those rarely-occurring annoyances. Of course, if you live in the Old Town, where carts and carriages are incessant, the patient is understood to have nerves accordingly, and no bark is required. Suppose the case to be one where the mistress of the house herself is indisposed; for some time you find your consequence as master entirely absorbed; you are a mere subordinate where once you were principal; the attentions of all the servants, and also of the discreet lady, are all engrossed by the patient; and you come into, and go out of the house, without ever being heeded or regarded; unless, perhaps, when you happen to make a very *leetle* noise, and then a troop of harpies, with the discreet lady at their head, fly upon you, with open mouth and uplifted hands, and all the gesticulation and expression which might properly accompany an outburst of indignant remonstrance, but which, in this case, is a kind of dumb thunder, ending all in the awful monosyllable—wheest! Then, there is an oiling of doors, and a throng of women going through the house in their stockings, or at most in what are called *carpet* shoes, and a whispering and breathing of wheest! for many days, till at last, through very contagion, you yourself become as timid as a titmouse, and almost forget the sound of your own voice. Then the mysterious old woman, how beautifully she manages everything. Her outgoings and her in-comings are all most becoming and composed. The flame which you see her occasionally sending over a plateful of brandy for the sick-room, is not more gently lambent than her own pace. You see her a few yards off addressing herself to some underling, and, although you hear not a whisper nor a breath, except, perhaps, the ever interjected *wheesht*, to your surprise her language appears to be comprehended by the person spoken to, and lo and behold it is immediately acted upon. The very children, albeit unaccustomed to the reign of silence, are overborne and dashed down by the awful influence of the everlasting *wheesht*, and are observed crawling, like so many kittens, through a suite of apartments, where they erst performed gallopades of the most outrageous description. If you happen to take a peep into the sick-chamber, you see the mysterious woman standing over the bed, with the air and gestures of an inspired Pythoness, pointing to distant bottles and boxes, and doing everything, speech excepted, to make herself understood. If the wrong bottle or box be touched by the servant, she writhes her whole body and countenance in an agony of dumb negation; but, when the right one is pounced upon at last, she suddenly relaxes into approval, and her agonies cease. Suppose that the patient at last "departs," the stillness of the household is not remitted, in consideration of their being no longer any one to be disturbed. It rather becomes more deep and solemn than ever. There is still the same carpet-shoeing as before—the same ejaculating of *wheesht*. The house begins to look like an absolute sepulchre, and the mysterious woman, like some marble and unspeaking cherub, planted to guard it. She takes a leading hand in the melancholy duties paid to the dead, and is always able to recommend a person who makes grave-clothes—Mrs. So-and-so—living in some close in the Old Town, first stair, fifth door up. She can even do something in the way of mournings for the survivors; the children will require this, and the servants that; so much crape for this one's hat; so much black ribbon for that one's bonnet. Even after all these matters have been arranged by her friendly intervention, she does not yet depart. She must see after the wine and cake at the funeral, and take care that everything is managed with decency, and above all things, *quietly*. At last, when all is over, she soofs out at the door, with a strange rustle of silk, as if she were saying, and saying for the last farewell time, the oft-repeated shibboleth of her kind—WHEESHT!

THE SANCTITY OF HOME.

JOHN RUSKIN—"SEVEN LAMPS OF ARCHITECTURE."

I can not but think it an evil sign of a people when their houses are built to last for one generation only. There is a sanctity in a good man's house which can not be renewed in every tenement that rises on its ruins; and I believe that good men would generally feel this; and that having spent their lives happily and honorably, they would be grieved at the close of them to think that the place of their earthly abode, which had seen, and seemed almost to sympathize in, all their honour, their gladness, or their suffering,—that this, with all the record it bare of them, and of all material things that they had loved and ruled over, and set the stamp of themselves upon —was, to be swept away as soon as there was room made for them in the grave; that no respect was to be shown to it, no affection felt for it, no good to be drawn from it by their children; that though there was a monument in the church, there was no warm monument in the hearth and house to them; that all they ever treasured was despised, and the places that had sheltered and comforted them were dragged down to the dust. I say that a good man would fear this: and that, far more, a good son, a noble descendant, would fear doing it to his father's house. I say that if men lived like men indeed, their houses would be temples — temples which we should hardly dare to injure, and in which it would make us holy to be permitted to live; and there must be a strange dissolution of natural affection, a strange unthankfulness for all that homes have given and parents taught, and a strange consciousness that we have been unfaithful to our father's honour, or that our own lives are not such as would make our dwellings sacred to our children, when each man would fain build to himself, and build for the little

revolution of his own life only. And I look upon those pitiful concretions of lime and clay which spring up in mildewed forwardness out of the kneaded fields about our capital—upon those thin, tottering, foundationless shells of splintered wood and imitated stone—upon those gloomy rows of formalized minuteness, alike without difference and without fellowship, as solitary as similar—not merely with the careless disgust of an offended eye, not merely with sorrow for a desecrated landscape, but with a painful foreboding that the roots of our national greatness must be deeply cankered when they are thus loosely struck in their native ground; that those comfortless and unhonoured dwellings are the signs of a great and spreading spirit of popular discontent; that they mark the time when every man's aim is to be in some more elevated sphere than his natural one, and every man's past life is his habitual scorn; when men build in the hope of leaving the places they have built, and live in the hope of forgetting the years that they have lived; when the comfort, the peace, the religion of home have ceased to be felt; and the crowded tenements of a struggling and restless population differ only from the tents of the Arab or the Gypsy by their less healthy openness to the air of heaven, and less happy choice of their spot of earth; by their sacrifice of liberty without the gain of rest, and of stability without the luxury of change.

This is no slight, no consequenceless evil; it is ominous, infectious, and fecund of other fault and misfortune. When men do not love their hearths, nor reverence their thresholds, it is a sign that they have dishonoured both, and that they have never acknowledged the true universality of the Christian worship, which was indeed to supersede the idolatry, but not the piety, of the pagan. Our God is a household God, as well as a heavenly one; He has an altar in every man's dwelling; let men look to it when they rend it lightly and pour out its ashes. It is not a question of mere ocular delight it is no question of intellectual pride, or of cultivated and critical fancy. how and with what aspect of durability and of completeness the domestic buildings of a nation shall be raised. It is one of those moral duties, not with more impunity to be neglected because the perception of them depends on a finely toned and balanced conscientiousness, to build our dwellings with care, and patience, and fondness, and diligent completion, and with a view to their duration at least for such a period as, in the ordinary course of national revolutions, might be supposed likely to extend to the entire alteration of the direction of local interests. This at the least; but it would be better if, in every possible instance, men built their own houses on a scale commensurate rather with their condition at the commencement than their attainments at the termination of their worldly career; and built them to stand as long as human work at its strongest can be hoped to stand; recording to their children what they had been, and from what, if so it had been permitted them, they had risen. And when houses are thus built, we may have that true domestic architecture, the beginning of all other, which does not disdain to treat with respect and thoughtfulness the small habitation as well as the large, and which invests with the dignity of contented manhood the narrowness of worldly circumstance.

I look to this spirit of honourable, proud, peaceful self-possession, this abiding wisdom of contented life, as probably one of the chief sources of great intellectual power in all ages, and beyond dispute as the very primal source of the great architecture of old Italy and France. To this day, the interest of their fairest cities depends, not on the isolated richness of palaces, but on the cherished and exquisite decoration of even the smallest tenements, of their proud periods. The most elaborate piece of architecture in Venice is a small house at the head of the Grand Canal, consisting of a ground-floor with two stories above, three windows in the first and two in the second. Many of the most exquisite buildings are on the narrower canals, and of no larger dimensions. One of the most interesting pieces of fifteenth century architecture in North Italy is a small house in a back street behind the market-place of Vicenza, It bears date 1481, and the motto, *Il. n'est. rose. sans epine;* it has also only a ground-floor and two stories, with three windows in each, separated by rich flower work and with balconies, supported, the central one by an eagle with open wings, the lateral ones by winged griffins standing on cornucopiæ. The idea that a house must be large in order to be well built, is altogether of modern growth, and is parallel with the idea that no picture can be historical except of a size admitting figures larger than life.

I would have, then, our ordinary dwelling houses built to last, and built to be lovely; as rich and full of pleasantness as may be, within and without; with what degree of likeness to each other in style and manner I will say under another head; but, at all events, with such differences as might suit and express each man's character and occupation, and partly his history. This right over the house, I conceive to, belongs to its first builder, and is to be respected by his children; and it would be well that blank stones should be left in places, to be inscribed with a summary of his life and its experience, raising thus the habitation into a kind of a monument; and developing, into more systematic instructiveness, that good custom which was of old universal, and which still remains among some of the Swiss and Germans, of acknowledging the grace of God's permission to build and possess a quiet resting-place.

Authors' Thoughts.—If the secret history of books could be written, and the author's private thoughts and meanings noted down alongside of his story, how many insipid volumes would become interesting, and dull tales excite the reader!—*Thackeray.*

THE DIVISION OF LABOR.

ADAM SMITH—"WEALTH OF NATIONS."

Observe the accommodation of the most common artificer or day-labourer in a civilized and thriving country, and you will perceive that the number of people, of whose industry a part, though but a small part, has been employed in procuring him this accommodation, exceeds all computation. The woolen coat, for example, which covers the day-labourer, as coarse and rough as it may appear, is the produce of the joint labour of a great multitude of workmen. The shepherd, the sorter of the wool, the wool-comber or carder, the dyer, the scribbler, the spinner, the weaver, the fuller, the dresser, with many others, must all join their different arts in order to complete even this homely production. How many merchants and carriers, besides, must have been employed in transporting the materials from some of those workmen to others, who often live in a very distant part of the country! How much commerce and navigation in particular, how many ship-builders, sailors, sail-makers, rope-makers, must have been employed in order to bring together the different drugs made use of by the dyer, which often come from the remotest corners of the world! What a variety of labour, too, is necessary in order to produce the tools of the meanest of those workmen! To say nothing of such complicated machines as the ship of the sailor, the mill of the fuller, or even the loom of the weaver, let us consider only what a variety of labour is requisite in order to form that very simple machine, the shears with which the shepherd clips the wool. The miner, the builder of the furnace for smelting the ore, the feller of the timber, the burner of the charcoal to be made use of in the smelting-house, the brick-maker, the brick layer, the workmen who attend the furnace, the mill-wright, the forger, the smith, must all of them join their different arts in order to produce them. Were we to examine in the same manner all the different parts of his dress and household furniture, the coarse linen shirt which he wears next his skin, the shoes which cover his feet, the bed which he lies on, and all the different parts which compose it, the kitchen-grate at which he prepares his victuals, the coals which he makes use of for that purpose, dug from the bowels of the earth, and brought to him, perhaps, by a long sea and a long land carriage, all the other utensils of his kitchen, all the furniture of his table, the knives and forks, the earthen or pewter plates upon which he serves up and divides his victuals, the different hands employed in preparing his bread and his beer, the glass window which lets in the heat and the light, and keeps out the wind and the rain, with all the knowledge and art requisite for preparing that beautiful and happy invention, without which these northern parts of the world could scarce have afforded a very comfortable habitation, together with the tools of all the different workmen employed in producing those different conveniences; if we examine, I say, all these things, and consider what a variety of labour is employed about each of them, we shall be sensible that, without the assistance and co-operation of many thousands, the very meanest person in a civilized country could not be provided, even according to what we very falsely imagine the easy and simple manner in which he is commonly accommodated. Compared, indeed, with the more extravagant luxury of the great, his accommodation must no doubt appear extremely simple and easy; and yet it may be true, perhaps, that the accommodation of a European prince does not always so much exceed that of an industrious and frugal peasant, as the accommodation of the latter exceeds that of many an African king, the absolute masters of the lives and liberties of ten thousand naked savages.

THE ORIGIN OF PROPERTY.

WILLIAM PALEY—"MORAL PHILOSOPHY."

If you should see a flock of pigeons in a field of corn, and if—instead of each picking where and what it liked, taking just as much as it wanted, and no more—you should see ninety-nine of them gathering all they got into a heap, reserving nothing for themselves but the chaff and the refuse, keeping this heap for one, and that the weakest, perhaps the worst pigeon of the flock; sitting round, and looking on all the winter, whilst this one was devouring, throwing about, and wasting it; and if a pigeon, more hardy or hungry than the rest, touched a grain of the hoard, all the others instantly flying upon it and tearing it to pieces; if you should see this, you would see nothing more than what is every day practiced and established among men. Among men you see the ninety-and-nine toiling and scraping together a heap of superfluities for one, and this one, too, oftentimes, the feeblest and worst of the whole set—a child, a woman, a madman, or a fool—getting nothing for themselves all the while but a little of the coarsest of the provision which their own industry produces; looking quietly on while they see the fruits of all their labour spent or spoiled; and if one of the number take or touch a particle of the hoard, the others joining against him, and hanging him for the theft.

There must be some very important advantages to account for an institution which, in the view of it above given, is so paradoxical and unnatural.

The principal of these advantages are the following:—

1. It increases the produce of the earth.

The earth, in climates like ours, produces little without cultivation; and none would be found willing to cultivate the ground, if others were to be admitted to an equal share of the produce. The same is true of the care of flocks and herds of tame animals.

Crabs and acorns, red deer, rabbits, game, and fish,

are all which we should have to subsist upon in this country, if we trusted to the spontaneous productions of the soil; and it fares not much better with other countries. A nation of North American savages, consisting of two or three hundred, will take up and be half starved upon a tract of land which in Europe, and with European management, would be sufficient for the maintenance of as many thousands.

In some fertile soils, together with great abundance of fish upon their coasts, and in regions where clothes are unnecessary, a considerable degree of population may subsist without property in land, which is the case in the islands of Otaheite; but in less-favoured situations, as in the country of New Zealand, though this sort of property obtain in a small degree, the inhabitants, for want of a more secure and regular establishment of it, are driven oftentimes by the scarcity of provision to devour one another.

II. It preserves the produce of the earth to maturity.

We may judge what would be the effects of a community of right to the productions of the earth from the trifling specimens which we see of it at present. A cherrytree in a hedgerow, nuts in a wood, the grass of an unstinted pasture, are seldom of much advantage to anybody, because people do not wait for the proper season of reaping them. Corn, if any were sown, would never ripen; lambs and calves would never grow up to sheep and cows, because the first person that met them would reflect that he had better take them as they are than leave them for another.

III. It prevents contests.

War and waste, tumult and confusion, must be unavoidable and eternal where there is not enough for all, and where there are no rules to adjust the division.

IV. It improves the conveniency of living.

This it does two ways. It enables mankind to divide themselves into distinct professions, which is impossible, unless a man can exchange the productions of his own art for what he wants from others, and exchange implies property. Much of the advantage of civilized over savage life depends upon this. When a man is, from necessity, his own tailor, tent-maker, carpenter, cook, huntsman and fisherman, it is not probable that he will be expert at any of his callings. Hence, the rude habitations, furniture, clothing, and implements of savages, and the tedious length of time which all their operations require.

It likewise encourages those arts by which the accommodations of human life are supplied, by appropriating to the artist the benefit of his discoveries and improvements, without which appropriation, ingenuity will never be exerted with effect.

Upon these several accounts we may venture, with a few exceptions, to pronounce that even the poorest and the worst provided, in countries where property and the consequences of property prevail, are in a better situation with respect to food, raiment, houses and what are called the necessaries of life, than any are in places where most things remain in common.

The balance, therefore, upon the whole, must preponderate in favour of property with a manifest and great excess.

Inequality of property, in the degree in which it exists in most countries of Europe, abstractedly considered, is an evil; but it is an evil which flows from those rules concerning the acquisition and disposal of property, by which men are incited to industry, and by which the object of their industry is rendered secure and valuable. If there be any great inequality unconnected with the origin, it ought to be corrected.

THE DISCONTENTED PENDULUM.

JANE TAYLOR.

An old clock that had stood for fifty years in a farmer's kitchen without giving its owner any cause of complaint, early one summer's morning, before the family were stirring, suddenly stopped.

Upon this the dial-plate, if we may credit the fable, changed countenance with alarm; the hands made a vain effort to continue their course; the wheels remained motionless with surprise; the weights hung speechless; each member felt disposed to lay the blame on the others. At length the dial instituted a formal inquiry as to the cause of the stagnation, when hands, wheels, weights, with one voice protested their innocence. But now a faint tick was heard below from the pendulum, who thus spoke:—

"I confess myself to be the sole cause of the present stoppage; I am willing, for the general satisfaction, to assign my reasons. The truth is, that I am tired of ticking." Upon hearing this, the old clock became so enraged, that it was on the very point of *striking*.

"Lazy wire!" exclaimed the dial-plate, holding up its hands—"Very good," replied the pendulum: "it is vastly easy for you, Mistress Dial, who have always, as everybody knows, set yourself up above me,—it is vastly easy for you, I say, to accuse other people of laziness! You, who have had nothing to do all the days of your life but to stare people in the face, and to amuse yourself with watching all that goes on in the kitchen! Think, I beseech you, how you would like to be shut up for life in this dark closet, and to wag backwards and forwards year after year as I do." "As to that," said the dial, "is there not a window in your house, on purpose for you to look through?"

"For all that," resumed the pendulum, "it is very dark here, and, although there is a window, I dare not stop even for an instant, to look out at it. Besides, I am really tired of my way of life; and, if you wish, I'll tell you how I took this disgust at my

employment. I happened this morning to be calculating how many times I should have to tick in the course only of the next twenty-four hours; perhaps some of you above there can give me the exact sum."

The minute hand, being *quick* at figures, presently replied, "Eighty-six thousand four hundred times."

"Exactly so," replied the pendulum; "well, I appeal to you all, if the very thought of this was not enough to fatigue one; and when I began to multiply the strokes of one day by those of months and years, really it is no wonder if I felt discouraged at the prospect; so, after a great deal of reasoning and hesitation, thinks I to myself I'll stop."

The dial could hardly keep its countenance during this harangue; but, resuming its gravity, thus replied:—

"Dear Mr. Pendulum, I am really astonished that such a useful, industrious person as yourself should have been overcome by this sudden notion. It is true you have done a great deal of work in your time; so have we all, and are likely to do; which, although it may fatigue us to *think* of, the question is, whether it will fatigue us to *do*. Would you now do me the favour to give about half a dozen strokes to illustrate my argument?"

The pendulum complied, and ticked six times at its usual pace. "Now, resumed the dial, "may I be allowed to inquire, if that exertion was at all fatiguing or disagreeable to you?"

"Not in the least," replied the pendulum; "it is not of six strokes that I complain, nor of sixty, but of *millions*."

"Very good," replied the dial; "but recollect, that though you may *think* of a million strokes in an instant, you are required to *execute* but one; and that, however often you may hereafter have to swing, a moment will always be given you to swing in."

"That consideration staggers me, I confess," said the pendulum. "Then I hope," resumed the dial-plate, "we shall all immediately return to our duty; for the maids will lie in bed till noon, if we stand idling thus."

Upon this the weights, who had never been accused of light conduct, used all their influence in urging him to proceed; when, as with one consent, the wheels began to turn, the hands began to move, the pendulum began to swing, and, to its credit, ticked as loud as ever; while a red beam of the rising sun, that streamed through a hole in the kitchen shutter, shining full upon the dial-plate, it brightened up as if nothing had been the mattter.

When the farmer came down to breakfast that morning, upon looking at the clock, he declared that his watch had gained half an hour in the night.

Egotistical Jealousy.—There is a sort of jealousy which needs very little fire: it is hardly a passion, but a blight bred in the cloudy, damp despondency of uneasy egotism.— *George Eliot*

MARRIAGE.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

They that enter into the state of marriage cast a die of the greatest contingency, and yet of the greatest interest in the world, next to the last throw for eternity. Life or death, felicity or a lasting sorrow, are in the power of marriage. A woman, indeed, ventures most, for she hath no sanctuary to retire to from an evil husband; she must dwell upon her sorrow, and hatch the eggs which her own folly or infelicity hath produced; and she is more under it, because her tormentor hath a warrant of prerogative, and the woman may complain to God, as subjects do of tyrant princes; but otherwise she hath no appeal in the causes of unkindness. And though the man can run from many hours of his sadness, yet he must returu to it again; and when he sits among his neighbours, he remembers the objection that lies in his bosom, and he sighs deeply. The boys, and the pedlers, and the fruiterers, shall tell of this man when he is carried to his grave, that he lived and died a poor wretched person.

The stags in the Greek epigram, whose knees were clogged with frozen snow upon the mountains, came down to the brooks of the valleys, hoping to thaw their joints with the waters of the stream; but there the frost overtook them, and bound them fast in ice, till the young herdsmen took them in their stranger snare. It is the unhappy chance of many men, finding many inconveniences upon the mountains of single life, they descend into the valleys of marriage to refresh their troubles; and there they enter into fetters, and are bound to sorrow by the cords of a man's or woman's peevishness.

Man and wife are equally concerned to avoid all offences of each other in the beginning of their conversation; every little thing can blast an infant blossom; and the breath of the south can shake the little rings of the vine, when first they begin to curl like the locks of a new weaned boy: but when by age and consolidation they stiffen into the hardness of a stem, and have, by the warm embraces of the sun and the kisses of heaven, brought forth their clusters, they can endure the storms of the north, and the loud noises of the tempest, and yet never be broken: so are the early unions of an unfixed marriage; watchful and observant, jealous and busy, inquisitive and careful, and apt to take alarm at every unkind word. After the hearts of the man and the wife are endeared and hardened by a mutual confidence and experience, longer than artifice and pretence can last, there are a great many remembrances, and some things present, that dash all little unkindnesses in pieces.

There is nothing can please a man without love; and if a man be weary of the wise discourses of the apostles, and of the innocency of an even and a private fortune, or hates peace, or a fruitful year, he hath reaped thorns and thistles from the choicest

flowers of Paradise; for nothing can sweeten felicity itself but love; but when a man dwells in love, then the breasts of his wife are pleasant as the droppings upon the Hill of Hermon; her eyes are fair as the light of heaven; she is a fountain sealed, and he can quench his thirst, and ease his cares, and lay his sorrows down upon her lap, and can retire home to his sanctuary and refectory, and his gardens of sweetness and chaste refreshments. No man can tell but he that loves his children, how many delicious accents make a man's heart dance in the pretty conversation of those dear pledges; their childishness, their stammering, their little angers, their innocence, their imperfections, their necessities, are so many little emanations of joy and comfort to him that delights in their person and society. . . . It is fit that I should infuse a bunch of myrrh into the festival goblet, and, after the Egyptian manner, serve up a dead man's bones at a feast: I will only shew it and take it away again; it will make the wine bitter, but wholesom. But those married pairs that live as remembering that they must part again, and give an account how they treat themselves and each other, shall, at that day of their death, be admitted to glorious espousals; and when they shall live again, be married to their Lord, and partake of his glories, with Abraham and Joseph, St. Peter and St. Paul, and all the married saints. All those things that now please us shall pass from us, or we from them; but those things that concern the other life are permanent as the numbers of eternity. And although at the resurrection there shall be no relation of husband and wife, and no marriage shall be celebrated but the marriage of the Lamb, yet then shall be remembered how men and women passed through this state, which is a type of that: and from this sacramental union all holy pairs shall pass to the spiritual and eternal, where love shall be their portion, and joys shall crown their heads, and they shall lie in the bosom of Jesus, and in the heart of God, to eternal ages.

STUDIES.

LORD BACON.

Studies serve for delight, for ornament, and for ability. Their chief use for delight is in privateness and retiring; for ornament, is in discourse; and for ability, is in the judgment and disposition of business: for expert men can execute, and perhaps judge of particulars, one by one; but the general counsels, and the plots, and the marshalling of affairs, come best from those that are learned. To spend too much time in studies, is sloth; to use them too much for ornament, is affectation; to make judgment wholly by their rules, is the humour of a scholar; they perfect nature, and are perfected by experience—for natural abilities are like natural plants, that need pruning by study; and studies themselves do give forth directions too much at large, except they be bounded in by experience. Crafty men contemn studies, simple men admire them, and wise men use them; for they teach not their own use; but that is a wisdom without them, and above them, won by observation. Read not to contradict and confute, nor to believe and take for granted, nor to find talk and discourse, but to weigh and consider. Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested: that is, some books are to be read only in parts; others to be read, but not curiously; and some few to be read wholly, and with diligence and attention. Some books also may be read by deputy, and extracts made of them by others; but that would be only in the less important arguments, and the meaner sort of books; else distilled books are, like common distilled waters, flashy things. Reading maketh a full man, conference a ready man, and writing an exact man: and, therefore, if a man write little, he nad need have a great memory; if he confer little, he had need have a present wit; and if he read little, he had need have much cunning, to seem to know that he doth not.

FRIENDSHIP.

FRANCIS LEIBER.

As the love of Romeo and Juliet elevated their souls above the strife of their houses, so can friendship elevate two hearts above the struggles of their time, though the individuals be even engaged in it; while those friends who happily walk the same path cheer and strengthen each other by their mutual example; and since essential confidence can exist between good men only, they propel each other in the path of virtue, for it is a primary law of all intercourse, that if two or more of the same inclination, pursuit, or character—good, frivolous or wicked—are brought in close contact with one another, in that same direction they will propel one another still more rapidly. Friendship must rest on mutuality, it is one of its essential qualities; for one of its requisites and blessings is the enjoyment of confidence—a luxury to good men; and Æschylus is right when he says that kings suffer one evil, they do not know how to confide in friends; while the reason that was given of Trajan's having friends is that he was a friend himself.

SPEECH.—The common fluency of speech in many men and most women, is owing to a scarcity of matter and scarcity of words; for whoever is a master of language, and hath a mind full of ideas, will be apt, in speaking, to hesitate upon the choice of both; whereas common speakers have only one set of ideas, and one set of words to clothe them in, and these are always ready at the mouth. So people come faster out of a church when it is almost empty, than when a crowd is at the door.—*Swift.*

QUEEN DIDO'S LOVE.

VIRGIL—"ÆNEAD."

ARGUMENT.

Dido discovers to her sister her passion for Æneas and her thoughts of marrying him. She prepares a hunting match for his entertainment. Juno, by Venus' consent, raises a storm, which separates the hunters, and drives Æneas and Dido into the same cave, where their marriage is supposed to be completed. Jupiter dispatches Mercury to Æneas, to warn him from Carthage. Æneas secretly prepares for his voyage. Dido finds out his design, and, to put a stop to it, makes use of her own and her sister's entreaties, and discovers all the variety of passions that are incidental to a neglected lover. When nothing could prevail upon him, she contrives her own death, with which this concludes.

But anxious cares already seiz'd the queen:
She fed within her veins a flame unseen;
The hero's valor, acts, and birth, inspire
Her soul with love, and fan the secret fire.
His words, his looks, imprinted in her heart,
Improve the passion, and increase the smart.
Now, when the purple morn has chas'd away
The dewy shadows, and restor'd the day,
Her sister first with early care she sought,
And thus in mournful accents eas'd her thought:
"My dearest Anna! what new dreams affright
My lab'ring soul! what visions of the night
Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast
With strange ideas of our Trojan guest.
His worth, his actions, and majestic air,
A man descended from the gods declare.
Fear ever argues a degen'rate kind:
His birth is well asserted by his mind.
Then, what he suffer'd when by Fate betray'd!
What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!
Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,
That, were I not resolv'd against the yoke
Of hapless marriage—never to be curs'd
With second love, so fatal was my first—
To this one error I might yield again:
For, since Sichæus was untimely slain,
This only man is able to subvert
The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.
And, to confess my frailty to my shame,
Somewhat I find within, if not the same,
Too like the sparkles of my former flame.
But first let yawning earth a passage rend
And let me through the dark abyss descend—
First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,
Drive down this body to the nether sky,
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie—
Before I break the plighted faith I gave!
No! He who had my vows, shall ever have:
For, whom I lov'ed on earth, I worship in the grave."
She said: the tears ran gushing from her eyes,
And stopped her speech. Her sister thus replies:
"O dearer then the vital air I breathe!
Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath,
Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,
Without the joys of mother, or of wife!
Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe,
Are known or valu'd by the ghosts below?
I grant that while your sorrows yet were green,
It well became a woman, and a queen,
The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,
To scorn Iarbus, and his love reject.
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name:
But will you fight against a pleasing flame?
This little spot of land which Heav'n bestows,
On ev'ry side is hemm'd with warlike foes:
Gætulian cities here are spread around,
And fierce Numidians their young frontiers bound
Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,
And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand:
Barcæan troops besiege the narrow shore,
And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.
Propitious heav'n, and gracious Juno, lead
This wand'ring navy to your needful aid:
How will your empire spread, your city rise,
From such a union, and with such allies!
Implore the favor of the pow'rs above;
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.
Continue still your hospitable way,
And still invent occasions of their stay,
Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat,
And planks and oars repair their shatt'd fleet."
These words, which from a friend and sister came,
With ease resolv'd the scruples of her fame,
And added fury to the kindled flame.
Inspir'd with hope, the project they pursue;
On ev'ry altar sacrifice renew;
A chosen ewe of two years old they pay
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.
Preferring Juno's pow'r (for Juno ties
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage joys),
The beauteous queen before her altar stands,
And holds the golden goblet in her hands,
A milk-while heifer she with flow'rs adorns,
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;
And, while the priests with pray'r the gods invoke,
She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke,
With hourly care the sacrifice renews,
And anxiously the panting entrails views.
What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,
What vows avail to cure a bleeding heart?
A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,
Where the soft God secure in silence reigns.
Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,
From street to street the raving Dido roves.
So, when the watchful shepherd, from the blind,
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods—
With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart
Sticks in her side and rankles in her heart.
And now she leads the Trojan chief along
The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;
Displays her Tyrean wealth, and rising town,
Which love, without his labor, makes his own.
This pomp she shows, to tempt her wand'ring guest,

Her falt'ring tongue forbids to speak the rest.
When day declines, and feasts renew the night,
Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight;
She longs again to hear the prince relate
His own adventures, and the Trojan fate.
He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain,
For still she begs to hear it once again.
The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends;
And thus the tragic story never ends.
Then, when they part, when Phœbe's paler light
Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite,
She last remains, when ev'ry guest is gone,
Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone;
Absent, her absent hero sees and hears;
Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears,
And seeks the father's image in the child,
If love by likeness might be so beguil'd.
Meantime the rising tow'rs are at a stand;
No labors exercise the youthful band,
Nor use of arts, nor toils of arms they know:
The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe;
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie,
Short of their promis'd height, that seem' to threat the sky.
But when imperial Juno, from above,
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love,
Hot with the venom which her veins inflam'd,
And by no sense of shame to be reclaimed,
With soothing words to Venus she begun:
"High praises, endless honors, you have won,
And mighty trophies, with your worthy son!
Two gods a silly woman have undone!
Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect
This rising city, which my hands erect:
But shall celestial discord never cease?
'Tis better ended in a lasting peace.
You stand possess'd of all your soul desir'd;
Poor Dido with consuming love is fir'd,
Your Trojan with my Tyrean let us join;
So Dido shall be yours, Æneas mine—
One common kingdom one united line.
Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,
And lofty Carthage for a dow'r convey."
ThenVenus (who her hidden frauds descried
Which would the sceptre of the world misguide
To Libyan shores) thus artfully replied:
"Who, but a fool, would wars with Juno choose,
And such alliance and such gifts refuse,
If fortune with our joint desires comply?
The doubt is all from Jove, and destiny;
Lest he forbid with absolute command
To mix the people in one common land—
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrean line,
In lasting leagues and sure succession, join,
But you, the partner of his bed and throne,
May move his mind; my wishes are your own."
"Mine," said imperial Juno, "be the care—
Time urges now—to perfect this affair;
Attend my counsel, and the secret share.
When next the Sun his rising light displays,
And gilds the world below with purple rays,
The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrean court,
Shall to the shady woods, for sylvan game, resort;
There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,
And cheerful horns, from side to side, resound,
A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain
With hail, and thunder, and tempestuous rain:
The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,
Dispers'd and all involv'd in gloomy night:
One cave a grateful shelter shall afford
To the fair princess and the Trojan lord.
I will myself the bridal bed prepare,
If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there:
So shall their loves be crown'd with due delight,
And Hymen shall be present at the rites."
The queen of love consents, and closely smiles
At her vain project and discover'd wiles.
The rosy morn was risen from the main,
And horns and hounds awake the princely train,
They issue early through the city gate,
Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait,
With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force
Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.
The Tyrean peers and officers of state,
For the slow queen, in ante-chambers wait:
Her lofty courser, in the court below
(Who his majestic rider seems to know),
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,
And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam around.
The queen at length appears: on either hand
The brawny guards in martial order stand.
A flow'red cymar with golden fringe she wore,
And at her back a golden quiver bore.
Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains,
A golden clasp the Tyrean robe sustains.
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase,
But far above the rest in beauty shines
The great Æneas, when the troop he joins,
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost
Of wintry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast,
When to his native Delos he resorts,
Ordains the dances, and renews the sports;
Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan bands,
Before the joyful altars join their hands:
Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below
The merry madness of the sacred show.
Green wreaths of bays his length of hair enclose:
A golden fillet binds his awful brows:
His quiver sounds,—Not less the prince is seen
In manly presence, or in lofty mien,
Now had they reached the hills, and storm'd the seat
Of savage beasts, in dens, their last retreat:
The cry pursues the mountain goats: they bound
From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground:
Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train,
In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain,
And a long chase in open view maintain.

The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,
Spurs through the vale, and these and those outrides.
His horse's flanks and sides are forc'd to feel
The clanking lash and goring of the steel.
Impatiently he views the feeble prey,
Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way;
And rather would the tusky boar attend,
Or see the tawny lion downward bend.
Meantime, the gath'ring clouds obscure the skies:
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies,
The rattling thunders roll; and Juno pours
A wintry deluge down, and sounding show'rs.
The company dispers'd, to coverts ride,
And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow side.
The rapid rains, descending from the hills,
To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.
The queen and prince, as Love or Fortune guides,
One common cavern in her bosom hides.
Then first the trembling earth the signal gave;
And flashing fires enlighten all the cave:
Hell from below, and Juno from above,
And howling nymphs, were conscious to their love.
From this ill-omen'd hour, in time arose
Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.
The queen, whom sense of honor could not move,
No longer made a secret of her love,
But call'd it marriage, by that specious name
To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame.
The loud report through Libyan cities goes.
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows—
Swift from the first; and ev'ry moment brings
New vigor to her flights, new pinions to her wings.
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size;
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.
Enrag'd against the gods, revengeful Earth
Produc'd her, last of the Titanian birth—
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste—
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast.
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight:
Millions of op'ning mouths to Fame belong;
And ev'ry mouth is furnished with a tongue;
And round with list'ning ears the flying plague is hung.
She fills the peaceful universe with cries:
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes:
By day, from lofty towers her head she shows,
And spreads thro' trembling crowds disastrous news,
With court informers haunts, and royal spies;
Things done relates; not done she feigns; and mingles truth with lies.
Talk is her bus'ness; and her chief delight
To tell of prodigies, and cause affright.
She fills the people's ears with Dido's name,
Who, "lost to honor and to sense of shame.
Admits into her throne and nuptial bed
A wand'ring guest, who from his country fled:
Whole days with him she passes in delights,
And wastes in luxury long winter nights,
Forgetful of her fame and royal trust,
Dissolv'd in ease, abandoned to her lust."
The goddess widely spreads the loud report,
And flies at length to King Iarbus court.
When first possessed with this unwelcome news,
Whom did he not of men and god's accuse!
This prince, from ravished Germantis born,
A hundred temples did with spoils adorn,
In Ammon's honor, his celestial sire;
A hundred altars fed with wakeful fire;
And, through his vast dominions, priests ordain'd,
Whose watchful care these holy rites maintain'd.
The gates and columns were with garlands crown'd,
And blood of victim beasts enrich'd the ground.
He, when he heard a fugitive could move
The Tyrian princess, who disdain'd his love,
His breast with fury burn'd, his eyes with fire—
Mad with despair, impatient with desire—
Then on the sacred altars pouring wine,
He thus with pray'rs implored his sire divine:
"Great Jove, propitious to the Moorish race,
Who feast on painted beds, with off'rings grace,
Thy temples, and adore thy pow'r divine
With blood of victims, and with sparkling wine,
Seest thou not this? or do we fear in vain
Thy boasted thunder, and thy thoughtless reign?
Do thy broad hands the forky lightnings lance?
Thine are the bolts, or the blind work of chance?
A wand'ring woman builds, within our state,
A little town, bought at an easy rate;
She pays me homage (and my grants allow
A narrow space of Libyan lands to plough),
Yet, scorning me, by passion blindly led,
Admits a banish'd Trojan to her bed!
And now, this other Paris, with his train
Of conquer'd cowards, must in Afric reign!
(Whom, what they are, their looks and garb confess,
Their locks with oil perfum'd, their Lydian dress.)
He takes the spoil, enjoys the princely dame;
And I, rejected I, adore an empty name!"
His vows, in haughty terms, he thus preferr'd,
And held his altar's horns: the mighty Thund'rer heard,
Then cast his eyes on Carthage, where he found
The lustful pair in lawless pleasure drown'd.
Lost in their loves insensible of shame,
And both forgetful of their better fame.
He calls Cyllenius: and the god attends;
By whom this menacing command he sends:
"Go, mount the western winds, and cleave the sky;
Then, with a swift descent, to Carthage fly:
There find the Trojan chief, who wastes his days
In slothful riot and inglorious ease,
Nor minds the future city, given by fate.
To him this message from my mouth relate:
Not so fair Venus hop'd, when twice she won
Thy life with pray'rs; nor promis'd such a son.
Hers was a hero, destin'd to command
A martial race, and rule the Latian land,

Who should his ancient line from Teucer draw;
And on the conquer'd world impose the law.
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,
Yet why should he defraud his son of fame,
And grudge the Romans, their immortal name?
What are his vain designs? what hopes he more
From his long ling'ring on a hostile shore,
Regardless to redeem his honor lost,
And for his race to gain the Ausonian coast?
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake:
With this command the slumb'ring warrior wake."
Hermes obeys: with golden pinions bind
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds:
And, whether o'er the seas or earth he flies,
With rapid force they bear him down the skies.
But first he grasps within his awful hand
The mark of sov'reign pow'r, his magic wand:
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves,
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,
And eyes, though clos'd in death, restores to light.
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid space:
Now sees the top of Atlas, as he flies,
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies—
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd,
Is beaten by the winds—with foggy vapors bound.
Snow hides his shoulders: from beneath his chin
The founts of rolling streams their race begin:
A beard of ice on his large breast depends—
Here, pois'd upon his wings, the god descends:
Then, resting thus, he from the tow'ring height
Plung'd downward with precipitated flight,
Lights on the seas. and skims along the flood;
As water fowls, who seek their fishy food,
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show;
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below;
Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,
And near the surface of the water flies,
Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,
He clos'd his wings, and stoop'd on Libian lands,
Where shepherds once were housed in homely sheds,
Now tow'rs within the clouds advance their heads.
Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince
New ramparts raising for the town's defence;
A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er,
(Queen Dido's gift), about his waist he wore;
A sword, with glitt'ring gems diversified,
For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side,
Then thus, with winged words, the god began,
Resuming his own shape—"Degen'rate man!
Thou woman's property! what mak'st thou here,
These foreign walls and Tyrian tow'rs to rear,
Forgetful of thy own? All-powerful Jove,
Who sways the world below and heav'n above,
Has sent me down with this severe command:
What means thy ling'ring in the Libian land?
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,
Nor future praise from flitting pleasure wean,
Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir:
The promis'd crown let young Ascanius wear,
To whom th' Ausonian sceptre, and the state
Of Rome's imperial name, is ow'd by Fate,"
So spoke the god; and, speaking, took his flight,
Involv'd in clouds; and vanished out of sight.
The pious prince was seiz'd with sudden fear:
Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair,
Revolving in his mind the stern command,
He longs to fly, and loaths the charming land.
What should he say? or how should he begin?
What course, alas! remains, to steer between
Th' offended lover and the pow'rful queen?
This way, and that, he turns his anxious mind,
And all expedients tries, and none can find.
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means—
After long thought. to this advice he leans:
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair
The fleet, and ship their men, with silent care:
Some plausable pretence he bids them find,
To color what in secret he design'd.
Himself, meantime, the softest hours would choose,
Before the love-sick lady heard the news;
And move her tender mind by slow degrees,
To suffer what the sov'reign pow'r decrees;
Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say.—
They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.
But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise,
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?)
She was the first to find the secret fraud,
Before the fatal news was blaz'd abroad.
Love the first motions of the lover hears,
Quick to presage, and e'en in safety fears.
Nor impious Fame was wanting to report
The ships repair'd, the Trojan's quick resort,
And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.
Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,
And impotent of mind, she roves the city round.
Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,
When, from afar, their nightly god they hear,
And howl about the hills and shake the wreathy spear.
At length she finds the dear perfidious man;
Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began:
"Base and ungrateful! could you hope to fly.
And undiscover'd, 'scape a lover's eye?
Nor could my kindness your compassion move,
Nor plighted vows nor dearer bands of love?
Or is the death of a despairing queen
Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen?
E'en when the wintry winds command your stay
You dare the tempest and defy the sea.
False as you are, suppose you were not bound
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound;
Were Troy restor'd, and Priam's happy reign,
Now durst you tempt, for Troy, the raging main?
See, whom you fly! am I the foe you shun?
Now, by those holy vows, so late begun,
By this right hand (since I have nothing more
To challenge, but the faith you gave before)

I beg you by these tears too truly shed,
By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;
If ever Dido, when you most were kind,
Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind,
By these my pray'rs, if pray'rs may yet have place,
Pity the fortune of a falling race!
For you I have provoked a tyrant's hate,
Incens'd the Libyan and the Tyrian state;
For you alone, I suffer in my fame,
Bereft of honor and exposed to shame!
Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful guest?
(That only name remains of all the rest!)
What have I left? or whither can I fly?
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty,
Or till Iarbus shall in triumph lead
A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed!
Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,
And left behind some pledge of our delight,
Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight,
Some young Æneas to supply your place,
Whose features might express his father's face,
I should not then complain to live bereft
Of all my husband, or be wholly left."
  Here paused the queen. Unmov'd he holds his eyes,
By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,
Tho' heaving in his heart; and thus at length replies,
"Fair queen, you never can enough repeat
Your boundless favors, or I own my debt;
Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,
While vital breath inspires the mortal frame;
This only let me speak in my defence—
I never hop'd a secret flight from hence,
Much less pretended to the lawful claim
Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name,
For, if indulgent heav'n would leave me free,
And not submit my life to Fate's decree,
My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,
Those relics to review, their dust adore,
And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore.
And now the Delphian oracle commands,
And Fate invites me to the Latian lands
That is the promis'd place to which I steer;
And all my vows are terminated there.
If you, a Tyrian and stranger born,
With walls and tow'rs, a Libyan town adorn,
Why may not we—like you, a foreign race—
Like you, seek shelter in a foreign place?
As often as the night obscures the skies
With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,
Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears:
And young Ascanius justly may complain,
Defrauded of his fate, and destin'd reign.
E'en now the herald of the gods appear'd—
Waking I saw him, and his message heard.
From Jove he came commission'd, heavenly bright
With radiant beams, and manifest to sight
(The sender and the sent I both attest):
These walls he enter'd, and these word's express'd:
"Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command:
Forc'd by my fate, I leave your happy land."
  Thus while he spoke, already she began
With sparkling eyes to view the guilty man
From head to foot, survey'd his person o'er,
Nor longer these outrageous threats forbore:
"False as thou, and more than false, forsworn!
Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess born,
But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock!
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!
Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?
Did he once look, or lent a list'ning ear,
Sigh'd when I sobb'd or shed one kindly tear?
All symptoms of a base, ungrateful mind,
So foul, that, which is worse, 'tis hard to find.
Of man's injustice why should I complain?
The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain
Triumphant treason; yet no thunder flies;
Nor Juno views my wrongs, with equal eyes:
Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies!
Justice is fled, and truth is now no more!
I sav'd the shipwreck'd exile on my shore;
With needful food his hungry Trojans fed;
I took the traitor to my throne and bed:
Fool that I was—'tis little to repeat
The rest—I stor'd and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.
I rave, I rave! a god's command he pleads,
And makes heav'n accessory to his deeds.
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,
To warn him hence; as if the peaceful state
Of heav'nly pow'rs were touch'd with human fate.
But go! thy flight no longer I detain—
Go! seek thy promis'd kingdom through the main!
Yet, if the heav'ns will hear my pious vow,
The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,
Or secret sands, shall sepulchres afford
To the proud vessels, and their perjur'd lord.
Then shalt thou call on injur'd Dido's name:
Dido shall come in a black sulph'ry flame:
When death has once dissolv'd her mortal frame—
Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep:
Her angry ghost arising from the deep,
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.
At least my shade thy punishment shall know;
And Fame shall spread the pleasing news below."
  Abruptly here she stops—then turns away
Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.
Amaz'd he stood, revolving in his mind
What speech to frame, and what excuse to find.
Her fearful maids their fearful mistress led,
And softly laid her on her iv'ry bed.
  But good Æneas, though he much desir'd
To give that pity hich her grief requir'd—
Though much he mourn'd and labor'd with his love—
Resolv'd at length, obeys the will of Jove;
Reviews his forces: they with early care
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.
The fleet is soon afloat, in all its pride;
And well caulk'd galleys in the harbor ride.

Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or as they stood,
Of its green arms despoil'd the rowing wood,
Studious of flight. The beach is cover'd o'er
With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore:
On ev'ry side are seen descending down
Thick swarms of soldiers, loaden from the town.
Thus, in battalia, march embodied ants,
Fearful of winter, and of future wants,
T' invade the corn, and to their cells convey
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.
The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,
Scarce bear the weighty burdens on their backs:
Some set their shoulders to the pond'rous grain;
Some guard the spoil, some lash the lagging train;
All ply their sev'ral tasks, and equal toil sustain.
What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,
When from the tow'r, she saw the cover'd shore,
And heard the shouts of sailors, from afar,
Mix'd with the murmurs of the wat'ry war!
All-powerful Love! what changes canst thou cause
In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!
Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends:
To pray'rs and mean submissions she descends,
No female arts or aids she left untried,
Nor counsels unexplor'd, before she died.
"Look, Anna! look! the Trojans crowd to sea;
They spread their canvas, and their anchors weigh.
The shouting crew their ships with garlands bind,
Invoke the sea-gods, and invite the wind.
Could I have thought his threat'ning blow so near,
My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear.
But do not you my last request deny:
With yon perfidious man your int'rest try,
And bring me news, if I must live or die.
You are his fav'rite; you alone can find
The dark recesses of his inmost mind:
In all his trusted secrets you have part,
And know the soft approaches of his heart.
Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe;
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go,
Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,
Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,
Nor mov'd with hands profane his father's dust:
Why should he then reject a suit so just?
Whom does he shun? and whither would he fly?
Can he this last, this only pray'er deny?
Let him at least his dangerous flight delay,
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.
The nuptials he disclaims, I urge no more:
Let him pursue the promis'd Latin shore.
A short delay is all I ask him now—
A pause of grief, an interval from woe,
Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain
Accustom'd sorrows, and inur'd to pain.
If you in pity grant this one request,
My death shall glut the hatred of his breast."
This mournful message pious Anna bears,
And seconds, with her own, her sister's tears:
But all her arts are still employ'd in vain:
Again she comes, and is refus'd again.
His harden'd heart nor pray'rs nor threat'nings move;
Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.
As when the winds their airy quarrel try,
Justling from ev'ry quarter of the sky,
This way and that the mountain oak they bend;
His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;
With leaves and falling mast they spread the ground;
The hollow valleys echo to the sound:
Unmov'd, the royal plant their fury mocks,
Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks:
For as he shoots his tow'ring head on high,
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.
No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;
Thick messages and loud complaints he hears
And bandied words, still beating on his ears.
Sighs, groans and tears, proclaim his inward pains;
But the firm purpose of his heart remains.
The wretched queen, pursu'd by cruel Fate,
Begins at length the light of heav'n to hate,
And loaths to live. Then dire portents she sees,
To hasten on the death her soul decrees—
Strange to relate! for when before the shrine,
She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood;
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud.
This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,
From all, and e'en her sister, she conceal'd.
A marble temple stood within the grove,
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;
That honor'd chapel she had hung around
With snowy fleeces, and with garlands crown'd:
Oft, when she visited this lonely dome,
Strange voices issued from her husband's tomb:
She thought she heard him summon her away,
Invite her to his grave, and chide her stay.
Hourly 'tis heard, when with a boding note
The solitary screech owl strains her throat,
And, on a chimney's top or turret's height,
With songs obscene disturbs the silence of the night.
Besides, old prophecies augment her fears;
And stern Æneas in her dreams appears,
Disdainful as by day: she seems, alone,
To wander in her sleep, through ways unknown,
Guideless and dark; or, in a desert plain,
To seek her subjects, and to seek in vain—
Like Pentheus, when distracted with his fear,
He saw two suns and double Thebes appear;
Or mad Orestus, when his mother's ghost
Full in his face infernal torches toss'd,
And shook her snaky locks; he shuns the sight,
Flies o'er the stage, surpris'd with mortal fright;
The Furies guard the door, and intercept his flight.
Now, sinking underneath a load of grief,
From death alone she seeks her last relief:
The time and means resolv'd within her breast,
She to her mournful sister thus address'd;
(Dissembling hope, her cloudy front she clears,
And a false vigor in her eyes appears.)
"Rejoice!" she said; "Instructed from above,
My lover I shall gain, or lose my love.

Nigh rising Atlas, next the falling sun,
Long tracts of Æthiopian climates run:
There a Massylian priestess I have found,
Honor'd for age, for magic arts renown'd:
Th' Hesperian temple was her trusted care;
'Twas she supplied the wakeful dragon's fare.
She poppy-seeds in honey taught to steep.
Reclaim'd his rage, and sooth'd him into sleep:
She watch'd the golden fruit. Her charms unbind
The chains of love, or fix them on the mind:
She stops the torrents, leaves the channel dry,
Repels the stars, and backward bears the sky.
The yawning earth rebellows to her call;
Pale ghosts ascend; and mountain ashes fall.
Witness, ye gods, and thou my better part,
How loth I am to try this impious art!
Within the secret court, with silent care,
Erect a lofty pile, expos'd in air:
Hang, on the topmost part, the Trojan vest,
Spoils, arms, and presents, of my faithless guest.
Next, under these, the bridal bed be plac'd,
Where I my ruin in his arms embrac'd.
All relics of the wretch are doom'd to fire;
For so the priestess and her charms require."
Thus far she said, and further speech forbears.
A mortal paleness in her face appears:
Yet the mistrustless Anna could not find
The secret fun'ral in these rites design'd;
Nor thought so dire a rage possess'd her mind.
Unknowing of a train conceal'd so well,
She fear'd no worse than when Sichæus fell;
Therefore obeys. The fatal pile they rear,
Within the secret court, expos'd in air.
The cloven holms and pines are heap'd on high,
And garlands on the hollow spaces lie.
Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath;
And ev'ry baleful green denoting death.
The queen, determin'd to the fatal deed,
The spoils and sword he left, in order spread,
And the man's image on the nuptial bed.
And now (the sacred altars plac'd around)
The priestess enters with her hair unbound,
And thrice invokes the pow'rs below the ground.
Night, Erebus, and Chaos, she proclaims,
And threefold Hecat, with her hundred names,
And three Dianas: next she sprinkles round,
With feign'd Avernian drops, the hallow'd ground;
Culls hoary simples, found by Phœbe's light,
With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night;
Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,
And cuts the forehead of a newborn foal,
Robbing the mother's love. The destin'd queen
Observes, assisting at the rites obscene:
A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands
She holds; and next the highest altar stands:
One tender foot was shod, her other bare;
Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair,
Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying breath,
The heavens and planets conscious of her death,
And ev'ry pow'r, if any rules above,
Who minds or who revenges injur'd love.
'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close
Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose:
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,
Nor murm'ring tides disturb the gentle floods.
The stars in silent order moved around;
And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on the ground.
The flocks and herds, and particolor'd fowl
Which haunt the woods or swim the weedy pool,
Stretch'd on the quiet earth, securely lay,
Forgetting the past labors of the day.
All else of nature's common gift partake;
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.
Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find:
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.
Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart;
Despair and rage had some, but love the greater part
Then thus she said within her secret mind:
"What shall I do? what succor can I find?
Become a suppliant to Iarbas' pride,
And take my turn to court and be denied?
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,
Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?
Himself I refug'd, and his train reliev'd—
'Tis true—but am I sure to be receiv'd?
Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place?
Laomedon still lives in all his race!
Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,
Or with my fleet their flying sails pursue?
What force have I but those, who scarce before
I drew reluctant from their native shore?
Will they again embark at my desire,
Once more sustain the seas, and quit their second Tyre?
Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,
And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.
Your pity, sister, first seduc'd my mind,
Or seconded too well what I design'd.
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known,
Had I continued free, and still my own—
Avoiding love, I had not found despair,
But shar'd with savage beasts the common air.
Like them, a lonely life I might have led,
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead."
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious breast.—
On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.
Resolv'd to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night;
And order'd all things for his early flight.
To whom once more the winged god appears.
His former youthful mien and shape he wears,
And with this new alarm invades his ears:
"Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born? and canst thou drown
Thy needful cares, so near a hostile town,
Beset with foes; nor hear'st the western gale
Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?
She harbors in her heart a furious hate
(And thou shalt find the dire effects too late),
Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die.

Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast pow'er to fly.
The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.
Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies;
And sail before the purple morn arise.
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?
Woman's a various and changeful thing."
Thus Hermes in the dream: then took his flight,
Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd in night.
Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,
The pious prince arose with hasty fear;
Then rous'd his drowsy train without delay:
"Haste to your banks, your crooked anchors weigh,
And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea!
A god commands: he stood before my sight,
And urg'd us once again to speedy flight.
O sacred pow'r! what pow'r soe'er thou art,
To thy blest orders I resign my heart.
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands;
And prosper the design thy will commands."
He said; and, drawing forth his flaming sword,
His thund'ring arm divides the many-twisted cord.
And emulating zeal inspires his train:
They run; they snatch; they rush into the main.
With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,
And brush the liquid seas with lab'ring oars.
Aurora now had left her saffron bed,
And beams of early light, the heav'ns o'erspread,
When from a tow'er, the queen, with wakeful eyes,
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies.
She look'd to seaward: but the sea was void,
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descried.
Stung with despite, and furious with despair,
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair;
"And shall th' ungrateful traitor go (she said),
My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?
Shall we not arm? not rush from ev'ry street?
To follow, sink, and burn, his perjur'd fleet?
Haste! haul my galleys out! pursue the foe!
Bring flaming brands! set sail, and swiftly row!
What have I said? where am I? Fury turns
My brain; and my distemper'd bosom burns;
Then, when I gave my person and my throne,
This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.
See now the promis'd faith, the vaunted name,
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,
Preserv'd his gods, and to the Phyrgian shore
The burden of his feeble father bore!
I should have torn him piecemeal—strew'd in floods
His scatter'd limbs, or left expos'd in woods—
Destroy'd his friends and son—and from the fire
Have set the reeking boy before the sire.
Events are doubtful which on battle wait!
Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure of fate?
My Tyrians, at their injur'd queen's command,
Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band:
At once extinguished all the faithless name;
And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,
Had fall'n upon the pile, to mend the fun'ral flame.
Thou sun, who view'st at once the world below!
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow!
Thou Hecat, hearken from thy dark abodes!
Ye Furies, fiends, and violated gods!
All pow'rs invok'd with Dido's dying breath,
Attend her curses and avenge her death!
If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,
Th' ungrateful wretch should find the Latian lands,
Yet let a race untam'd, and haughty foes,
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose:
Oppress'd with numbers in th' unequal field,
His men discourag'd, and himself expell'd,
Let him for succor sue from place to place,
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace
First let him see his friends in battle slain,
And their untimely fate lament in vain:
And when at length ths cruel war shall cease,
On hard conditions may he buy his peace:
Nor let him then enjoy supreme command;
But fall, untimely, by some hostile hand,
And lie unburied on the barren sand!
These are my pray'rs, and this my dying will:
And you, my Tyrians, ev'ry curse fulfil.
Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim
Against the prince, the people, and the name.
These grateful off'rings on my grave bestow;
Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know!
Now, and from hence, in ev'ry future age,
When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies the rage,
Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,
With fire and sword pursue the perjur'd brood—
Our arms, our seas, our shores, oppos'd to theirs—
And the same hate descend on all our heirs!"
This said, within her anxious mind she weighs
The means of cutting short her odious days.
Then to Sichæus' nurse she briefly said
(For, when she left her country, hers was dead)
"Go, Barce, call my sister. Let her care
The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare;
The sheep, and all th' atoning off'rings, bring;
Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring
With living drops; then let her come; and thou
With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,
And ends the cares of my disastrous love;
Then cast the Trojan image on the fire;
And, as that burns, my passion shall expire."
The nurse moves onward with officious care,
And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involv'd,
Shook at the mighty mischief she resolv'd.
With livid spots distinguish'd was her face;
Red were her rolling eyes, and discompos'd her pace,
Ghastly she gaz'd; with pain she drew her breath;
And nature shiver'd at approaching death.
Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,
And mounts the fun'ral pile with furious haste;
Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind
(Not for so dire an enterprise design'd).
But when she view'd the garments loosely spread.

Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,
She paus'd, and with a sigh the robes embrac'd,
Then on the couch her trembling body cast,
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last:
"Dear pledges of my love, while heav'n so pleas'd,
Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eas'd.
My fatal course is finish'd; and I go,
A glorious name, among the ghosts below.
A lofty city by my hands is rais'd;
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeas'd.
What could my fortune have afforded more,
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore?"
Then kiss'd the couch; and "Must I die," she said.
"And unreveng'd? 'tis doubly to be dead!
Yet e'en this death with pleasure I receive:
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.
These flames from far may the false Trojan view;
These boding omens his base flight pursue!"
She said, and struck: deep enter'd in her side
The piercing steel, with reeking purple dy'd:
Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands;
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.
Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,
And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.
Distracted from the fatal sight they fled,
And through the town the dismal rumor spread.
First from the frighted court the yell began;
Redoubled, thence from house to house it ran:
The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.
Not less the clamor, than if ancient Tyre,
Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire—
The rolling ruin, with their lov'd abodes,
Involv'd the blazing temples of their gods.
Her sister hears, and, furious with despair,
She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair,
And, calling on Eliza's name aloud,
Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the crowd.
"Was all that pomp of woe for this prepar'd,
These fires, this fun'ral pile, these altars rear'd?
Was all this train of plots contriv'd (said she),
All only to deceive unhappy me?
Which is the worst? Didst thou in death pretend
To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend?
Thy summon'd sister and thy friend had come:
One sword had serv'd us both, one common tomb:
Was I to raise the pile, the pow'rs invoke,
Not to be present at the fatal stroke?
At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me,
Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony!
Bring water! bathe the wound; while I in death.
Lay close my lips to hers, and catch the flying breath."
This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,
And in her arms the gasping queen embrac'd.
Her temples chaf'd; and her own garments tore.
To stanch the streaming blood, and cleanse the gore.
Thrice Dido tried to raise her drooping head,
And, fainting, thrice fell grov'ling on the bed;
Thrice op'd her heavy eyes, and saw the light,
But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,
And clos'd her lids at last in endless night.
Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain
A death so ling'ring, and so full of pain,
Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife
Of lab'ring nature, and dissolve her life.
For, since she died, not doom'd by heav'n's decree,
Or her own crime, but human casualty,
And rage of love, that plung'd her in despair,
The sisters had not cut the topmost hair,
Which Prosperine and they can only know;
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.
Downward the various goddess took her flight,
And drew a thousand colors from the light;
Then stood above the dying lover's head,
And said, "I thus devote thee to the dead.
This off'ring to the infernal gods I bear."
Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair:
The struggling soul was loos'd and life dissolv'd in air.

THE GRANDMOTHER.

ALFRED TENNYSON.

And Willy, my eldest born, is gone, you say, little Annie?
Ruddy and white, and strong on his legs, he look't like a man.
And Willy's wife has written: she never was over-wise,
Never the wife for Willy: he wouldn't take my advice.

For Annie, you see, her father was not the man to save,
Hadn't a head to manage, and drank himself into his grave,
Pretty enough, very pretty! but I was against it for one.
Eh!—but he wouldn't hear me—and Willy, you say, is gone.

Willy, my beauty, my eldest born, the flower of the flock;
Never a man could fling him: for Willy stood like a rock.
"Here's a leg for a babe of a week!" says doctor; and he would be bound,
There was not his like that year in twenty parishes round.

Strong of his hands, and strong on his legs, but still of his tongue!
I ought to have gone before him: I wonder he went so young.
I cannot cry for him, Annie: I have not long to stay;
Perhaps I shall see him the sooner, for he lived far away.

Why do you look at me, Annie? you think I am
hard and cold;
But all my children have gone before me, I am so
old;
I cannot weep for Willy, nor can I weep for the rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the
best.

For I remember a quarrel I had with your father,
my dear,
All for a slanderous story, that cost me many a tear.
I mean your grandfather, Annie: it cost me a world
of woe,
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

For Jenny, my cousin, had come to the place, and I
knew right well
Then Jenny had tript in her time: I knew, but I
would not tell.
And she to be coming and slandering me, the base
little liar!
But the tongue is a fire as you know, my dear, the
tongue is a fire.

And the parson made it his text that week, and he
said likewise,
That a lie which is half a truth is ever the blackest
of lies.
That a lie which is all a lie may be met and fought
with outright,
But a lie which is part a truth is a harder matter to
fight.

And Willy had not been down to the farm for a week
and a day;
And all things look'd half-dead, tho' it was the mid-
dle of May.
Jenny, to slander me, who knew what Jenny had
been!
But soiling another, Annie, will never make oneself
clean.

And I cried myself well-nigh blind, and all of an
evening late
I climb'd to the top of the garth, and stood by the
road at the gate.
The moon like a rick on fire was rising over the dale,
And whit, whit, whit, in the bush beside me chirrupt
the nightingale.

All of a sudden he stopt; here past the gate of the
farm,
Willy,—he didn't see me,—and Jenny hung on his
arm.
Out into the road I started, and spoke I scarce knew
how;
Ah, there's no fool like the old one—it makes me
angry now.

Willy stood up like a man, and look'd the thing that
he meant;
Jenny, the viper, made me a mocking courtsey and
went.
And I said, "Let us part; in a hundred years it'll all
be the same,
You cannot love me at all, if you love not my good
name."

And he turn'd, and I saw his eyes all wet, in the
sweet moonshine:
"Sweetheart, I love you so well that your good name
is mine.
And what do I care for Jane, let her speak of you
well or ill;
But marry me out of hand: we two shall be happy
still."

"Marry you, Willy!" said I, "but I needs must
speak my mind,
And I fear you'll listen to tales, be jealous and hard
and unkind."
But he turn'd and clapt me in his arms, and answer'd,
"No, love, no;"
Seventy years ago, my darling, seventy years ago.

So Willy and I was wedded; I wore a lilac gown;
And the ringers rang with a will, and he gave the
ringers a crown.
But the first that ever I bare was dead before he was
born,
Shadow and shine is life, little Annie, flower and
thorn.

That was the first time, too, that ever I thought of
death.
There lay the sweet little body that never had drawn
a breath.
I had not wept, little Annie, not since I had been a
wife;
But I wept like a child that day, for the babe had
fought for his life.

His dear little face was troubled, as if with anger or
pain:
I look't at the still little body—his trouble had all
been in vain.
For Willy I cannot weep, I shall see him another
morn:
But I wept like a child for the child that was dead
before he was born.

But he cheer'd me, my good man, for he seldom said
me nay:
Kind, like a man, was he; like a man, too, would
have his way:
Never jealous—not he: we had many a happy year;
And he died, and I could not weep—my own time
seem'd so near.

But I wish'd it had been God's will that I, too, then could have died:
I began to be tired a little, and fain had slept at his side.
And that was ten years back, or more, if I don't rorget;
But as to the children, Annie, they're all about me yet.

Pattering over the boards, my Annie who left me at two,
Patter she goes, my own little Annie, an Annie like you:
Pattering over the boards, she comes and goes at her will,
While Harry is in the five-acre and Charlie ploughing the hill.

And Harry and Charlie, I hear them too—they sing to their team:
Often they come to the door in a pleasant kind of a dream.
They come and sit by my chair, they hover about my bed--
I am not always certain if they be alive or dead.

And yet I know for a truth, there's none of them left alive;
For Harry went at sixty, your father at sixty-five:
And Willy, my eldest born, at nigh threescore and ten;
I knew them all as babies, and now they're elderly men.

For mine is a time of peace, it is not often I grieve;
I am oftener sitting at home in my father's farm at eve:
And the neighbors come and laugh and gossip, and so do I;
I find myself often laughing at things that have long gone by.

To be sure the preacher says, our sins should make us sad:
But mine is a time of peace, and there is grace to be had;
And God, not man, is the Judge of us all when life shall cease;
And in this Book, little Annie, the message is one of Peace.

And age is a time of peace, so it be free from pain,
And happy has been my life; but I would not live it again.
I seem to be tired a little, that's all, and long for rest;
Only at your age, Annie, I could have wept with the best.

So Willy has gone, my beauty, my eldest-born, my flower;
But how can I weep for Willy, he has but gone for an hour,—
Gone for a minute, my son, from this room into the next;
I, too, shall go in a minute. What time have I to be vext?

And Willy's wife has written, she never was overwise.
Get me my glasses, Annie: thank God that I keep my eyes.
There is but a trifle left you, when I shall have passed away.
But stay with the old woman now: you cannot have long to stay.

YOUTH AND AGE.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Verse, a breeze 'mid blossoms straying,
Where Hope clung feeding, like a bee—
Both were mine! Life went a-maying
With Nature, Hope, and Poesy,
When I was young!
When I was young? Ah, woful when!
Ah, for the change 'twixt Now and Then!
This breathing house, not built with hands,
This body that does me grievous wrong,
O'er aery cliffs and glittering sands,
How lightly then it flashed along:
Like those trim skiffs, unknown of yore,
On winding lakes and rivers wide,
That ask no aid of sail or oar,
That fear no spite of wind or tide!
Nought cared this body for wind or weather,
When Youth and I lived in't together.

Flowers are lovely; Love is flower-like;
Friendship is a sheltering-tree;
O the joys that came down shower-like,
Of Friendship, Love, and Liberty,
Ere I was old!
Ere I was old? Ah, woful Ere,
Which tells me, Youth's no longer here!
O Youth! for years so many and sweet,
'Tis known that thou and I were one·
I'll think it but a fond conceit—
It cannot be that thou art gone!
Thy vesper-bell hath not yet tolled!
And thou wert aye a masker bold!
What strange disguise hast now put on,
To make-believe that thou art gone?
I see these locks in silvery slips,
This drooping gait, this altered size;
But springtide blossoms on thy lips,
And tears take sunshine from thine eyes!
Life is but thought: so think I will
That Youth and I are housemates still.

Dewdrops are the gems of morning,
But the tears of mournful eve!
Where no hope is, life's a warning
That only serves to make us grieve,
When we are old:
That only serves to make us grieve
With oft and tedious taking leave;
Like some poor nigh-related guest,
That may not rudely be dismissed,
Yet hath outstayed his welcome while,
And tells the jest without the smile.

ODE TO MY SON, AGED THREE YEARS.

THOMAS HOOD.

Thou happy, happy elf!
(But stop—first let me kiss away that tear)
Thou tiny image of myself!
(My love, he's poking peas into his ear!)
Thou merry, laughing sprite!
With spirits feather-light,
Untouched by sorrow, and unsoiled by sin,
(Good heavens! the child is swallowing a pin!)

Thou little tricksy Puck!
With antic toys so funnily bestuck,
Light as the singing bird that wings the air,
(The door! the door! he'll tumble down the stair!)
Thou darling of thy sire!
(Why, Jane, he'll set his pinafore afire!)
Thou imp of mirth and joy!
In Love's dear chain so strong and bright a link,
Thou idol of thy parents (Drat the boy!
There goes my ink!)

Thou cherub—but of earth;
Fit playfellow for fays by moonlight pale,
In harmless sport and mirth,
(That dog will bite him if he pulls its tail!)
Thou human humming-bee, extracting honey
From every blossom in the world that blows,
Singing in youth's Elysium ever sunny,
(Another tumble—that's his precious nose!)
Thy father's pride and hope!
(He'll break the mirror with that skipping rope!)
With pure heart newly stamped from Nature's mint,
(Where *did* he learn that squint?)

Thou young domestic dove!
(He'll have that jug off with another shove!)
Dear nursling of the hymeneal nest!
(Are those torn clothes his best?)
Little epitome of man!
(He'll climb upon the table, that's his plan!)
Touched with the beauteous tints of dawning life,
(He's got a knife!)
Thou enviable being!
No storms, no clouds, in thy blue sky forseeing,
Play on, play on,
My elfin John!
Toss the light ball—bestride the stick,
(I knew so many cakes would make him sick!)
With fancies buoyant as the thistle-down,
Prompting the face grotesque, and antic brisk
With many a lamb-like frisk,
(He's got the scissors, snipping at your gown!)
Thou pretty opening rose!
(Go to your mother, child, and wipe your nose!)
Balmy, and breathing music like the south,
(He really brings my heart into my mouth!)
Fresh as the morn, and brilliant as its star,
(I wish that window had an iron bar!)
Bold as the hawk, yet gentle as the dove,
(I'll tell you what, my love,
I cannot write, unless he's sent above!)

LIFE'S PILGRIMAGE.

JORGE MANRIQUE.

O! let the soul its slumber break,
Arouse its senses and awake,
To see how soon
Life with its glories glides away,
And the stern footstep of decay
Comes stealing on.

How pleasure, like the passing wind,
Blows by, and leaves us nought behind
But grief at last;
How still our present happiness
Seems, to the wayward fancy, less
Than what is past.

And while we eye the rolling tide,
Down which our flying minutes glide
Away so fast;
Let us the present hour employ,
And deem each future dream of joy
Already past.

Let no vain hope deceive the mind—
No happier let us hope to find
To-morrow than to-day.
Our golden dreams of yore were bright,
Like them the present shall delight,—
Like them decay.

Our lives like hasting streams must be,
That into one engulfing sea
Are doomed to fall:
The Sea of Death, whose waves roll on,
O'er king and kingdom, crown and throne,
And swallow all.

Alike the river's lordly tide,
Alike the humble riv'lets glide
To that sad wave;
Death levels poverty and pride,
And rich and poor sleep side by side
Within the grave.

Our birth is but a starting place,
Life is the running of the race,
And death the goal;
There all our steps at last are brought,
That path alone, of all unsought,
Is found of all.

Say then, how poor and little worth
Are all those glittering toys of earth
That lure us here;

WHATEVER IS, IS RIGHT.

RICHARD SAVAGE.

My hermit thus. "I know thy soul believes,
'Tis hard vice triumphs, and that virtue grieves;
Yet oft affliction purifies the mind,
Kind benefits oft flow from means unkind.
Were the whole known, that we uncouth suppose,
Doubtless, would beauteous symmetry disclose.
The naked cliff, that singly rough remains,
In prospect dignifies the fertile plains;
Lead-coloured clouds, in scattering fragments seen,
Show, though in broken views, the blue serene.
Severe distresses industry inspire;
Thus captive oft excelling arts acquire,
And boldly struggle through a state of shame,
To life, ease, plenty, liberty and fame.
Sword-law has often Europe's balance gain'd,
And one red victory years of peace maintain'd.
We pass through want to wealth, through dismal strife
To calm content, through death to endless life.
Lybia thou nam'st—let Afric's wastes appear
Cursed by those heats that fructify the year;
Yet the same suns her orange groves befriend,
Where clustering globes in shining rows depend.
Here when fierce beams o'er withering plants are roll'd,
There the green fruit seems ripen'd into gold.
Ev'n scenes that strike with terrible surprise,
Still prove a God, just, merciful and wise.
Sad wintery blasts, that strip the autumn, bring
The milder beauties of a flowery spring.
Ye sulphurous fires in jaggy lightnings break!
Ye thunders rattle, and ye nations shake!
Ye storms of riving flame the forest tear!
Deep crack the rocks! rent trees be whirl'd in air!
Reft at a stroke, some stately fane we'll mourn;
Her tombs wide-shattered, and her dead up-torn;
Were noxious spirits not from caverns drawn,
Rack'd earth would soon in gulfs enormous yawn:
Then all were lost!—Or would we floating view
The baleful cloud, there would destruction brew—
Plague, fever, frenzy, close engendering lie,
Till these red ruptures clear the sullied sky."

Now a field opens to enlarge my thought,
In parcell'd tracts to various uses wrought;
Here hardening ripeness the first blooms behold,
There the last blossoms spring-like pride unfold;
Here swelling pease on leafy stalks are seen,
Mix'd flowers of red and azure shine between;
Whose waving beauties heighten'd by the sun,
In colour'd lanes along the furrows run;
There the next produce of a genial shower,
The bean's fresh-blossoms in a speckled flower;
Whose morning dews, when to the sun resigned,
With undulating sweets embalm the wind.
Now daisy plats of clover square the plain,
And part the bearded from the beardless grain;
There fibrous flax with verdure binds the field,
Which on the loom shall art-spun labors yield.
The mulberry, in fair summer-green array'd,
Full in the midst starts up a silky shade;
For human taste the rich-stain'd fruitage bleeds;
The leaf the silk-emitting reptile feeds.
As swans their down, as flocks their fleeces leave,
Here worms for man their glossy entrails weave.
Hence to adorn the fair, in texture gay,
Sprigs, fruits and flowers on figur'd vestments play:
But industry prepares them oft to please
The guilty pride of vain, luxuriant ease.

Now frequent, dusty gales offensive blow,
And o'er my sight a transient blindness throw.
Windward we shift. Near down th' ethereal steep,
The lamp of day hangs hovering o'er the deep,
Dun shades, in rocky shapes up æther roll'd,
Project long shaggy points; deep-ting'd with gold.
Others take faint th' unripen'd cherry's dye,
And paint amusing landscapes on the eye;
Their blue-veiled yellow, through a sky serene,
In swelling mixture forms a floating green.
Streak'd through white clouds a mild vermillion shines,
And the breeze freshens, as the heat declines.

Yon crooked sunny roads change rising views
From brown to sandy red and chalky hues.
One mingled scene another quick succeeds,
Men, chariots, teams, yok'd steers, and prancing steeds,
Which climb, descend, and, as loud whips resound,
Stretch, sweat, and smoke along unequal ground.
On winding Thames, reflecting radiant beams,
When boats, ships, barges mark the roughened streams,
This way, and that, they different points pursue;
So mix the motions and so shifts the view,
While thus we throw around our gladden'd eyes,
The gifts of heaven in gay profusion rise;
Trees rich with gums, and fruits; with jewels, rocks;
Plains with flowers, herbs, and plants, and beeves, and flocks,
Mountains with mines; with oak and cedar, woods;
Quarries with marble, and with fish the floods.
In darkening spots, mid fields with various dyes,
Tilth new manur'd, or naked fallow lies.

Near uplands fertile, pride inclos'd, display
The green grass, yellowing into scentful hay;
And thick-set hedges fence the full-ear'd corn,
And berries blacken on the virid thorn.

Mark in yon heath oppos'd the cultured scene,
Wild thyme, pale box, and firs of darker green.
The native strawberry red-ripening grows,
By nettles guarded, as by thorns the rose.
There nightingales in unprun'd copses build,
In shaggy furzes lies the hare conceal'd.
Twixt ferns and thistles, unsown flowers amuse,
And form a lucid chase of various hues;
Many half-gray with dust: confused they lie,
Scent the rich year and lead the wandering eye.

Contemplative, we tread the flowery plain,
The muse preceding with her heavenly train:
When, lo! the mendicant, so late behind,
Strange view! now journeying in our front we find!
And yet a view more strange our heed demands;
Touch'd by the muse's wand transformed he stands,
O'er skin once wrinkled, instant beauty spreads;
The late-dimned eye a vivid lustre sheds;
Hairs, once so thin, now graceful locks decline;
And rags now changed in regal vestments shine.

The hermit thus: "In him the BARD behold,
Once seen by midnight's lamp in winter's cold;
The BARD, whose want so multiplied his woes,
He sunk a mortal, and a seraph rose.
See!—where those stately yew-trees darkling grow,
And, waving o'er yon graves, brown shadows throw,
Scornful he points—there, o'er his sacred dust,
Arise the sculptur'd tomb, and labour'd bust.
Vain pomp! bestowed by ostentatious pride,
Who to a life of want relief deny'd.

MAN.

ALGERNON C. SWINBURNE—"ATALANTA IN CALYDON."

Before the beginning of years
  There came to the making of man
Time, with a gift of tears;
Grief, with a glass that ran;
Pleasure, with pain for leaven;
  Summer, with flowers that fell;
Remembrance, fallen from heaven,
  And madness, risen from hell;
Strength, without hands to smite;
  Love, that endures for a breath;
Night, the shadow of light,
  And life, the shadow of death.

And the high gods took in hand
  Fire, and the falling of tears,
And a measure of sliding sand
  From under the feet of the years;
And froth and drift of the sea,
  And dust of the labouring earth;
And bodies of things to be
  In the houses of death and of birth;
And wrought with weeping and laughter,
  And fashioned with loathing and love,
With life before and after,
  And death beneath and above,
For a day and a night and a morrow,
  That his strength might endure for a span
With travail and heavy sorrow,
  The holy spirit of man.

From the winds of the north and the south
  They gathered as unto strife;
They breathed upon his mouth,
  They filled his body with life;
Eyesight and speech they wrought
  For the veils of the soul therein
A time for labour and thought,
  A time to serve and to sin;
They gave him a light in his ways,
  And love, and a space for delight,
And beauty and length of days,
  And night, and sleep in the night
His speech is a burning fire;
  With his lips he travaileth;
In his heart is a blind desire,
  In his eyes foreknowledge of death;
He weaves, and is clothed with derision;
  Sows, and he shall not reap;
His life is a watch or a vision
  Between a sleep and a sleep.

ENJOY THE PRESENT HOUR.

HORACE—"TWENTY-NINTH ODE."

Enjoy the present smiling hour,
And put it out of Fortune's power:
The tide of business, like the running stream,
Is sometimes high and sometimes low,
A quiet ebb or a tempestuous flow,
And always in extreme.
Now with a noiseless gentle course
It keeps within the middle bed;
Anon it lifts aloft the head,
And bears down all before it with impetuous force;
And trunks of trees come rolling down;
Sheep and their folds together drown:
Both house and homestead into seas are borne;
And rocks are from their old foundations torn;
And woods made thin with winds, their scattered
  honours mourn.

Happy the man, and happy he alone,
He who can call to-day his own:
He who, secure within, can say,
To-morrow, do thy worst, for I have lived to-day.
Be fair or foul, or rain or shine,
The joys I have possessed, in spite of fate, are mine.

Not heaven itself upon the past has power;
But what has been, has been, and I have had my hour.

Fortune, that with malicious joy,
Does man, her slave, oppress,
Proud of her office to destroy,
Is seldom pleased to bless:
Still various, and inconstant still,
But with an inclination to be ill,
Promotes, degrades, delights in strife,
And makes a lottery of life.
I can enjoy her while she's kind;
But when she dances in the wind,
And shakes her wings, and will not stay,
I puff the prostitute away:
The little or the much she gave is quietly resigned:
Content with poverty my soul I arm;
And virtue, though in rags, will keep me warm.

What is't to me,
Who never sail in her unfaithful sea,
If storms arise, and clouds grow black;
If the mast split and threaten wreck?
Then let the greedy merchant fear
For his ill-gotten gain;
And pray to gods that will not hear,
While the debating winds and billows bear
His wealth into the main.
For me, secure from fortune's blows,
Secure of what I cannot lose,
In my small pinnace I can sail,
Contemning all the blustering roar;
And running with a merry gale,
With friendly stars my safety seek,
Within some little winding creek,
And see the storm ashore.

THE BELLS

EDGAR ALLEN POE.

Hear the sledges with the bells—
Silver bells—
What a world of merriment their melody foretells!
How they tinkle, tinkle, tinkle,
In the icy air of night!
While the stars that oversprinkle
All the heavens, seem to twinkle
With a crystalline delight;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the tintinabulation that so musically wells
From the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,
From the jingling and the tinkling of the bells.

Hear the mellow wedding bells,
Golden bells!
What a world of happiness their harmony foretells!
Through the balmy air of night
How they ring out their delight
From the molten-golden notes!
And all in tune,
What a liquid ditty floats
To the turtle-dove that listens, while she gloats
On the moon!
Oh, from out the sounding cells,
What a gush of euphony voluminously wells!
How it swells!
How it dwells
On the Future! how it tells
Of the rapture that impels
To the swinging and the ringing
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells,—
To the rhyming and the chiming of the bells.

Hear the loud alarum bells—
Brazen bells!
What a tale of terror, now, their turbulency tells!
In the startled ear of night
How they scream out their affright!
Too much horrified to speak,
They can only shriek, shriek,
Out of tune,
In a clamorous appealing to the mercy of the fire,
In a mad expostulation to the deaf and frantic fire
Leaping higher, higher, higher,
With a desperate desire,
And a resolute endeavor
Now—now to sit or never,
By the side of the pale-faced moon,
Oh, the bells, bells, bells,!
What a tale their terror tells
Of despair!
How they clang, and clash, and roar!
What a horror they outpour
On the bosom of the palpitating air!
Yet the ear, it fully knows,
By the twanging,
And the clanging,
How the danger ebbs and flows;
Yet the ear distinctly tells,
In the jangling,
And the wrangling,
How the danger sinks and swells,
By the sinking or the swelling in the anger of the bells—
Of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
In the clamour and the clangour of the bells!

Hear the tolling of the bells—
Iron bells!

What a world of solemn thought their monody compels!
In the silence of the night
How we shiver with affright
At the melancholy menace of their tone!
For every sound that floats
From the rust within their throats
Is a groan;
And the people—ah, the people—
They that dwell up in the steeple,
All alone,
And who tolling, tolling, tolling,
In that muffled monotone,
Feel a glory in so rolling
On the human heart a stone—
They are neither man nor woman—
They are neither brute nor human—
They are Ghouls!
And their king it is who tolls;
And he rolls, rolls, rolls, rolls,
A pæan from the bells!
And his merry bosom swells
With the pæan of the bells,
And he dances and he yells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the pæan of the bells—
Of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
In a sort of Runic rhyme,
To the throbbing of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells,
To the sobbing of the bells;
Keeping time, time, time,
As he kneels, kneels, kneels,
In a happy Runic rhyme,
To the tolling of the bells—
Of the bells, bells, bells—
To the tolling of the bells,
Of the bells, bells, bells, bells,
Bells, bells, bells—
To the moaning and the groaning of the bells.

THE TIRED CHILD.

N. P. WILLIS.

There will come an eve to a longer day,
That will find thee tired—but not of play!
And thou wilt lean, as thou leanest now,
With drooping limbs and aching brow,
And wish the shadows would faster creep,
And long to go to thy quiet sleep.
Well were it then if thine aching brow
Were as free from sin and shame as now!
Well for thee, if thy lip could tell
A tale like this, of a day spent well.
If thine open hand hath relieved distress—
If thy pity hath sprung to wretchedness—
If thou hast forgiven the sore offence,
And humbled thy heart with penitence—
If Nature's voices have spoken to thee
With her holy meanings eloquently—
If every creature hath won thy love,
From the creeping worm to the brooding dove—
If never a sad, low-spoken word
Hath plead with thy human heart unheard—
Then, when the night steals on, as now,
It will bring relief to thine aching brow,
And, with joy and peace at the thought of rest,
Thou wilt sink to sleep on thy mother's breast.

THE AGED MINSTREL.

SIR WALTER SCOTT—"LAY OF THE LAST MINSTREL."

The way was long, the wind was cold,
The minstrel was infirm and old;
His withered cheek, and tresses gray,
Seemed to have known a better day;
The harp, his sole remaining joy,
Was carried by an orphan boy.
The last of all the bards was he
Who sung of Border chivalry;
For, well-aday! their date was fled;
His tuneful brethren all were dead;
And he, neglected and oppressed,
Wished to be with them, and at rest.
No more, on prancing palfrey borne,
He carolled, light as lark at morn;
No longer, courted and caressed,
High placed in hall, a welcome guest,
He poured, to lord and lady gay,
The unpremeditated lay:
Old times were changed, old manners gone;
A stranger filled the Stuarts' throne;
The bigots of the iron time
Had called his harmless art a crime.
A wandering harper, scorned and poor,
He begged his bread from door to door,
And tuned, to please a peasant's ear,
The harp a king had loved to hear.

THE FLY.

WILLIAM OLDYS.

Busy, curious, thirsty fly,
Drink with me, and drink as I;
Freely welcome to my cup,
Couldst thou sip and sip it up.
Make the most of life you may;
Life is short and wears away.

Both alike are mine and thine,
Hastening quick to their decline:
Thine's a summer, mine no more,
Though repeated to threescore;
Threescore summers, when they're gone,
Will appear as short as one.

GOLDEN THOUGHTS.

WHICH FURNISH A THEME FOR REFLECTION, AND A TEXT FOR MENTAL DISCOURSE.

Tears:

No radient pearl which crested fortune wears,
No gem that twinkling hangs from beauty's ears,
Not the bright stars which night's blue arch adorn,
Nor rising sun that gilds the vernal morn,
Shine with such lustre as the tear that flows
Down virtue's manly cheek for others woes.

—*Dr. Darwin.*

Thought:

Who can mistake great thoughts?
They seize upon the mind; arrest, and search,
And shake it; bow the tall soul as by wind;
Rush over it like rivers over reeds,
Which quaver in the current; turn us cold,
And pale, and voiceless; leaving in the brain
A rocking and a ringing,—glorious,
But momentary; madness might it last,
And close the soul with Heaven as with a seal.

—*Philip James Bailey.*

Time:

What does not fade? The tower that long had stood
The crush of thunder and the warring winds,
Shook by the slow but sure destroyer, Time,
Now hangs in doubtful ruins o'er its base,
And flinty pyramids and walls of brass
Descend.

To-Morrow:

Seek not to know to-morrow's doom;
That is not ours which is to come.
The present moments are our store.
The next should heaven allow,
Then this will be no more;
So all our life is but one instant now.

—*Congreve.*

Truth:

Man fearlessly his voice for truth should raise,
When truth would force its way in deed or word,
Whether for him the popular voice of praise
Or the cold sheer of unbelief is heard,
Like the First Martyr, when his voice arose
Distinct above the hissing of his foes.

—*Phœbe Cary.*

Unkindness:

In nature there's no blemish but the mind;
None can be call'd deform'd but the unkind.

—*Shakspeare.*

Virtue:

Virtue, the strength and beauty of the soul,
Is the best gift of heaven; a happiness
That even above the smiles and frowns of fate
Exalts great Nature's favorites; a wealth
That ne'er encumbers, nor can be transferr'd.

—*Armstrong.*

Weeping:

Oh! weep not for the dead?
Rather, oh, rather, give the tear
To those who darkly linger here,
When all besides are fled:

Weep for the spirit withering
In its cold, cheerless sorrowing;
Weep for the young and lovely one
That ruin darkly revels on;
But never be a tear-drop shed
For them, the pure enfranchised dead.

—*M. E. Brooks.*

Woman:

Alas! the love of woman! it is known
To be a lovely and a fearful thing.

—*Byron.*

And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that blighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh! what were man?—a world without a sun.

—*Campbell.*

Who to a woman trusts his peace of mind,
Trusts a frail bark with a tempestuous wind.

—*Granville.*

Words:

But words are things, and a small drop of ink,
Falling, like dew, upon a thought, produces
That which makes thousands, perhaps millions, think.

—*Byron.*

Words are the soul's embassadors, who go
Abroad upon her errands to and fro;
They are the sole expounders of the mind,
And correspondence keep 'twixt all mankind.
They are those airy keys that ope (and wrest
Sometimes) the locks and hinges of the breast.
By them the heart makes sallies; wit and sense
Belong to them; they are the quintessence
Of those ideas which the thoughts distil,
And so calcine and melt again, until
They drop forth into accents; in whom lies
The salt of fancy, and all faculties.

—*Howell.*

Wisdom:

Let no presuming impious railer tax
Creative Wisdom, as if aught was form'd
In vain, or not for admirable ends.
Shall little haughty ignorance pronounce
His works unwise, of which the smallest part
Exceeds the narrow vision of her mind?

—*Thomson.*

Youth:

Self-flatter'd, unexperienced, high in hope,
When young, with sanguine cheer, and streamers gay,
We cut our cable, launch into the world,
And fondly dream each wind and star our friend.

—*Young.*

PSYCHE AND CHARON.

THE MOUNTAIN OF MISERIES.

JOSEPH ADDISON.

It is a celebrated thought of Socrates, that if all the misfortunes of mankind were cast into a public stock, in order to be equally distributed among the whole species, those who now think themselves the most unhappy would prefer the share they are already possessed of, before that which would fall to them by such a division. Horace has carried this thought a great deal further, and implies that the hardships or misfortunes we lie under are more easy to us than those of any other person would be, in case we could change conditions with him.

As I was ruminating on these two remark, and seated in my elbow-chair, I insensibly fell asleep; when, on a sudden, methought there was a proclamation made by Jupiter, that every mortal should bring in his griefs and calamities, and throw them together in a heap. There was a large plain appointed for this purpose. I took my stand in the centre of it, and saw with a great deal of pleasure the whole human species marching one after another and throwing down their several loads, which immediately grew up into a prodigious mountain that seemed to rise above the clouds.

There was a certain lady of a thin airy shape, who was very active in this solemnity. She carried a magnifying glass in one of her hands, and was clothed in a loose flowing robe, embroidered with several figures of fiends and spectres, that discovered themselves in a thousand chimerical shapes, as her garment hovered in the wind. There was something wild and distracted in her look. Her name was *Fancy*. She led up every mortal to the appointed place, after having very officiously assisted him in making up his pack, and laying it upon his shoulders. My heart melted within me to see my fellow-creatures groaning under their respective burdens, and to consider that prodigious bulk of human calamities which lay before me.

There were however several persons who gave me great diversion on this occasion. I observed one bringing in a fardel very carefully concealed under an old embroidered cloak, which, upon his throwing it into the heap, I discovered to be poverty. Another, after a great deal of puffing, threw down his luggage, which, upon examining, I found to be his wife.

There were multitudes of lovers saddled with very whimsical burdens composed of darts and flames; but, what was very odd, though they sighed as if their hearts would break under these bundles of calamities, they could not persuade themselves to cast them into the heap when they came up to it; but after a few faint efforts they shook their heads and marched away as heavy laden as they came. I saw multitudes of old women throw down their wrinkles, and several young ones who stripped themselves of a tawny skin. There were very great heaps of red noses, large lips, and rusty teeth. The truth of it is, I was surprised to see the greater part of the mountain made up of bodily deformities. Observing one advancing toward the heap with a larger cargo than ordinary upon his back, I found upon his near approach that it was only a natural hump, which he disposed of with great joy of heart among this collection of human miseries. There were likewise distempers of all sorts, though I could not but observe that there were many more imaginary than real. One little packet I could not but take notice of, which was a complication of all the diseases incident to human nature, and was in the hand of a great many fine people; this was called the spleen. But what most of all surprised me was a remark I made, that there was not a single vice or folly thrown into the whole heap; at which I was very much astonished, having concluded within myself that every one would take this opportunity of getting rid of his passions, prejudices and frailties.

I took notice in particular of a very profligate fellow, who I did not question came laden with his crimes but upon searching into his bundle I found that, instead of throwing his guilt from him, he had only laid down his memory. He was followed by another worthless rogue who flung away his modesty instead of his ignorance.

When the whole race of mankind had thus cast their burdens, the phantom which had been so busy on this occasion, seeing me an idle spectator of what passed, approached towards me. I grew uneasy at her presence, when of a sudden she held her magnifying glass full before my eyes. I no sooner saw my face in it, but was startled at the shortness of it, which now appeared to me in its utmost aggravation. The immoderate breadth of the features made me very much out of humor with my own countenance, upon which I threw it from me like a mask. It happened very luckily, that one who stood by me had just before thrown down his visage, which, it seems, was too long for him. It was indeed extended to a most shameful length; I believe the very chin was, modestly speaking, as long as my whole face. We had both of us an opportunity of mending ourselves, and all the contributions being now brought in, every man was at liberty to exchange his misfortunes for those of another person.

I saw, with unspeakable pleasure, the whole species thus delivered from its sorrows; though at the same time, as we stood round the heap, and surveyed the several materials of which it was composed, there was scarce a mortal in this vast multitude who did not discover what he thought pleasures and blessings of life; and wondered how the owners of them ever came to look upon them as burdens and grievances.

As we were regarding very attentively this confusion of miseries, this chaos of calamity, Jupiter issued out a second proclamation, that every one was now at liberty to exchange his affliction, and to return

to his habitation with any such other bundle as should be delivered to him.

Upon this, Fancy began again to bestir herself, and parcelling out the whole heap with incredible activity, recommended to every one his particular packet. The hurry and confusion at this time was not to be expressed. Some observations, which I made upon this occasion, I shall communicate to the public. A venerable gray-headed man, who had laid down the colic, and who I found wanted an heir to his estate, snatched up an undutiful son that had been thrown into the heap by his angry father. The graceless youth, in less than a quarter of an hour, pulled the old gentleman by the beard, and had like to have knocked his brains out; so that meeting the true father who came towards him in a fit of the gripes, he begged him to take his son again, and give him back his colic; but they were incapable either of them to recede from the bargain they had made. A poor galley slave, who had thrown down his chains, took up the gout in their stead, but made such wry faces, that one might easily perceive that he was no great gainer by the bargain. It was pleasant enough to see the several exchanges that were made, for sickness against poverty, hunger against want of appetite, and care against pain.

The female world were very busy among themselves in bartering for features; one was trucking a lot of gray hairs for a carbuncle, another was making over a short waist for a pair of round shoulders, and a third cheapening a bad face for a lost reputation; but on all these occasions, there was not one of them who did not think the new blemish, as soon as she had got it in her possession, much more disagreeable than the old one. I made the same observation on every other misfortune or calamity, which every one in the assembly brought upon himself in lieu of what he had parted with; whether it be that all the evils that befall us are in some measure suited and proportioned to our strength, or that every evil becomes more supportable by our being accustomed to it, I shall not determine.

I must not omit my own particular adventure. My friend with the long visage, had no sooner taken upon him my short face, but he made such a grotesque figure in it, that as I looked upon him I could not forbear laughing at myself, insomuch that I put my own face out of countenance. The poor gentleman was so sensible of the ridicule, that I found he was ashamed of what he had done; on the other side I found that I myself had no great reason to triumph, for as I went to touch my forehead I missed the place, and clapped my finger upon my upper lip. Besides, as my nose was exceeding prominent, I gave it two or three unlucky knocks as I was playing my hand about my face, and aiming at some other part of it. I saw two other gentlemen by me who were in the same ridiculous circumstances. These had made a foolish swop between a couple of thick bandy legs, and two long trapsticks that had no calves to them. One of these looked like a man walking upon stilts, and was so lifted up in the air above his ordinary height, that his head turned round with it, while the other man made such awkward circles as he attempted to walk, that he scarce knew how to move forward upon his new supporters. Observing him to be a pleasant kind of fellow, I stuck my cane in the ground, and told him I would lay him a bottle of wine that he did not march up to it on a line, that I drew for him, in a quarter of an hour.

The heap was at last distributed among the two sexes, who made a most piteous sight as they wandered up and down under the pressure of their several burdens. The whole plain was filled with murmurs and complaints, groans and lamentations. Jupiter at length, taking compassion on the poor mortals, ordered them a second time to lay down their loads, with a design to give every one his own again. They discharged themselves with a great deal of pleasure, after which the phantom, who had led them into such gross delusions, was commanded to disappear. There was sent in her stead a goddess of quite a different figure; her motions were steady and composed, and her aspect serious but cheerful. She every now and then cast her eyes towards heaven, and fixed them upon Jupiter; her name was Patience. She had no sooner placed herself by the Mount of Sorrows, but, what I thought very remarkable, the whole heap sunk to such a degree that it did not appear a third part so big as it was before. She afterwards returned every man his own proper calamity, and teaching him how to bear it in the most commodious manner, he marched off with it contentedly, being very well pleased that he had not been left to his own choice as to the kind of evils which fell to his lot.

Besides the several pieces of morality to be drawn out of this vision, I learned from it, never to repine at my own misfortunes, or to envy the happiness of another, since it is impossible for any man to form a right judgment of his neighbor's sufferings; for which reason also I have determined never to think too lightly of another's complaints, but to regard the sorrows of my fellow-creatures with sentiments of humanity and compassion.

THE CELESTIAL CITY.

JOHN BUNYAN—"PILGRIM'S PROGRESS."

Now I saw, in my dream, that by this time the pilgrims were got over the Enchanted Ground, and entering into the country of Beulah, whose air was very sweet and pleasant, the way lying directly through it, they solaced themselves there for a season. Yea, here they heard continually the singing of birds, and saw every day the flowers appear in the earth, and heard the voice of the turtle in the land. In this country the sun shineth night and day; wherefore this was beyond the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and also

out of the reach of Giant Despair; neither could they from this place so much as see Doubting Castle. Here they were within sight of the city they were going to; also here met them some of the inhabitants thereof; for in this land the Shining Ones commonly walked, because it was upon the borders of Heaven. In this land, also, the contract between the bride and the bridegroom was renewed; yea, here, "as the bridegroom rejoiceth over the bride, so doth God rejoice over them." Here they had no want of corn and wine; for in this place they met with abundance of what they had sought for in all their pilgrimage. Here they heard voices from out of the city; loud voices, saying, "Say ye to the daughter of Zion, Behold, thy salvation cometh! Behold, his reward is with him! Here all the inhabitants of the country called them "the holy people, the redeemed of the Lord, sought out," etc.

Now, as they walked in this land, they had more rejoicing than in parts more remote from the kingdom to which they were bound; and drawing near to the city they had a yet more perfect view thereof. It was builded of pearls and precious stones, also the streets thereof were paved with gold; so that, by reason of the natural glory of the city, and the reflections of the sunbeams upon it, Christian with desire fell sick. Hopeful also had a fit or two of the same disease. Wherefore here they lay by it awhile, crying out, because of their pangs, "If you see my Beloved, tell Him that I am sick of love."

But being a little strengthened, and better able to bear their sickness, they walked on their way, and came yet nearer and nearer, where were orchards, vineyards, and gardens, and their gates opened into the highway. Now, as they came up to these places, behold, the gardener stood in the way; to whom the pilgrims said, Whose goodly vineyards and gardens are these? He answered, They are the King's, and are planted here for His own delight, and also for the solace of pilgrims. So the gardener had them into the vineyards, and bid them refresh themselves with the dainties; he also showed them there the King's walks and arbors, where he delighted to be. And here they tarried and slept.

Now I beheld, in my dream, that they talked more in their sleep at this time than they ever did in all their journey; and, being in a muse thereabout, the gardener said even to me, Wherefore musest thou at the matter? it is the nature of the fruit of the grapes of these vineyards "to go down so sweetly as to cause the lips of them that are asleep to speak."

So I saw that, when they awoke, they addressed themselves to go up to the city. But, as I said, the reflection of the sun upon the city—for the city was pure gold—was so extremely glorious, that they could not as yet with open face behold it, but through an instrument made for that purpose. So I saw that as they went on there met them two men in raiment that shone like gold, also their faces shone as the light.

These men asked the pilgrims whence they came; and they told them. They also asked them where they had lodged, what difficulties and dangers, what comforts and pleasures, they had met with in the way; and they told them. Then said the men that met them, You have but two difficulties more to meet with, and then you are in the city.

Christian then, and his companion, asked the men to go along with them; so they told them that they would; But, said they, you must obtain it by your own faith. So I saw, in my dream, that they went on together till they came in sight of the gate.

Now I further saw, that betwixt them and the gate was a river; but there was no bridge to go over, and the river was very deep. At the sight, therefore, of this river, the pilgrims were much stunned; but the men that went with them said, you must go through, or you cannot come at the gate.

The pilgrims then began to inquire if there was no other way to the gate. To which they answered, Yes, but there hath not any, save two, to wit, Enoch and Elijah, been permitted to tread that path since the foundation of the world, nor shall until the last trumpet shall sound. The pilgrims then, especially Christian, began to despond in their mind, and looked this way and that, but no way could be found by them by which they might escape the river. Then they asked the men if the waters were all of a depth. They said, No; yet they could not help them in that case; for, said they, you will find it deeper or shallower as you believe in the King of the place.

Then they addressed themselves to the water, and entering, Christian began to sink, and crying out to his good friend Hopeful, he said, "I sink in deep waters; the billows go over my head; all his waves go over me." Selah.

Then said the other, Be of good cheer, my brother. I feel the bottom, and it is good. Then said Christian, Ah, my friend, the sorrows of death have compassed me about, I shall not see the land that flows with milk and honey. And with that a great darkness and horror fell upon Christian, so that he could not see before him. Also here he in a great measure lost his senses, so that he could neither remember nor orderly talk of any of those sweet refreshments that he had met with in the way of his pilgrimage. But all the words that he spoke still tended to discover that he had horror of mind, and heart-fears that he should die in that river, and never obtain entrance in at the gate. Here also, as they that stood by perceived, he was much in the troublesome thoughts of the sins that he had committed, both since and before he began to be a pilgrim. It was also observed that he was troubled with apparitions of hobgoblins and evil spirits; for ever and anon he would intimate so much by words.

Hopeful, therefore, had here much ado to keep his brother's head above water; yea, sometimes he would be quite gone down, and then, ere a while, he would rise up again half dead. Hopeful did also endeavor to comfort him, saying, Brother, I see the gate, and

men standing by to receive us. But Christian would answer, It is you, it is you they wait for; for you have been hopeful ever since I knew you. And so have you, said he to Christian. Ah, brother, surely if I was right He would now arise to help me; but for my sins He hath brought me into the snare, and hath left me. Then said Hopeful, My brother, you have quite forgot: "There are no bands in their death, but their strength is firm; they are not troubled as other men, neither are they plagued like other men." These troubles and distresses that you go through in these waters, are no sign that God has forsaken you; but are sent to try you, whether you will call to mind that which heretofore you have received of His goodness, and live upon Him in your distresses.

Then I saw, in my dream, that Christian was in a muse awhile. To whom also Hopeful added these words, Be of good cheer, Jesus Christ maketh thee whole. And with that Christian brake out with a loud voice, Oh, I see Him again, and He tells me, "When thou passest through the waters, I will be with thee, and through the rivers, they shall not overflow thee." Then they both took courage, and the enemy was after that as still as a stone, until they were gone over. Christian, therefore, presently found ground to stand upon, and so it followed that the rest of the river was but shallow. Thus they got over.

Now, upon the bank of the river, on the other side, they saw the two shining men again, who there waited for them. Wherefore, being come out of the river, they saluted them, saying, We are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to those that shall be the heirs of salvation. Thus they went along towards the gate.

Now you must note, that the city stood upon a mighty hill; but the pilgrims went up that hill with ease, because they had these two men to lead them up by the arms; they had likewise left their mortal garments behind them in the river; for though they went in with them, they came out without them. They therefore went up here with much agility and speed, though the foundation upon which the city was framed was higher than the clouds; they therefore went up through the region of the air, sweetly talking as they went, being comforted because they safely got over the river, and had such glorious companions to attend them.

Now, while they were thus drawing toward the gate, behold, a company of the heavenly host came out to meet them; to whom it was said by the other two shining ones, These are the men that have loved our Lord when they were in the world, and that have left all for His holy name; and He hath sent us to fetch them, and we have brought them thus far on their desired journey, that they may go in and look their Redeemer in the face with joy. Then the heavenly host gave a great shout, saying, "Blessed are they that are called to the marriage-supper of the Lamb." There came out also at this time to meet them several of the King's trumpeters, clothed in white and shining raiment, who with melodious noises and loud, made even the heavens to echo with their sound. These trumpeters saluted Christian and his fellow with ten thousand welcomes from the world; and this they did with shouting and sound of trumpet.

This done, they compassed them round on every side; some went before, some behind, and some on the right hand, and some on the left, (as it were to guard them through the upper regions), continually sounding as they went, with melodious noise, in notes on high; so that the very sight was to them that could behold it as if heaven itself was come down to meet them. Thus, therefore, they walked on together. and, as they walked, ever and anon these trumpets, even with joyful sound, would, by mixing their music with looks and gestures, still signify to Christian and his brother how welcome they were into their company, and with what gladness they came to meet them. And now were these two men, as it were, in heaven before they came to it, being swallowed up with the sight of angels, and with hearing of their melodious notes. Here also they had the city itself in view: and they thought they heard all the bells therein to ring to welcome them thereto. But above all, the warm and joyful thoughts that they had about their own dwelling there with such compan , and that forever and ever; oh, by what tongue or pen can their glorious joy be expressed! Thus they came up to the gate.

Now when they come up to the gate, there was written over it, in letters of gold, "Blessed are they that do His Commandments, that they may have right to the Tree of Life, and may enter in through the gates into the city."

Then I saw, in my dream, that the shining men bid them call at the gate; the which when they did, some from above looked over the gate, to wit, Enoch, Moses, Elijah, etc., to whom it was said, These pilgrims are come from the City of Destruction, for the love that they bear to the King of this place: and then the pilgrims gave in unto them each man his certificate, which they had received in the beginning. Those, therefore, were carried in unto the King, who, when He had read them, said, Where are the men? To whom it was answered, They are standing without the gate. The King then commanded to open the gate, "That the righteous nation (said He) that keepeth the truth may enter in."

Now I saw, in my dream, that these two men went in at the gate, and lo, as they entered, they were transfigured; and they had raiment put on that shone like gold. There were also that met them with harps and crowns, and gave them to them; the harps to praise withal, and the crowns in token of honor. Then I heard in my dream, that all the bells in the city rang again for joy, and that it was said unto them, "Enter ye into the joy of our Lord." I also heard the men themselves sing with a loud voice, saying, "Blessing, and honor, and glory, and power,

be unto Him that sitteth upon the Throne, and unto the Lamb, for ever and ever."

Now, just as the gates were opened to let in the men, I looked in after them, and behold, the city shone like the sun; the streets also were paved with gold; and in them walked many men, with crowns on their heads, palms in their hands, and golden harps, to sing praises withal.

AWAIT THE ISSUE.

THOMAS CARLYLE.

In this God's world, with its wild whirling eddies and mad foam oceans, where men and nations perish as if without law, and judgment for an unjust thing is sternly delayed, dost thou think that there is therefore no justice? It is what the fool hath said in his heart. It is what the wise, in all times, were wise because they denied, and knew forever not to be. I tell thee again, there is nothing else but justice. One strong thing I find here below; the just thing, the true thing. My friend, if thou hadst all the artillery of Woolwich trundling at thy back in support of an unjust thing; and infinite bonfires visably waiting ahead of thee, to blaze centuries long for thy victory on behalf of it, I would advise thee to call halt, to fling down thy baton, and say, "In God's name, No!" Thy "success?" Poor devil, what will thy success amount to? If the thing is unjust, thou hast not succeeded; no, not though bonfires blazed from north to south, and bells rang, and editors wrote leading articles, and the just thing lay trampled out of sight, to all mortal eyes an abolished and annihilated thing. Success? In a few years thou wilt be dead and dark—all cold, eyeless, deaf; no blaze of bonfires, ding-dong of bells, or leading articles visable or audible to thee again at all forever. What kind of success is that? It is true all goes by approximation in this world; with any not insupportable approximation we must be patient. There is a noble conservatism as well as ignoble. Would to heaven, for the sake of conservatism itself, the noble alone were left, and the ignoble, by some kind severe hand, were ruthlessly lopped away, forbidden any more to show itself! For it is the right and noble alone that will have victory in this struggle; the rest is wholly an obstruction, a postponement and fearful imperilment of the victory. Towards an eternal centre of right and nobleness, and of that only, is all this confusion tending. We already know whither it is tending; what will have victory, what will have none! The Heaviest will reach the centre. The Heaviest, sinking through complex fluctuating media and vortices, has its deflections, its obstructions, nay, at times, its resiliences, its reboundings; whereupon some blockhead shall be heard jubilating: "See, your Heaviest ascends!" but at all moments it is moving centreward, fast as is convenient for it; sinking, sinking; and by laws older than the world, old as the Maker's first plan of the world, it has to arrive there.

Await the issue. In all battles, if you await the issue, each fighter has prospered according to his right. His right and his might, at the close of the account, were one and the same. He has fought with all his might, and in exact proportion to all his right he has prevailed. His very death is no victory over him. He dies, indeed; but his work lives, very truly lives. A heroic Wallace, quartered on the scaffold, can not hinder that his beloved Scotland become, one day, a part of England; but he does hinder that it become, on tyrannous unfair terms, a part of it; commands still, as with a god's voice, from his old Valhalla and Temple of the Brave, that there be a just, real union, as brother and brother, not a false and merely semblant one as of slave and master. If the union with England be in fact one of Scotland's chief blessings, we thank Wallace withal that it was not the chief curse. Scotland is not Ireland; no, because brave men arose there, and said, "Behold, ye must not tread on us like slaves; and ye shall not, and can not!" Fight on, thou brave, true heart, and falter not, through dark fortune and through bright. The cause thou fightest for, so far as it is true, no further, yet precisely so far, is very sure of victory. The falsehood alone of it will be conquered, will be abolished, as it ought to be; but the truth of it is part of nature's own laws, co-operates with the world's eternal tendencies, and can not be conquered.

MISERIES OF MAN'S LIFE.

JEREMY TAYLOR.

How few men in the world are prosperous! What an infinite number of slaves and beggars, of persecuted and oppressed people, fill all corners of the earth with groans, and heaven itself with weeping, prayers, and sad remembrances! How many provinces and kingdoms are afflicted by a violent war, or made desolate by popular diseases! Some whole countries are remarked with fatal evils or periodical sicknesses. Grand Cairo, in Egypt, feels the plague every three years returning like a quartan ague, and destroying many thousands of persons. All the inhabitants of Arabia the desert are in continual fear of being buried in huge heaps of sand, and therefore dwell in tents and ambulatory houses, or retire to unfruitful mountains, to prolong an uneasy and wilder life. And all the countries round about the Adriatic Sea feel such violent convulsions, by tempests and intolerable earthquakes, that sometimes whole cities find a tomb, and every man sinks with his own house, made ready to become his monument, and his bed is crushed into the disorders of a grave.

It were too sad if I should tell how many persons

are afflicted with evil spirits, with spectres and illusions of the night

He that is no fool, but can consider wisely, if he be in love with this world, we need not despair but that a witty man might reconcile him with tortures, and make him think charitably of the rack, and be brought to dwell with vipers and dragons, and entertain his guests with the shrieks of mandrakes, cats and screech-owls, with the filing of iron and the harshness of rending of silk, or to admire the harmony that is made by a herd of evening wolves, when they miss their draught of blood in their midnight revels. The groans of a man in a fit of the stone are worse than all these; and the distractions of a troubled conscience are worse than those groans; and yet a merry careless sinner is worse than all that. But if we could, from one of the battlements of heaven, espy how many men and women at this time lie fainting and dying for want of bread; how many young men are hewn down by the sword of war; how many poor orphans are now weeping over the graves of their father, by whose life they were enabled to eat; if we could but hear how many mariners and passengers are at this present in a storm, and shriek out because their keel dashes against a rock or bulges under them; how many people there are who weep with want and are mad with oppression, or are desperate by a too quick sense of a constant infelicity; in all reason we should be glad to be out of the noise and the participation of so many evils. This is a place of sorrows and tears, of so great evils and a constant calamity; let us remove from hence at least in affections and preparation of mind.

REVENGE.

SAMUEL JOHNSON.

A wise man will make haste to forgive, because he knows the true value of time, and will not suffer it to pass away in unnecessary pain. He that willingly suffers the corrosions of inveterate hatred, and gives up his days and nights to the gloom and malice and perturbations of stratagem, cannot surely be said to consult his ease. Resentment is a union of sorrow with malignity; a combination of a passion which all endeavor to avoid, with a passion which all concur to detest. The man who retires to meditate mischief, and to exasperate his own rage — whose thoughts are employed only on means of distress and contrivances of ruin — whose mind never pauses from the remembrance of his own sufferings, but to indulge some hope of enjoying the calamities of another — may justly be numbered among the most miserable of human beings, among those who are guilty without reward, who have neither the gladness of prosperity nor the calm of innocence.

Whoever considers the weakness both of himself and others, will not long want persuasives to forgiveness. We know not to what degree of malignity any injury is to be imputed; or how much its guilt, if we were to inspect the mind of him that committed it, would be extenuated by mistake, precipitance, or negligence; we cannot be certain how much more we feel than was intended to be inflicted, or how much we increase the mischief to ourselves by voluntary aggravations. We may charge to design the effects of accident; we may think the blow violent only because we have made ourselves delicate and tender; we are on every side in danger of error and of guilt, which we are certain to avoid only by speedy forgiveness.

From this pacific and harmless temper, thus propitious to others and ourselves, to domestic tranquility and to social happiness, no man is withheld but by pride, by fear of being insulted by his adversary, or despised by the world. It may be laid down as an unfailing and universal axiom, that 'all pride is abject and mean.' It is always an ignorant, lazy, or cowardly acquiescence in a false appearance of excellence, and proceeds not from consciousness of our attainments, but insensibility of our wants.

Nothing can be great which is not right. Nothing which reason condemns can be suitable to the dignity of the human mind. To be driven by external motives from the path which our own heart approves, to give way to anything but conviction, to suffer the opinion of others to rule our choice or overpower our resolves, is to submit tamely to the lowest and most ignominious slavery, and to resign the right of directing our own lives.

The utmost excellence at which humanity can arrive is a constant and determinate pursuit of virtue without regard to present dangers or advantages; a continual reference of every action to the divine will; a habitual appeal to everlasting justice; and an unvaried elevation of the intellectual eye to the reward which perseverance only can obtain. But that pride which many, who presume to boast of generous sentiments, allow to regulate their measures, has nothing nobler in view than the approbation of men; of beings whose superiority we are under no obligation to acknowledge, and who, when we have courted them with the utmost assiduity, can confer no valuable or permanent reward; of beings who ignorantly judge of what they do not understand, or partially determine what they have never examined; and whose sentence is therefore of no weight, till it has received the ratification of our own conscience.

He that can descend to bribe suffrages like these at the price of his innocence—he that can suffer the delight of such acclamations to withhold his attention from the commands of the universal sovereign—has little reason to congratulate himself upon the greatness of his mind; whenever he awakes to seriousness and reflection, he must become despicable in his own eyes, and shrink with shame from the remembrance of his cowardice and folly.

Of him that hopes to be forgiven, it is indispensably required that he forgive. It is therefore superfluous to urge any other motive. On this great duty eternity is suspended; and to him that refuses to practice it, the throne of mercy is inaccessible, and the Savior of the world has been born in vain.

IMPUDENCE AND MODESTY.

DAVID HUME.

I have always been of opinion, that the complaints against Providence have been ill-grounded, and that the good or bad qualities of men are the causes of their good or bad fortune, more than what is generally imagined. There are, no doubt, instances to the contrary, and pretty numerous ones too; but few in comparison of the instances we have of a right distribution of prosperity and adversity; nor, indeed, could it be otherwise, from the common course of human affairs. To be endowed with a benevolent disposition, and to love others, will almost infallibly procure love and esteem; which is the chief circumstance in life, and facilitates every enterprise and every undertaking; besides the satisfaction that immediately results from it. The case is much the same with the other virtues. Prosperity is naturally, though not necessarily, attached to virtue and merit; and adversity, in like manner, to vice and folly.

I must, however, confess that this rule admits of an exception with regard to one moral quality, and that modesty has a natural tendency to conceal a man's talents, as impudence displays them to the utmost, and has been the only cause why many have risen in the world, under all the disadvantages of low birth and little merit. Such indolence and incapacity is there in the bulk of mankind, that they are apt to receive a man for whatever he has a mind to put himself off for; and admit his overbearing airs as a proof of that merit which he assumes to himself. A decent assurance seems to be the natural attendant of virtue; and few men can distinguish impudence from it; as, on the other hand, diffidence being the natural result of vice and folly, has drawn disgrace upon modesty, which, in outward appearance, so nearly resembles it.

As impudence, though really a vice, has the same effects upon a man's fortunes as if it were a virtue; so we may observe, that it is almost as difficult to be attained, and is, in that respect, distinguished from all the other vices, which are acquired with little pains, and continually increase upon indulgence. Many a man, being sensible that modesty is extremely prejudicial to him in making his fortune, has resolved to be impudent and put a bold face upon the matter; but it is observable that such people have seldom succeeded in the attempt, but have been obliged to relapse into their primitive modesty. Nothing carries a man through the world like a true, genuine, natural impudence. Its counterfeit is good for nothing, nor can ever support itself. In any other attempt, whatever faults a man commits, and is sensible of, he is so much nearer his end, but when he endeavors at impudence, if he ever failed in the attempt, the remembrance of it will make him blush, and will infallibly disconcert him; after which, every blush is a cause for new blushes, till he be found out to be an arrant cheat, and a vain pretender to impudence.

If anything can give a modest man more assurance, it must be some advantages of fortune, which chance procures to him. Riches naturally gain a man a favorable reception in the world, and give merit a double lustre, when a person is endowed with it; and supply its place, in a great measure, when it is absent. 'Tis wonderful to observe what airs of superiority fools and knaves with large possessions give themselves above men of the greatest merit in poverty. Nor do the men of merit make any strong opposition to these usurpations, or rather seem to favor them by the modesty of their behavior. Their good sense and experience make them diffident of their judgment, and cause them to examine everything with the greatest accuracy; as, on the other hand, the delicacy of their sentiments makes them timorous lest they commit faults, and lose, in the practice of the world, that integrity of virtue, so to speak, of which they are so jealous. To make wisdom agree with confidence is as difficult as to reconcile vice to modesty.

THE LOVE OF READING.

SIR JOHN HERSCHEL.

"If I were to pray for a taste which should stand me in stead under every variety of circumstances, and be a source of happiness and cheerfulness to me through life, and a shield against its ills, however things might go amiss, and the world frown on me, it would be a taste for reading. I speak of it of course only as a worldly advantage, and not in the slightest degree as superseding or derogating from the higher office and surer and stronger panoply of religious principles—but as a taste, an instrument, and a mode of pleasurable gratification. Give a man this taste, and the means of gratifiying it, and you can hardly fail of making a happy man, unless, indeed, you put into his hands a most perverse selection of books. You place him in contact with the best society in every period of history—with the wisest, the wittiest—with the tenderest, the bravest, and the purest characters that have adorned humanity. You make him a denizen of all nations—a contemporary of all ages. The world has been created for him. It is hardly possible but the character should take a higher and better tone from the constant habit of associating in thought with a class

of thinkers, to say the least of it, above the average of humanity. It is morally impossible but that the manners should take a tinge of good breeding and civilization from having constantly before one's eyes the way in which the best bred and the best informed men have talked and conducted themselves in their intercourse with each other. There is a gentle but perfectly irresistable coercion in the habit of reading, well directed, over the whole tenor of a man's character and conduct, which is not the less effectual because it works insensibly, and because it is really the last thing he dreams of.

THE LOVE OF NATURE

JAMES BEATTIE, LL. D.

It is strange to observe the callousness of some men, before whom all the glories of heaven and earth pass in daily succession, without touching their hearts, elevating their fancy, or leaving any durable remembrance. Even of those who pretend to sensibility, how many are there to whom the luster of the rising or setting sun, the sparkling concave of the midnight sky, the mountain forest tossing and roaring to the storm, or warbling with all the melodies of a summer evening; the sweet interchange of hill and dale, shade and sunshine, grove, lawn and water, which an extensive landscape offers to the view; the scenery of the ocean, so lovely, so majestic, and so tremendous, and the many pleasing varieties of the animal and vegetable kingdom, could never afford so much real satisfaction as the steams and noise of a ballroom, the insipid fiddling and squeaking of an opera, or the vexations and wranglings of a card table.

But some minds there are of a different make, who, even in the early part of life, receive from the contemplation of nature a species of delight which they would hardly exchange for any other; and who, as avarice and ambition are not infirmities of that period, would, with equal sincerity and rapture, exclaim:

"I care not, Fortune, what you may deny;
You cannot rob me of free nature's grace;
You cannot shut the windows of the sky,
Through which Aurora shows her brightening face;
You cannot bar my constant feet to trace
The woods and lawns by living streams at eve."

Such minds have always in them the seeds of true taste, and frequently of imitative genius. At least, though their enthusiastic or visionary turn of mind, as the man of the world would call it, should not always incline them to practice poetry or painting, we need not scruple to affirm that, without some portion of this enthusiasm, no person ever became a true poet or painter. For he who would imitate the works of nature, must first accurately observe them, and accurate observation is to be expected from those only who take great pleasure in it.

To a mind thus disposed, no part of creation is indifferent. In the crowded city and howling wilderness, in the cultivated province and solitary isle, in the flowery lawn and craggy mountain, in the murmur of the rivulet and in the uproar of the ocean, in the radiance of summer and gloom of winter, in the thunder of heaven and in the whisper of the breeze, he still finds something to rouse or to sooth his imagination, to draw forth his affections, or to employ his understanding. And from every mental energy that is not attended with pain, and even from some of those that are, as moderate terror and pity, a sound mind derives satisfaction; exercise being equally necessary to the body and the soul, and to both equally productive of health and pleasure.

THOUGHTS IN A GREAT LIBRARY.

BISHOP HALL.

What a world of wit is here packed up together. I know not whether this sight doth more dismay or comfort me; it dismays me to think, that here is so much that I cannot know; it comforts me to think that this variety yields so good helps to know what I should. There is no truer word than that of Solomon—there is no end of making many books; this sight verifies it—there is no end; indeed, it were pity there should. God hath given to man a busy soul, the agitation whereof cannot but through time and experience work out many hidden truths; to suppress these would be no other than injurious to mankind, whose minds, like unto so many candles, should be kindled by each other. The thoughts of our deliberation are most accurate; these we vent into our papers; what a happiness is it, that without all offence of necromancy, I may here call up any of the ancient worthies of learning, whether human or divine, and confer with them of all my doubts!—that I can at pleasure summon whole synods of reverend fathers, and acute doctors, from all the coasts of the earth, to give their well-studied judgments in all points of question which I propose! Neither can I cast my eye casually upon any of these silent masters, but I must learn somewhat; it is a wantonness to complain of choice.

No law binds me to read all; but the more we can take in and digest, the better liking must the mind's needs be Blessed be God that hath set up so many clear lamps in his church.

Now, none but the wilfully blind can plead darkness; and blessed be the memory of those his faithful servants, that have left their blood, their spirits, their lives, in these precious papers, and have willingly wasted themselves into these during monuments, to give light unto others.

THE WINE CELLAR.

CHARLES LAMB.

Men have always attached a peculiar interest to that region of the earth which extends for a few yards beneath its surface. Below this depth the imagination, delighting to busy itself among the secrets of Time and Mortality, hath rarely cared to penetrate. A few feet of ground may suffice for the repose of the first dwellers of the earth until its frame shall grow old and perish. The little coin, silent picture of forgotten battles, lies among the roots of shrubs and vegetables for centuries, till it is turned into light by some careful husbandman, who ploughs an inch deeper than his fathers. The dead bones which, loosened from their urns, gave rise to Sir Thomas Browne's noblest essay; "had outlasted the living ones of Methusalem, and in a yard under ground, and thin walls of clay, outworn all the strong and spacious buildings above them, and quietly rested under the drums and tramplings of three conquests." Superstition chooses the subterranean space which borders on the abodes of the living, and ranges her vaults and mysterious caverns near to the scenes of revelry, passion, and joy; and within this narrow rind rest the mighty products of glorious vintages, the stores of that divine juice which, partaking of the rarest qualities of physical and intellectual nature, blends them in happier union within us. Here in this hallowed ground, the germs of inspiration and the memorials of decay lie side by side, and Bacchus holds divided empire with the King of Terrors.

As I sat indulging this serious vein of reflection some years ago, when my relish of philosophy and port was young, a friend called to remind me that we had agreed to dine together with rather more luxury than usual. I had made the appointment with ooyish eagerness, and now started gladly from my solitary reveries to keep it. The friend with whom I had planned our holiday, was one of those few persons whom you may challenge to a convivial evening with a mathematical certainty of enjoying it; —which is the rarest quality of friendship. Many who are equal to great exigencies, and would go through fire and water to serve you, want the delicate art to allay the petty irritations and heighten the ordinary enjoyments of life, and are quite unable to make themselves agreeable at a *tete-a-tete* dinner. Not so my companion; who, zealous, prompt, consoling in all seasons of trial, had good sense for every little difficulty, and a happy humor for every social moment; at all times a better and wiser self. Blessed with good but never boisterous spirits; endowed with the rare faculty not only of divining one's wishes, but instantly making them his own; skilful in sweetening good counsel with honest flattery; able to bear with enthusiasm in which he might not participate, and to avoid smiling at the follies he could not help discerning; ever ready to indulge the secret wish of his guest "for another bottle," with heart enough to drink it with him, and head enough to take care of him when it was gone, he was (and yet is) the pleasantest of advisers, the most genial of listeners and the quietest of lively companions. On this memorable day he had, with his accustomed forethought, given particular orders for our entertainment, and I hastened to enjoy it with him, little thinking how deep and solemn was the pleasure which awaited us.

We arrived at the —— Coffee-house about six, on a bright afternoon in the middle of September, and found everything ready and excellent; the turtle magnificent and finely relieved by lime-punch effectually iced; grilled salmon freshly prepared for its appropriate lemon and mustard; a leg of Welsh mutton just tasted as a "sweet remembrancer" of its heathy and hungry hills; woodcocks with thighs of exquisite delicacy and essence "deeply interfused" in thick soft toast; and mushrooms, which Nero justly called "the flesh of the gods," simply broiled and faintly sprinkled with cayenne. Our conversation was, of course, confined to mutual invitations and expressive criticisms on the dishes; the only table-talk which men of sense can tolerate. But the most substantial gratifications, in this world at least, must have an end; and the last mushroom was at length eaten. Unfortunately for the repose of the evening, we were haunted by the recollection of some highly-flavoured port, and, in spite of strong evidence of identity from conspiring waiters, sought for the like in vain. Bottle after bottle was produced and dismissed as "not the thing," till our generous host, somewhat between liberal hospitality and just impatience, smilingly begged us to accompany him into the cellar, inspect the whole of "his little stock," and choose for ourselves! We took him at his word; another friend of riper years and graver authority joined us; and we prepared to follow our guide, who stood ready to conduct us to the banks of Lethe. All the preparations, like those which preceded similar descents of the heroes of old, bespoke the awfulness and peril of the journey. Our host preceded us with his massive keys to perform an office collateral to that of St. Peter; behind, a dingy imp of the nether regions stood with glasses in his hands and a prophetic grin on his face; and each of us was armed with a flaming torch to penetrate the gloom which now stretched through the narrow entrance before us.

We descended the broken and winding staircase with cautious steps, and, to confess the truth, not without some apprehension for our upward journey, yet hoping to be numbered among that select class of Pluto's visitors, "quos ardens evexit ad æthera virtus." On a sudden, turning a segment of a mighty cask, we stood in the centre of the vast receptacle of spirituous riches. The roof of solid and stoutly compacted brickwork, low, but boldly arched, looked substantial enough to defy all attacks of the natural enemy—water, and resist a second deluge. From each side ran long galleries, partially shown by the red

glare of the torches, extending one way far beneath the busy trampling of the greatest shopkeepers and stock-jobbers in the world; and, on the other, below the clamour of the Old Bailey Court and the cells of its victims. What a range! Here rest, cooling in the deep-delved cells, the concentrated essences of sunny years! In this archway huge casks of mighty wine are scattered in bounteous confusion, like the heaped jewels and gold on the "rich strond" of Spencer, the least of which would lay Sir Walter's Fleming low! Throughout that long succession of vaults, thousands of bottles, "in avenues disposed," lie silently waiting their time to kindle the imagination, to sharpen the wit, to open the soul, and to unchain the trembling tongue. There may you feel the true grandeur of quiescent power, and walk amidst the palpable elements of madness or of wisdom. What stores of sentiment in that butt of raciest sherry! What a fund of pensive thought! What suggestions for delicious remembrance! What "aids to reflection!" (genuine as those of Colcridge) in that hock of a century old! What sparkling fancies, whirling and foaming, from a stout body of thought in that full and ripe champagne! What mild and screne philosophy in that Burgundy, ready to shed its "sunset glow" on society and nature! This pale brandy, softened by age, is the true "spirit" which "disturbs us with the joy of elevated thoughts." That hermitage, stealing gently into the chambers of the brain, shall make us "babble of green fields;" and that delicate claret, innocently bubbling and dancing in the slender glass, shall bring its own vine-coloured hills more vividly before us even than Mr. Stanfield's pencil! There from a time-changed bottle, tenderly drawn from a crypt, protected by huge primeval cobwebs, you may taste antiquity, and feel the olden time on your palate! As we sip this marvelous port, to the very colour of which age has been gentle, methinks we have broken into one of those rich vaults in which Sir Thomas Browne, the chief butler of the tomb, finds treasures rarer than jewels. "Some," saith he, "discover sepulchral vessels containing liquors, which time hath incrassated into jellies. For besides lacrymatories, notable lamps, with oils and aromatic liquors, attended noble ossuaries; and some yet retaining a vinosity and spirit in them, which, if any have tasted, they have far exceeded the palates of antiquity; liquors not to be computed by years of annual magistrates, but by great conjunctions and the fatal periods of kingdoms. The draughts of consulary date were but crude unto these, and Opimian wine but in the must unto them."

We passed on from flavor to flavor with our proud and liberal guide, whose comments added zest even to the text he had to dilate on. A scent, a note of music, a voice long unheard, the stirring of the summer breeze may startle us with the sudden revival of long-forgotten feelings and thoughts, but none of these little whisperers to the heart is so potently endowed with this simple spell as the various flavours of port to one who has tried, and, in various moods of his own mind, relished them all. This full, rough, yet fruity wine, brings back that first season of London life, when topics seemed as exhaustless as words, and coloured with rainbow hues; when Irish students, fresh from Trinity College, Dublin, were not too loud or familiar to be borne; when the florid fluency of others was only tiresome as it interrupted one's own; when the vast Temple Hall was not too large or too cold for sociality; and ambition, dilating in the venerable space, shaped dreams of enterprise, labour and glory, till it required more wine to assuage its fervours. This taste of a liquor, firm yet in body, though tawny with years, bears with it to the heart that hour when, having returned to my birth-place after a long and eventful absence, and having been cordially welcomed by my hearty friends, I slipped away from the table and hurried, in the light of a brilliant sunset, to the gently declining fields and richly wooded hedgerows which were the favourite haunts of my serious boyhood. The swelling hills seemed touched with ethereal softness; the level plain was invested "with purpureal gleams;" every wild rose and stirring branch was eloquent with vivid recollections; a thousand hours of happy thoughtfulness came back upon the heart; and the glorious clouds which fringed the western horizon looked prophetic of the golden years "predestined to descend and bless mankind." This soft, highly-flavoured port, in every drop of which you seem to taste an aromatic flower, revives that delicious evening, when, after days of search for the tale of *Rosamond Grey*, of which I had indistinctly heard, I returned from an obscure circulating library with my prize, and brought out a long-cherished bottle, given me two years before as a curiosity, by way of accompaniment to that quintessence of imaginative romance. How did I enjoy, with a strange delight, its scriptural pathos, like a newly discovered chapter of the Book of Ruth; hang enamoured over its young beauty, lovelier for the antique frame of language in which it was set; and long to be acquainted with the author, though I scarcely dared aspire so high, and little anticipated those hundreds of happy evenings since passed in his society, which now crowd on me in rich confusion!—Thus is it that those subtlest of remembrancers not only revive some joyful season, but this also "contains a glass which shows us many more," unlocking the choicest stores of memory, that cellar of the brain, in which lie the treasures which make life precious.

But see! our party have seated themselves beneath that central arch to enjoy a calmer pleasure after the fatigues of their travel. They look romantic as banditti in a cave, and good-humoured as a committee of alderman. A cask which has done good service in its day—the shell of the evaporated spirit—serves for a table round which they sit on rude but ample benches. The torches planted in the ground cast a broad light over the scene, making the ruddy wine glisten, and seeming by their irregular flickering as if they too felt the influence of the spot. My friend,

usually so gentle in his convivialities, has actually broken forth into a song, such as these walls never heard; our respected senior sits trying to preserve his solemn look, but unconsciously smiling; and Mr. B——i, the founder of the banquet, is sedulously doing the honours with only intenser civility, and calling out for fresh store of ham-sandwiches and broiled mushrooms, to enable us to do justice to the liquid delicacies before us. The usual order of wines is disregarded; no affected climax, no squeamish assortment of tastes for us here; we despise all rules, and yield a sentimental indulgence to the aberrations of the bottle. "Riches fineless" are piled around us; we are below the laws and their ministers; and just lo! in the furthest glimmer of the torches lies outstretched our black Mercury, made happy by our leavings, and seeming to rejoice that in the cellar, as in the grave, all men are equal.

How the soul expands from this narrow cell and bids defiance to the massive walls! What Elysian scenes begin to dawn amidst the darkness! Now do I understand the glorious tale of Alladin and the subterranean gardens. It is plain that the visionary boy had discovered just such a cellar as this, and there eagerly learned to gather amaranthine fruits, and range in celestial groves, till the Genius of the Ring, who has sobered many a youth, took him in charge, and restored him to the common air. Here is the true temple, the inner shrine of Bacchus. Feebly have they understood the attributes of the benignant god who have represented him as delighting in a garish bower with clustering grapes; here he rejoices to sit, in his true citadel, amidst his mightier treasures. Methinks we could now, in prophetic mood, trace the gay histories of these his embodied inspirations, among those who shall feel them hereafter; live at once along a thousand lines of sympathy and thought which they shall kindle, reverse the melancholy musing of Hamlet, and trace that which the bung-hole stopper confines to "the noble dust of an Alexander," which it shall quicken, and, peeping into the studies of our brother contributors, see how that vintage which flushed the hills of France with purple, shall mantle afresh in the choice articles of the New Monthly Magazine.

But it is time to stop, or my readers will suspect me of a more recent visit to the cellar. They will be mistaken. One such descent is enough for a life; and I stand too much in awe of the Powers of the Grave to venture again so near to their precincts.

CONCORD AND DISCORD.

ISAAC BARROW.

How good and pleasant a thing it is, as David saith, for brethren—and so we are all at least by nature—to live together in unity. How that, as Solomon saith, better is a dry morsel, and quietness therewith, than a house full of sacrifices, with strife. How delicious that conversation is which is accompanied with mutual confidence, freedom, courtesy, and complaisance! how calm the mind, how composed the affections, how serene the countenance, how melodious the voice, how sweet the sleep, how contentful the whole life is of him that neither deviseth mischief against others, nor suspects any to be contrived against himself! And contrariwise, how ungrateful and loathsome a thing it is to abide in a state of enmity, wrath, dissension: having the thoughts distracted with solicitous care, anxious suspicion, envious regret; the heart boiling with choler, the face over-clouded with discontent, the tongue jarring and out of tune, the ears filled with discordant noises of contradiction, clamor and reproach; the whole frame of body and soul distempered and disturbed with the worst of passions! How much more comfortable it is to walk in smooth and even paths, than to wander in rugged ways overgrown with briers, obstructed with rubs, and beset with snares; to sail steadily in a quiet, than to be tossed in a tempestuous sea; to behold the lovely face of heaven smiling with a cheerful serenity, than to see it frowning with clouds, or raging with storms; to hear harmonious consents, than dissonant janglings; to see objects correspondent in graceful symmetry, than lying disorderly in confused heaps; to be in health; and have the natural humors consent in moderate temper, than—as it happens in diseases—agitated with tumultuous commotions: how all senses and faculties of man unanimously rejoice in those emblems of peace, order, harmony, and proportion. Yea, how nature universally delights in a quiet stability or undisturbed progress of motion; the beauty, strength, and vigor of everything requires a concurrence of force, co-operation, and contribution of help; all things thrive and flourish by communicating reciprocal aid; and the world subsists by a friendly conspiracy of its parts; and especially that political society of men chiefly aims at peace as its end, depends on it as its cause, relies on it for its support. How much a peaceful state resembles heaven, into which neither complaint, pain, nor clamor do ever enter; but blessed souls converse together in perfect love, and in perpetual concord; and how a condition of enmity represents the state of hell, that black and dismal region of dark hatred, fiery wrath, and horrible tumult. How like a paradise the world would be, flourishing in joy and rest, if men would cheerfully conspire in affection, and helpfully contribute to each other's content; and how like a savae wilderness now it is, when, like wild beasts, they vex and persecute, worry and devour each other. How not only philosophy hath placed the supreme pitch of happiness in a calmness of mind and tranquility of life, void of care and trouble, of irregular passions and perturbations; but that Holy Scripture itself, in that one term of peace, most usually comprehends all joy and content, all felicity and prosperity: so that the heavenly

consort of angels, when they agree most highly to bless, and to wish the greatest happiness to mankind, could not better express their sense than by saying; 'Be on earth peace, and good-will among men.'

Almighty God, the most good and beneficent Maker, gracious Lord, and merciful Preserver of all things, infuse into their hearts those heavenly graces of meekness, patience, and benignity; grant us and his whole church, and all his creation, to serve him quietly here, and a blissful rest to praise and magnify him for ever.

THE VASTNESS OF THE UNIVERSE.

THOMAS BURNET.

We must not, by any means, admit or imagine that all nature, and this great universe, was made only for the sake of man, the meanest of all intelligent creatures that we know of; nor that this little planet where we sojourn for a few days, is the only habitable part of the universe: these are thoughts so groundless and unreasonable in themselves, and also so derogatory to the infinite power, wisdom, and goodness of the First Cause, that as they are absurd in reason, so they deserve far better to be marked and censured for heresies in religion, than many opinions that have been censured for such in former ages. How is it possible that it should enter into the thoughts of vain man to believe himself to be the principal part of God's creation; or that all the rest was ordained for him, for his service or pleasure? Man, whose follies we laugh at every day, or else complain of them; whose pleasures are vanity, and his passions stronger than his reason; who sees himself every way weak and impotent; hath no power over external nature, little over himself; can not execute so much as his own good resolutions; mutable, irregular, prone to evil. Surely, if we made the least reflection upon ourselves with impartiality, we should be ashamed of such an arrogant thought. How few of these sons of men, for whom, they say, all things were made, are the sons of wisdom; how few find the paths of life! They spend a few days in folly and sin, and then go down to the regions of death and misery. And is it possible to believe that all Nature, and all Providence, are only, or principally, for their sake? Is it not a more reasonable character or conclusion which the prophet hath made, Surely every man is vanity? Man that comes into the world at the pleasure of another, and goes out by a hundred accidents; his birth and education generally determine his fate here, and neither of those are in his own power; his wit, also, is as uncertain as his fortune; he hath not the moulding of his own brain, however a knock on the head makes him a fool, stupid as the beasts of the field; and a little excess of passion or melancholy makes him worse, mad and frantic. In his best senses he is shallow, and of little understanding; and in nothing more blind and ignorant than in things sacred or divine; he falls down before a stock or a stone, and says, thou art my God: he can believe nonsense and contradictions, and make it his religion to do so. And this is the great creature which God hath made by the might of his power, and for the honour of his majesty? upon whom all things must wait, to whom all things must be subservient? Methinks we have noted weaknesses and follies enough in the nature of man; this need not be added as the top and accomplishment, that with all these he is so vain as to think that all the rest of the world was made for his sake.

HUMAN CHARACTER.

RICHARD BAXTER.

I now see more good and more evil in all men than heretofore I did. I see that good men are not so good as I once thought they were, but have more imperfections; and that nearer approach and fuller trial doth make the best appear more weak and faulty than their admirers at a distance think. And I find that few are so bad as either malicious enemies or censorious separating professors do imagine. In some, indeed, I find that human nature is corrupted into a greater likeness to devils than I once thought any on earth had been. But even in the wicked, usually there is more for grace to make advantage of, and more to testify for God and holiness, than I once believed there had been.

I less admire gifts of utterance, and bare profession of religion, than I once did; and have much more charity for many who, by the want of gifts, do make an obscurer profession than they. I once thought that almost all that could pray movingly and fluently, and talk well of religion, had been saints. But experience hath opened to me what odious crimes may consist with high profession; and I have met with divers obscure persons, not noted for any extraordinary profession, or forwardness in religion, but only to live a quiet blameless life, whom I have after found to have long lived, as far as I could discern, a truly godly and sanctified life; only, their prayers and duties were by accident kept secret from other men's observation. Yet he that upon this pretence would confound the godly and ungodly, may as well go about to lay heaven and hell together.

IMPOSSIBILITIES.

It is idleness that creates impossibilities; and where men care not to do a thing, they shelter themselves under a persuasion that it cannot be done. The shortest and the surest way to prove a work possible, is strenuously to set about it; and no wonder if that proves it possible that for the most part makes it so.

O JOYFUL HOUR.

ROBERT SOUTHEY.

O joyful hour, when to our longing home
The long-expected wheels at length drew nigh!
When the first sound went forth, "They come! they come!"
And hope's impatience quickened every eye!
"Never had man, whom Heaven would heap with bliss,
More glad return, more happy hour than this."

Aloft on yonder bench, with arms dispread,
My boy stood shouting there his father's name,
Waving his hat around his happy head;
And there, a younger group, his sisters came:
Smiling they stood, with looks of pleased surprise,
While tears of joy were seen in elder eyes.

Soon each and all came crowding round to share
The cordial greeting, the beloved sight;
What welcomings of hand and lip were there!
And when those overflowings of delight
Subsided to a sense of quiet bliss,
Life hath no purer, deeper happiness.

Here silently between her parents stood
My dark-eyed Bertha, timid as a dove;
And gently oft from time to time she wooed
Pressure of hand, or word, or look of love,
With impulse shy of bashful tenderness,
Soliciting again the wished caress.

The younger twain in wonder lost were they,
My gentle Kate, and my sweet Isabel:
Long of our promised coming day by day
It had been their delight to hear and tell;
And now, when that long-promised hour was come,
Surprise and wakening memory held them dumb.

For in the infant mind, as in the old,
When to its second childhood life declines,
A dim and troubled power doth memory hold:
But soon the light of young remembrance shines
Renewed, and influences of dormant love
Wakened within, with quickening influence move.

O happy season theirs, when absence brings
Small feeling of privation, none of pain,
Yet at the present object love re-springs,
As night-closed flowers at morn expand again!
Nor deem our second infancy unbless'd,
When gradually composed we sink to rest.

Soon they grew blithe, as they were wont to be;
Her old endearments each began to seek:
And Isabel drew near to climb my keee,
And pat with fondling hand her father's cheek;
With voice, and touch, and look, reviving thus
The feelings which had slept in long disuse.

But there stood one whose heart could entertain
And comprehend the fulness of the joy;
The father, teacher, playmate, was again
Come to his only and his studious boy;
And he beheld again that mother's eye,
Which with such ceaseless care had watched his infancy.

It was a group which Richter, had he viewed,
Might have deemed worthy of his perfect skill;
The keen impatience of the younger brood,
Their eager eyes and fingers never still;
The hope, the wonder, and the restless joy
Of those glad girls, and that vociferous boy!

The aged friend serene with quiet smile,
Who in their pleasure finds her own delight;
The mother's heartfelt happiness the while;
The aunts, rejoicing in the joyful sight;
And he who, in his gaiety of heart,
With glib and noisy tongue performed the showman's part.

Scoff ye who will! but let me, gracious Heaven,
Preserve this boyish heart till life's last day!
For so that inward light by nature given
Shall still direct and cheer me on my way;
And brightening as the shades of age descend,
Shine forth with heavenly radiance at the end.

TO-MORROW.

PALLADAS.

Drink and be glad; to-morrow what may be,
Or what thereafter, none of us can see.
Haste not nor fret: but now as well's you may,
Feast and be merry; freely give away;
Remember joys can last but with the breath,
And think how short a space parts life and death;
An instant:—seize what good may now befall;
Dead, thou hast nothing, and another all.

To die is due by all; no mortal knows
Whether to-morrow's dawn his life may close.
Knowing this well, O man, let cheering wine,
That sweet forgetfulness of death, be thine.
Give way to love too; live from day to day,
And yield to fate o'er all things else the sway.

TIME.

BENJAMIN MARSDEN.

I ask'd an Aged Man, a man of cares,
Wrinkled, and curved, and white with hoary hairs:
"Time is the warp of life," he said, "O tell
The young, the fair, the gay, to weave it well!"

I ask'd the aged Venerable Dead,
Sages who wrote, and warriors who bled:
From the cold grave a hollow murmur flow'd,
"Time sowed the seed we reap in this abode."

I asked a dying Sinner, ere the tide
Of life had left his veins: "Time," he replied—
"I've lost it! Ah, the treasure!"—and he died.

I asked the Golden Sun and Silver Spheres,
Those bright Chronometers of days and years:
They answer'd, "Time is but a meteor glare.
And bids us for Eternity prepare."

I asked the Seasons in their annual round,
Which beautify and desolate the ground;
And they replied (no oracle more wise),
"'Tis folly's loss, and virtue's highest prize."

I ask'd a Spirit Lost; but oh! the shriek
That pierced my soul! I shudder while I speak.
It cried—"A particle, a speck, a mite
Of endless years, duration infinite!"

Of things Inanimate my dial I
Consulted, and it made me this reply:
"Time is the season fair of living well,
The path of Glory, or the path of Hell.

I ask'd my Bible, and methinks it said,
"Time is the present hour, the past is fled:
Live! live to-day! To-morrow never yet
On any human being rose or set."

HYMN BEFORE SUNRISE IN THE VALE OF CHAMOUNI.

SAMUEL TAYLOR COLERIDGE.

Hast thou a charm to stay the morning star
In his steep course? So long he seems to pause
On thy bald awful head, O sovran Blanc!
The Arvé and Arveiron at thy base
Rave ceaselessly; but thou, most awful form!
Risest from forth thy silent sea of pines,
How silently! Around thee and above,
Deep is the air and dark, substantial, black,
An ebon mass; methinks thou piercest it,
As with a wedge! But when I look again,
It is thine own calm home, thy crystal shrine,
Thy habitation from eternity!
O dread and silent mount! I gazed upon thee,
Till thou, still present to the bodily sense,
Didst vanish from my thought; entranced in prayer,
I worshipped the Invisible alone.

Yet, like some sweet beguiling melody
So sweet, we know not we are listening to it,
Thou, the meanwhile, wast blending with my thought
Yea, with my life and life's own secret joy;
Till the dilating soul, enrapt, transfused,
Into the mighty vision passing—there,
As in her natural form, swelled vast to heaven!

Awake, my soul! not only passive praise
Thou owest! not alone these swelling tears,
Mute thanks and secret ecstacy. Awake,
Voice of sweet song! awake, my heart, awake!
Green vales and icy cliffs, all join my hymn.

Thou first and chief, sole sovran of the vale!
Oh, struggling with the darkness all the night,
And visited all night by troops of stars,
Or when they climb the sky, or when they sink!
Companions of the morning star at dawn,
Thyself earth's rosy star, and of the dawn
Co-herald! wake, O wake, and utter praise!
Who sank thy sunless pillars deep in earth?
Who filled thy countenance with rosy light?
Who made thee parent of perpetual streams?

And you, ye five wild torrents, fiercely glad!
Who called you forth from night and utter death,
From dark and icy caverns called you forth,
Down those precipitous, black, jagged rocks,
For ever shattered, and the same for ever?
Who gave you your invulnerable life,
Your strength, your speed, your fury, and your joy,
Unceasing thunder and eternal foam?
And who commanded—and the science came—
Here let the billows stiffen, and have rest?

Ye ice-falls! ye that from the mountain's brow
Adown enormous ravines slope amain—
Torrents, methinks, that heard a mighty voice,
And stopped at once amid their maddest plunge!
Motionless torrents! silent cataracts!
Who made you glorious as the gates of heaven
Beneath the keen full moon? Who bade the sun
Clothe you with rainbows? Who, with living flowers
Of the loveliest blue, spread garlands at your feet?
'God!' let the torrents, like a shout of nations,
Answer! and let the ice-plains echo, 'God!'
'God!' sing, ye meadow-streams, with gladsome voice!
Ye pine-groves, with your soft and soul-like sounds!
And they too have a voice, yon piles of snow,
And in their perilous fall shall thunder, 'God!'

Ye living flowers that skirt the eternal frost!
Ye wild goats sporting round the eagle's nest!
Ye eagles, playmates of the mountain storm!
Ye lightnings, the dread arrows of the clouds!
Ye signs and wonders of the element!
Utter forth 'God,' and fill the hills with praise!

Thou too, hoar mount! with thy sky-pointed peaks,
Oft from whose feet the avalanche, unheard,
Shoots downward, glittering through the pure serene,
Into the depths of clouds that veil thy breast—
Thou too, again, stupendous mountain! thou,
That as I raise my head, awhile bowed low
In adoration, upward from the base
Slow traveling with dim eyes suffused with tears,
Solemnly seemest like a vapory cloud
To rise before me—Rise, oh, ever rise;
Rise like a cloud of incense from the earth!
Thou kindly spirit throned among the hills,
Thou dread ambassador from earth to heaven,
Great hierarch! tell thou the silent sky,
And tell the stars, and tell yon rising sun,
Earth, with her thousand voices, praises God.

THE SONG OF THE BELL.

SCHILLER.

WALL'D securely in the ground,
Stands the mould of well-bak'd clay:
Comrades, at your task be found!
We must cast the bell to-day!
From the burning brow
Sweat must run, I trow,
Would we have our work commended—
Blessings must be heaven-descended.

A solemn word may well befit
The task we solemnly prepare;
When goodly converse hallows it,
The labor flows on gladly there.
Let us observe with careful eyes
What thro' deficient strength escapes,
The thoughtless man we must despise
Who disregards the thing he shapes.
This forms a man's chief attribute,
And Reason is to him assign'd,
That what his hand may execute,
Within his heart, too, he should find.

Heap ye up the pinewood first,
Yet full dry it needs must be,
That the smother'd flame may burst
Fiercely through the cavity!
Let the copper brew!
Quick the tin add too,
That the tough bell-metal may
Fuse there in the proper way!

The Bell that in the dam's deep hole
Our hands with help of fire prepare,
From the high belfry-tower will toll,
And witness of us loudly bear.
'Twill there endure till distant days,
On many an ear its sounds will dwell,
Sad wailings with the mourner raise.—
The chorus of devotion swell.
Whatever changeful fate may bring
To be man's portion here below,
Against its metal crown will ring,
And through the nations echoing go.

Bubbles white I see ascend;
Good! the heap dissolves at last;
Let the potash with it blend,
Urging on the fusion fast.
Foam and bubble-free
Must the mixture be,
That from metal void of stain
Pure and full may rise the strain.
For in a song with gladness rife
The cherish'd child it loves to greet,
When first he treads the path of life,
Wrapt in the arms of slumbers sweet;
His coming fate of joy or gloom
Lies buried in the future's womb;
The tender care that mothers prove
His golden morning guard with love:
The years with arrowy swiftness fleet
The proud boy bids the maid adieu,
And into life with wildness flies.
The world on pilgrim's-staff roams through—
Then as a stranger homeward hies;
And gracefuly, in beauty's pride,
Like to some heavenly image fair,
Her modest cheeks with blushes dyed,
He sees the maiden standing there.
A nameless yearning now appears
And fills his heart; alone he strays,
His eyes are ever moist with tears,
He shuns his brother's noisy plays;
Her steps he blushingly pursues,
And by her greeting is made blest,
Gathers the flowers of fairest hues,
With which to deck his true love's breast.
Oh, tender yearning, blissful hope,
Thou golden time of love's young day!
Heav'n seems before the eye to ope,
The heart in rapture melts away.
Oh may it ever verdant prove,
That radiant time of early love!

Dusky-hued becomes each pipe!
Let me plunge this rod in here:
All for casting will be ripe
When we see it glaz'd appear.
Comrades, stand ye by!
Now the mixture try,
If the brittle will combine
With the soft—propitious sign!

For there is heard a joyous sound
Where sternness is with softness bound,
Where joins the gentle with the strong
Who binds himself for ever, he
Should prove if heart and heart agree!
The dream is short, repentance long.

Through the bride's fair locks so dear
Twines the virgin chaplet bright,
When the church-bells, ringing clear,
To the joyous feast invite.
Ah! life's happiest festival
Needs must end life's happy May;
With the veil and girdle, all
Those sweet visions fade away.

Though passion may fly,
Yet love must remain;
Though the flow'ret may die,
Yet the fruit scents the plain.
Man must gird for his race
Thro' the stern paths of life,
Midst turmoil and strife,
Must plant and must form,
Gain by cunning or storm;
Must wager and dare,
Would he reach fortune e'er.
Then wealth without ending upon him soon poure,

His granaries all overflow with rich stores;
The room is enlarged, and his house grows apace;
And o'er it is ruling
The housewife so modest,
His children's dear mother:
And wisely she governs
The circle of home.
The maidens she trains,
And the boys she restrains,
Keeps plying for ever
Her hands that flag never,
And wealth helps to raise
With her orderly ways,
The sweet-scented presses with treasures piles high,
Bids the thread round the fast-whirling spindle to fly;
The cleanly and bright-polished chest she heaps full
With the flax white as snow, and the glistening wool;
All glitter and splendor ordains for the best,
And takes no rest.

And the father, with rapturous gaze,
From the far-seeing roof of his dwelling,
All his blossoming riches surveys;
Sees each projecting pillar and post,
Sees his barns, that of wealth seem to boast;
Sees each storehouse, by blessings down-borne,
And the billow-like waving corn,—
Cries with exulting face:
"Firm as the earth's firm base,
'Gainst all misfortune's powers
Proudly my house now towers!"—
But with mighty destiny
Union sure there ne'er can be;
Woe advances repidly.

Let the casting be begun!
Traced already is the breach;
Yet before we let it run,
Heaven's protecting aid beseech!
Let the plug now fly!
May God's help be nigh!
In the mould all smoking rush
Fire-brown billows with fierce gush.

Beneficent the might of flame,
When 'tis by man watch'd o'er, made tame;
For to this heav'nly power he owes
All his creative genius knows;
Yet terrible that power will be
When from its fetters it breaks free,
Threads its own path with passion wild,
As nature's free and reckless child.
Woe, if it casts off its chains,
And, without resistance, growing,
Through the crowded streets and lanes
Spreads the blaze, all fiercely glowing!
For the elements still hate
All the mortal hands create.
From the clouds all blessings rill,
'Tis the clouds that rain distil;
From the clouds, with quivering beams,
Lightning gleams.
From yon tower the wailing sound
Spreads the fire alarm around!
Blood-red, lo!
Are the skies!
But 'tis not the day's clear glow!
Smoke up-flies!
Loud the shout
Round about!
High the fiery column glows,
Through the streets' far-stretching rows
On with lightning speed it goes.
Hot, as from an oven's womb,
Burns the air, while beams consume,
Windows rattle, pillars fall,
Children wail and mothers call.
Beasts are groaning.
Underneath the ruins moaning
All their safety seek in flight,
Day-clear lighted is the night.
Through the hands' extended chain
Fies the bucket on amain;
Floods of water high are thrown,
Howling comes the tempest on
Roaring in the flames' pursuit.
Cracking on the wither'd fruit
Falls it,—on the granary,
On the rafters' timber dry,
And, as if earth's heavy weight
Seeking in its flight to bear,
Mounts it, as a giant great,
Wildly thro' the realms of air.
Man now loses hope at length,
Yielding to immortal strength;
Idly, and with wond'ring gaze,
All the wreck he now surveys.

Burnt to ashes is the stead,
Now the wild storm's rugged bed.
In the empty window-panes
Shudd'ring horror now remains,
And the clouds of heaven above
Peep in, as they onward move.

Upon the grave where buried lies
His earthly wealth, his longing eyes
The man one ling'ring moment throws,
Then, as a pilgrim, gladly goes.
Whate'er the fierce flames may destroy,
One consolation sweet is left;
His lov'd ones' heads he counts,—and, Joy!—
He is not e'en of one bereft!

In the earth it now has pour'd
And the mould has fill'd aright;
Skill and labor to reward,
Will it beauteous come to light?
If the mould should crack?
If the casting lack?
While we hope, e'en now, alas,
Mischief may have come to pass!

To the dark womb of holy earth
We trust what issues from our hand,
As trusts the sower to the land
His seed, in hope 'twill have its birth
To bless us, true to Heaven's command.
Seed still more precious in the womb
Of earth we trusting hide, and wait
In hope that even from the tomb
'Twill blossom to a happier fate.

Sad and heavy from the dome
Hark! the Bell's death-wailings come.
Solemnly the strains with sorrow fraught,
On her way a pilgrim now escort.

For a mother tolls the Bell!
For a fond wife sounds the knell!
Death, regardless of her charms,
Tears her from her husband's arms,
From her children tears her too,
Offspring of affection true,
Whom she cherish'd with the love
None but mothers e'er can prove.
All the ties their hearts uniting
Are dissolv'd for evermore;
She whose smile that home was lighting
Wanders on oblivion's shore.
Who will now avert each danger?
Who will now each care dispel?
In her seat will sit a stranger—
She can never love so well!
Till the Bell has cooled aright,
Let the arduous labour rest;
As the bird midst foliage bright
Flutters, each may thus be blest.
When the daylight wanes,
Free from duty's claims
Workmen hear the vesper chime;
Masters have for rest no time.
Gladly hies the wanderer fast,
Through the forest glades so deep,
Tow'rd his own lov'd cot at last.
Bleating homeward go the sheep;
Broad-brow'd, smooth-skinn'd cattle, all
Bellowing come, and fill each stall.
Home returns the heavy wain,
Stagg'ring 'neath its load of grain.
Many-hued, the garlands lie
On the sheaves, while gladly fly
To the dance the reaper boys,—
Hush'd each street and market noise;
Round the candle's social light
All the household now unite.
Creakingly the town-gates close,
Darkness its black mantle throws
O'er the earth; but yet the night,
Though it fills the bad with awe,
Gives the townsman no affright,
For he trusts the wakeful law.

Holy Order, blessing rife,
Heaven's own child, by whom in life
Equals joyously are bound,
And whose task 'tis towns to found,—
Who the wand'ring savage led
From the plains he us'd to tread.

Enter'd the rude huts of men,
Softening their wild habits then.
And who wove that dearest band,—
Love for home and fatherland!

Thousand busy hands are plying,
Into loving union thrown,
And, in fiery motion vieing,
All the forces here are known.
Under freedom's shelter holy
Man and master now unite,
Love their stations, high or lowly,
And defy the scorner's might.
Blessings are our labour's guerdon,
Work adorns the townsman most;
Honour is a king's chief burden,
We in hands industrious boast.

Peace all-lovely!
Blissful concord!
Linger, linger
Kindly over this our town!
May we ne'er the sad day witness
When the hordes of cruel warriors
Wildly tread this silent valley;
When the heavens
That the eve's bright colours blending
Softly gild
With the lights of flames ascending,
From the burning town's are fill'd!

Let us now the mould destroy,
Well it has fulfill'd its part,
That the beauteous shape with joy
May inspire both eye and heat.
Wield the hammer, wield,
Till the mantle yield!
Would we raise the Bell on high,
Must the mould to atoms fly.

The founder may destroy the mould
With cunning hand, if time it be;
But woe, if, raging uncontroll'd,
The glowing bronze itself should free!
Blind-raging, like the crashing thunder,
It bursts its tenement asunder,
And, as from open jaws of hell,
Around it spews destruction fell,
Where forces rule with senseless might,
No structure there can come to light;
When mobs themselves for freedom strive,
True happiness can never thrive.

Woe, when within a city's walls,
Where firebrands secretly are pil'd,
The people, bursting from their thralls,
Tread their own path with fury wild!

Sedition then the Bell surrounds,
And bids it yield a howling tone;
And, meant for none but peaceful sounds,
The signal to the fray spurs on.
"Freedom! Equality!" they shout;
The peaceful townsman grasps his arms.
Mobs stand the streets and halls about,
The place with bands of murderers swarm.
Into hyenas women grow,
From horrors their amusement draw;
The heart, still quivering, of the foe
With panther's teeth they fierely gnaw.
All that is holy is effaced,
Rent are the bonds of modesty;
The good is by the bad replaced,
And crime from all restraint is free.
Death-fraught the tiger's tooth appears,
To wake the lion madness seems;
Yet the most fearful of all fears
Is man obeying his wild dreams.'

Woe be to him who, to the blind,
The heavenly touch of light conveys!
It throws no radiance on *his* mind,
But land and town in ashes lays.

God hath hearken'd to my vow!
See, how like a star of gold
Peels the metal kernal now,
Smooth and glistening from the mould!
E'en from crown to base
Sunlight gleams its face,
While the scutcheons, fairly plann'd,
Praise the skilful artist's hand.

Now let us gather round the frame!
The ring let ev'ry workman swell,
That we may consecrate the Bell!
CONCORDIA be henceforth its name,
Assembling all the loving throng
In harmony and union strong!

And *this* be the vocation fit
For which the founder fashion'd it!

High, high above earth's life, earth's labour,
E'en to the heav'ns' blue vault to soar,
To hover as the thunder's neighbor,
The very firmament explore;
To be a voice as from above,
Like yonder stars so bright and clear,
That praise their Maker as they move
And usher in the circling year.
Tun'd be its metal mouth alone
To things eternal and sublime,
And, as the swift-wing'd hours speed on,
May it record the flight of time!

Its tongue to Fate it well may lend;
Heartless itself, and feeling nought,
May with its warning notes attend
On human life; with change so fraught.
And, as the strains die on the ear
That it peals forth with tuneful might,
To let it teach that nought lasts here,
That all things earthly take their flight!

Now then, with the rope so strong,
From the vault the bell upweigh,
That it gains the realms of song,
And the heav'nly light of day!
All hands nimbly ply!
Now it mounts on high!
To this city Joy reveals,—
PEACE be the first strain it peals!

AMONG THE TREES.

WILLIAM CULLEN BRYANT.

Oh ye who love to overhang the springs,
And stand by running waters, ye whose boughs
Make beautiful the rocks o'er which they play,
Who pile with foliage the great hills, and rear
A paradise upon the lonely plain,
Trees of the forest, and the open field!
Have ye no sense of being? Does the air,
The pure air, which I breathe with gladness, pass
In gushes o'er your delicate lungs, your leaves,
All unenjoyed? When on your winter sleep
The sun shines warm, have ye no dreams of spring?
And when the glorious spring-time comes at last,
Have ye no joy of all your bursting buds,
And fragrant blooms, and melody of birds
To which your young leaves shiver? Do ye strive
And wrestle with the wind, yet know it not?
Feel ye no glory in your strength when he,
The exhausted Blusterer, flies beyond the hills,
And leaves you stronger yet? Or have ye not
A sense of loss when he has stripped your leaves,
Yet tender, and has splintered your fair boughs?
Does the loud bolt that smites you from the cloud
And rends you, fall unfelt? Do there not run
Strange shudderings through your fibres when the axe
Is raised against you, and the shining blade
Deals blow on blow, until, with all their boughs,
Your summits waver and ye fall to earth?
Know ye no sadness when the hurricane
Has swept the wood and snapped its sturdy stems
Asunder, or has wrenched, from out the soil,
The mightiest with their circles of strong roots,
And piled the ruin all along his path?

Nay, doubt we not that under the rough rind,
In the green veins of these fair growths of earth,
There dwells a nature that receives delight
From all the gentle processes of life,
And shrinks from loss of being. Dim and faint
May be the sense of pleasure and of pain,
As in our dreams; but, haply, real still.

Our sorrows touch you not. We watch beside
The beds of those who languish or who die,
And minister in sadness, while our hearts

Offer perpetual prayer for life and ease
And health to the beloved sufferers.
But ye, while anxious fear and fainting hope
Are in our chambers, ye rejoice without.
The funeral goes forth; a silent train
Moves slowly from the desolate home; our hearts
Are breaking as we lay away the loved,
Whom we shall see no more, in their last rest,
Their little cells within the burial place.
Ye have no part in this distress; for still
The February sunshine steeps your boughs
And tints the buds and swells the leaves within;
While the song-sparrow, warbling from her perch,
Tells you that spring is near. The wind of May
Is sweet with breath of orchards, in whose boughs,
The bees and every insect of the air
Make a perpetual murmur of delight,
And by whose flowers the humming-bird hangs poised
In air, and draws their sweets and darts away.
The linden, in the fervors of July,
Hums with a louder concert. When the wind
Sweeps the broad forest in its summer prime,
As when some master-hand exulting sweeps
The keys of some great organ, ye give forth
The music of the woodland depths, a hymn
Of gladness and of thanks. The hermit-thrush
Pipes his sweet note to make your arches ring.
The faithful robin, from the wayside elm,
Carols all day to cheer his sitting mate,
And when the autumn comes, the kings of earth,
In all their majesty, are not arrayed
As ye are, clothing the broad mountain-side
And spotting the smooth vales with red and gold,
While, swaying to the sudden breeze, ye fling
Your nuts to earth, and the brisk squirrel comes
To gather them, and barks with childish glee,
And scampers with them to his hollow oak.

Thus, as the seasons pass, ye keep alive
The cheerfulness of nature, till in time
The constant misery which wrings the heart
Relents, and we rejoice with you again,
And glory in your beauty; till once more
We look with pleasure on your varnished leaves,
That gaily glance in sunshine, and can hear,
Delighted, the soft answer which your boughs
Utter in whispers to the babbling brook.

Ye have no history. I cannot know
Who, when the hill-side trees were hewn away,
Haply two centuries since, bade spare this oak,
Leaning to shade, with his irregular arms.
Low-bent and long, the fount that from his roots
Slips through a bed of cresses toward the bay,
I know not who, but thank him that he left
The tree to flourish where the acorn fell.
And join these later days to that far time
While yet the Indian hunter drew the bow
In the dim woods, and the white woodman first
Opened these fields to sunshine, turned the soil
And strewed the wheat. An unremembered Past
Broods, like a presence, 'mid the long gray boughs
Of this old tree, which has outlived so long
The flitting generations of mankind.

Ye have no history. I ask in vain
Who planted on the slope this lofty group
Of ancient pear-trees that with spring-time burst
Into such breadth of bloom. One bears a scar
Where the quick lightning scored its trunk, yet still
It feels the breath of Spring, and every May
Is white with blossoms. Who it was that laid
Their infant roots in earth, and tenderly
Cherished the delicate sprays, I ask in vain,
Yet bless the unknown hand to which I owe
This annual festival of bees, these songs
Of birds within their leafy screen, these shouts
Of joy from children gathering up the fruit
Shaken in August from the willing boughs.

Ye that my hands have planted, or have spared,
Beside the way, or in the orchard ground,
Or in the open meadow, ye whose boughs
With every summer spread a wider shade,
Whose herd in coming years shall lie at rest
Beneath your noontide shelter? who shall pluck
Your ripened fruit? who grave, as was the wont
Of simple pastoral ages, on the rind
Of my smooth beeches some beloved name?
Idly I ask; yet may the eyes that look
Upon you, in your later, nobler growth,
Look also on a nobler age than ours;
An age when, in the eternal strife between
Evil and Good, the Power of Good shall win
A grander mastery; when kings no more
Shall summon millions from the plough to learn
The trade of slaughter, and of populous realms
Make camps of war; when in our younger land
The hand of ruffian Violence, that now
Is insolently raised to smite, shall fall
Unnerven before the calm rebuke of Law,
And Fraud, his sly confederate, shrink, in shame,
Back to his covert, and forego his prey.

A RETROSPECTIVE REVIEW.

THOMAS HOOD.

Oh, when I was a tiny boy
My days and night were full of joy,
My mates were blythe and kind!
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from mine eye,
To cast a look behind!

A hoop was an eternal round
Of pleasure. In those days I found
A top a joyous thing;—
But now those past delights I drop,
My head, alas! is all my top,
And careful thoughts the string!

My marbles—once my bag was stored,—
Now I must play with Elgin's lord,

With Theseus for a taw!
My playful horse has slipped his string,
Forgotten all his capering,
And harnessed to the law!

My kite—how fast and far it flew!
While I, a sort of Franklin, drew
My pleasure from the sky!
'Twas paper'd o'er with studious themes,
The tasks I wrote—my present dreams
Will never soar so high.

My joys are wingless all and dead;
My dumps are made of more than lead;
My flights soon find a fall;
My fears prevail, my fancies droop,
Joy never cometh with a hoop,
And seldom with a call!

My football's laid upon the shelf;—
I am a shuttlecock myself
The world knocks to and fro,—
My archery is all unlearned,
And grief against myself has turned
My arrows and my bow!

No more in noontide sun I bask;
My authorship's an endless task,
My head's ne'er out of school,—
My heart is pained with scorn and slight,
I have too many foes to fight,
And friends grown strangely cool!

The very chum that shared my cake
Holds out so cold a hand to shake,
It makes me shrink and sigh,—
On this I will not dwell and hang,
The changeling would not feel a pang
Though these should meet his eye!

No skies so blue or so serene
As then;—no leaves look half so green
As clothed the play-ground tree!
All things I loved are altered so,
Nor does it ease my heart to know
That change resides in me!

Oh, for the garb that marked the boy,—
The trowsers made of corduroy,
Well ink'd with black and red;
The crownless hat —ne'er deem'd an ill,—
It only let the sunshine still
Repose upon my head!

Oh for the ribbon round the neck!
The careless dog's-ears apt to deck
My book and collar both!
How can this formal man be styled
Merely an Alexandrine child,
A boy of larger growth?

Oh, for that small, small beer anew!
And (heaven's own type) that mild sky-blue
That washed my sweet meals down;
The master even!—and that small Turk
That fagged me!—worse is now my work—
A fag for all the town!

Oh for the lessons learned by heart!
Ay, though the very birch's smart
Should mark those hours again;
I'd "kiss the rod," and be resigned
Beneath the stroke,—and even find
Some sugar in the cane!

The Arabian Nights rehearsed in bed!
The Fairy Tales in school-time read,
By stealth, 'twixt verb and noun!
The angel form that always walked
In all my dreams, and looked and talked
Exactly like Miss Brown!

The "omne bene"—Christmas come,—
The prize of merit, won for home,—
Merit had prizes then!
But now I write for days and days,—
For fame—a deal of empty praise
Without the silver pen!

Then home, sweet home! the crowded coach,—
The joyous shout,—the loud approach,—
The winding horns like rams'!
The meeting sweet that made me thrill,—
The sweetmeats almost sweeter still,
No "satis" to the "jams."

When that I was a tiny boy
My days and nights were full of joy,
My mates were blythe and kind,—
No wonder that I sometimes sigh,
And dash the tear-drop from my eye,
To cast a look behind!

TRUE VIRTUE.

BEN JONSON.

Not to know vice at all, and keep true state,
Is virtue and not fate:
Next to that virtue is to know vice well,
And her black spite expel:
Which to effect (since no beast is so sure
Or safe but she'll procure
Some way of entrance) we must plant a guard
Of thoughts to watch and warn
At th' eye and ear (the ports unto the mind)
That no strange or unkind
Object arrive there, but the heart (our spy)
Give knowledge instantly
To awaken reason, our affections' king:
Who in th' examining
Will quickly taste the treason, and commit
Close, the close cause of it.
'Tis the securest policy we have
To make our sense our slave.
But this true course is not embraced by many:
By many? Scarce by any.
For either our affections do rebel,

Or else the sentinel,
That should ring larum to the heart, doth sleep,
Or some great thought doth keep
Back the intelligence, and falsely swears
They're base and idle fears
Whereof the loyal conscience so complains.
Thus by those subtle trains
Do several passions invade the mind,
And strike our reason blind:
Of which usurping rank some have thought love
The first; as prone to move
Most frequent tumults, horrors, and unrests,
In our inflamed breasts.
But this doth from the cloud of error grow,
Which thus we overblow.
The thing they here call love is blind desire,
Arm'd with bow, shafts, and fire;
Inconstant, like the sea, of whence 'tis born,
Rough, swelling, like a storm:
With whom who sails, rides on the surge of fear,
And boils, as if he were
In a continual tempest. Now, true love
No such effects doth prove;
That is an essence far more gentle, fine,
Pure, perfect, nay divine;
It is the golden chain let down from heaven,
Whose links are bright and even—
That falls like sleep on lovers and combines
The soft and sweetest minds
In equal knots; this bears no brands, nor darts,
To murther different hearts;
But in a calm and Godlike unity
Preserves community.
O who is he that in this peace enjoys
Th' elixir of all joys?
A form more fresh than are the Eden bow'rs,
And lasting as her flow'rs:
Richer than time, and as time's virtue rare—
Sober as saddest care.
A fixed thought, an eye untaught to glance;
Who, blessed with such high chance,
Would, at suggestion of a steep desire,
Cast himself from the spire
Of all his happiness? But soft: I hear
Some vicious fool draw near,
That cries we dream, and swears there's no such thing
As this chaste love we sing.
Peace, Luxury, thou art like one of those
Who, being at sea, suppose,
Because they move, the continent doth so.
No, Vice, we let thee know
Though the wild thoughts with sparrow's wings do fly
Turtles can chastely die.
He that for love of goodness hateth ill
Is more crownworthy still
Than he, which for sin's penalty forbears;
His heart sins, though he fears.
But we propose a person like our dove,
Grac'd with a phœnix love;
A beauty of that clear and sparkling light
Would make a day of night,
And turn the blackest sorrows to bright joys:
Whose od'rous breath destroys
All taste of bitterness, and makes the air
As sweet as she is fair.
A body so harmoniously compos'd
As if nature disclos'd
All her best symmetry in that one feature!
O, so divine a creature.
Who could be false to? chiefly when he knows
How only she bestows
The wealthy treasure of her love on him;
Making his fortunes swim
In the full flood of her admir'd perfection
What savage, brute affection,
Would not be fearful to offend a dame
Of this excelling fame?
Much more a noble and right gen'rous mind,
To virtuous moods inclin'd,
That knows the weight of guilt: he will refrain
From thoughts of such a strain,
And to his sense object this sentence ever,
"Man may securely sin, but safely never."

THE PIED PIPER OF HAMELIN.

ROBERT BROWNING.

I.

Hamelin town's in Brunswick,
By famous Hanover city;
The river Weser, deep and wide,
Washes its wall on the southern side;
A pleasanter spot you never spied;
But, when begins my ditty,
Almost five hundred years ago,
To see the townsfolk suffer so
From vermin was a pity

II.

Rats!
They fought the dogs, and killed the cats,
And bit the babies in the cradles,
And ate the cheeses out of the vats,
And licked the soup from the cook's own ladles,
Split open the kegs of salted sprats,
Made nests inside men's Sunday hats,
And even spoiled the women's chats,
By drowning their speaking
With shrieking and squeaking
In fifty different sharps and flats.

III.

At last the people in a body
To the Town Hall came flocking:
"'Tis clear,' cried they, 'our Mayor's a noddy;
And as for our Corporation—shocking
To think we buy gowns lined with ermine
For dolts that can't or won't determine
What's best to rid us of our vermin!
You hope, because you're old and obese,

To find in the furry civic robe ease?
Rouse up, sirs! Give your brains a racking
To find the remedy we're lacking,
Or, sure as fate, we'll send you packing!'
At this the Mayor and Corporation
Quaked with a mighty consternation.

IV.

An hour they sat in counsel,
At length the Mayor broke silence,
For a guilder I'd my ermine gown sell;
I wish I were a mile hence!
It's easy to bid one rack one's brain—
I'm sure my poor head aches again,
I've scratched it so, and all in vain;
O for a trap, a trap, a trap!
Just as he said this, what should hap
At the chamber door but a gentle tap!
'Bless us,' cried the Mayor, 'What's that?'
(With the Corporation as he sat,
Looking little, though wondrous fat;
Nor brighter was his eye, nor moister,
Than a too-long-opened oyster,
Save when at noon his paunch grew mutinous
For a plate of turtle green and glutinous),
Only a scraping of shoes on the mat?
Anything like the sound of a rat
Makes my heart go pit-a-pit!'

V.

'Come in!'—the Mayor cried, looking bigger:
And in did come the strangest figure,
His queer long coat from heel to head
Was half of yellow and half of red;
And he himself was tall and thin,
With sharp blue eyes, each like a pin,
And light loose hair, yet swarthy skin,
No tuft on cheek nor beard on chin,
But lips where smiles went out and in—
There was no guessing his kith and kin:
And nobody could enough admire
The tall man and his quaint attire.
Quoth one: It's as my great grandsire,
Starting up at the Trump of Doom's tone,
Had walked this way from his painted tombstone.

VI.

He advanced to the Council-table:
And, 'Please your honors,' said he, 'I'm able,
By means of a secret charm, to draw
All creatures living beneath the sun,
That creep, or swim, or fly, or run,
After me so as you never saw!
And I chiefly use my charm
On creatures that do people harm,
The mole, and toad, and newt, and viper;
And people call me the Pied Piper.'
(And here they noticed round his neck
A scarf of red and yellow stripe,
To match with his coat of the self-same check.
And at the scarf's end hung a pipe;
And his fingers they noticed, were ever straying,
As if impatient to be playing
Upon this pipe, as low it dangled
Over his vesture so old-fangled.)
'Yet,' said he, 'poor piper as I am,
In Tartary I freed the Cham,
Last June, from his huge swarms of gnats:
I eased in Asia the Nizam
Of a monstrous brood of vampyre bats:
And, as for what your brain bewilders,
If I can rid your town of rats,
Will you give me a thousand guilders?'
'One? fifty thousand!'— was the exclamation
Of the astonished Mayor and Corporation.

VII.

Into the street the Piper stept,
Smiling first a little smile,
As if he knew what magic slept
In his quiet pipe the while;
Then, like a musical adept,
To blow the pipe his lips he wrinkled,
And green and blue his sharp eyes twinkled,
Like a candle flame where salt is sprinkled:
And ere three shrill notes the pipe uttered,
You heard as if an army muttered;
And the muttering grew to a grumbling:
And the grumbling grew to a mighty rumbling
And out of the house the rats came tumbling.
Great rats, small rats, lean rats, brawny rats,
Brown rats, black rats, gray rats, tawny rats,
Grave old plodders, gay young friskers,
Fathers, mothers uncles, cousins,
Cocking tails and pricking whiskers,
Families by tens and dozens,
Brothers, sisters, husbands, wives—
Followed the Piper for their lives.
From street to street he piped advancing,
And step by step they followed dancing,
Until they came to the river Weser,
Wherein all plunged and perished
—Save one, who, stout as Julius Cæsar,
Swam across, and lived to carry
(As he the manuscript he cherished)
To Rat-land home his commentary,
Which was: 'At the first shrill notes of the pipe,
I heard a sound as of scraping tripe,
And putting apples, wondrous ripe,
Into a cider-press's gripe;
And a moving away of pickle-tub-boards,
And a leaving ajar of conserve cupboards,
And a drawing the corks of train-oil flasks,
And a breaking the hoops of butter casks;
And it seemed as if a voice
(Sweeter far than by harp or by psaltery
Is breathed) called out: "O rats, rejoice!
The world is grown to one vast drysaltery!
To munch on, crunch on, take your nuncheon,
Breakfast dinner, supper, luncheon!"
And just as a bulky sugar puncheon,

'All ready staved, like a great sun shone
Glorious scarce an inch before me,
Just as methought it said, "Come, bore me!"
—I found the Weser rolling o'er me.'

VIII.

You should have heard the Hamelin people
Ringing the bells till they rocked the steeple.
'Go,' cried the Mayor, 'and get long poles!
Poke out the nests and block up the holes!
Consult with carpenters and builders,
And leave in our town not even a trace
Of the rats!'—when suddenly up the face
Of the Piper perked in the market-place,
With a 'First, if you please, my thousand guilders!'

IX.

A thousand guilders! The Mayor looked blue;
So did the Corporation too.
For Council dinners made rare havoc
With Claret, Moselle, Vin-de-Grave, Hock;
And half the money would replenish
The cellar's biggest butt with Rhenish.
To pay this sum to a wandering fellow
With a gipsy coat of red and yellow!
'Beside,' quoth the Mayor, with a knowing wink,
'Our business was done at the river's brink;
We saw with our eyes the vermin sink,
And what's dead can't come to life, I think,
So, friend, we're not the folks to shrink
From the duty of giving you something to drink,
And a matter of money to put in your poke;
But, as for the guilders, what we spoke
Of them, as you very well know, was in joke.
Besides, our losses have made us thrifty;
A thousand guilders! Come, take fifty!'

X.

The Piper's face fell, and he cried:
'No trifling! I can't wait: beside,
I've promised to visit by dinner-time
Bagdad, and accepted the prime
Of the head cook's pottage, all he's rich in,
For having left, in the Caliph's kitchen,
Of a nest of scorpions no survivor—
With him I proved no bargain-driver;
With you, don't think I'll bate a stiver!
And folks who put me in a passion
May find me pipe to another fashion.'

XI

'How?' cried the Mayor, 'd' ye think I'll brook
Being worse treated than a cook?
Insulted by a lazy ribald
With idle pipe and vesture piebald?
You threaten us, fellow? Do your worst:
Blow your pipe there till you burst.

XII.

Once more he stept into the street:
And to his lips again
Laid his long pipe of smooth straight cane:
And ere he blew three notes (such sweet
Soft notes as yet musician's cunning
Never gave the enraptured air),
There was a rustling, that seemed like a bustling
Of merry crowds justling, at pitching and hustling,
Small feet were pattering, wooden shoes clattering,
Little hands clapping, and little tongues chattering,
And, like fowls in a farm-yard when barley is scattering,
Out came the children running.
All the little boys and girls,
With rosy cheeks and flaxen curls,
And sparkling eyes and teeth like pearls,
Tripping and skipping, ran merrily after
The wonderful music with shouting and laughter.

XIII.

The Mayor was dumb, and the Council stood
As if they were changed into blocks of wood,
Unable to move a step, or cry
To the children merrily skipping by—
And could only follow with the eye
That joyous crowd at the Piper's back.
But how the Mayor was on the rack,
And the wretched Council's bosoms beat,
As the Piper turned from the High Street
To where the Weser rolled its waters
Right in the way of their sons and daughters!
However he turned from south to west,
And to Koppelberg Hill his steps addressed,
And after him the children pressed;
Great was the joy in every breast.
'He never can cross that mighty top!
He's forced to let the piping drop,
And we shall see our children stop!'
When lo! as they reached the mountain's side,
A wondrous portal opened wide,
As if a cavern were suddenly hollowed;
And the Piper advanced and the children followed,
And when all were in to the very last,
The door in the mountain-side shut fast.
Did I say all? No! one was lame,
And could not dance the whole of the way;
And in after-years, if you would blame
His sadness, he was used to say:
It's dull in our town since my playmates left;
I can't forget that I'm bereft
Of all the pleasant sights they see,
Which the Piper also promised me;
For he led us, he said, to a joyous land,
Joining the town, and just at hand,
Where waters gushed and fruit-trees grew,
And flowers put forth a fairer hue,
And everything was strange and new;
The sparrows were brighter than peacocks here,
And their dogs outran our fallow deer,
And honey-bees had lost their stings;
And horses were born with eagle's wings,
And just as I became assured

My lame foot would be speedily cured,
The music stopped, and I stood still,
And found myself outside the hill,
Left alone against my will,
To go now limping as before,
And never hear of that country more!'

XIV.

Alas, alas for Hamelin!
  There came into many a burgher's pate
  A text which says, that heaven's gate
  Opes to the rich at as easy rate
As the needle's eye takes a camel in!
The Mayor sent east, west, north, and south,
To offer the Piper by word of mouth,
  Wherever it was men's lot to find him,
Silver and gold to his heart's content,
If he'd only return the way he went,
  And bring the children all behind him.
But when they saw 'twas a lost endeavour,
And Piper and dancers were gone for ever,
They made a decree that lawyers never
  Should think their records dated duly,
If, after the day of the month and year,
These words did not as well appear:
  'And so long after what happened here
  On the twenty-second of July,
  Thirteen hundred and seventy-six;'
And the better in memory to fix
The place of the children's last retreat,
They called it the Pied Piper's street—
Where any one playing on pipe or tabor,
Was sure for the future to lose his labour.
Nor suffered they hostelry or tavern
To shock with mirth a street so solemn;
But opposite the place of the cavern
  They wrote the story on a column,
And on the great church window painted
The same, to make the world acquainted
How their children were stolen away,
And there it stands to this very day.
And I must not omit to say
That in Transylvania there's a tribe
Of alien people that ascribe
The outlandish ways and dress,
On which their neighbors lay such stress,
To their fathers and mothers having risen
Out of some subterraneous prison,
Into which they were trepanned
Long time ago in a mighty band
Out of Hamelin town in Brunswick land,
But how or why they don't understand.

XV.

So, Willy, let you and me be wipers
Of scores out with all men—especially pipers:
And, whether they pipe us free from rats or from mice,
If we've promised them aught, let us keep our promise.

THE KISS—A DIALOGUE.

ROBERT HERRICK.

1. Among thy fancies, tell me this:
  What is the thing we call a kiss?
2. I shall resolve ye what it is:

  It is a creature born and bred
  Between the lips, all cherry red;
  By love and warm desires fed;
    Chor.—And makes more soft the bridal-bed:

2. It is an active flame, that flies
  First to the babies of the eyes,
  And charms them there with lullabies;
    Chor.—And stills the bride, too, when she cries:

2. Then to the chin, the cheek, the ear,
  It frisks and flies; now here, now there;
  'Tis now far off, and then 'tis near;
    Chor.—And here, and there, and everywhere.

1. Has it a speaking virtue?—2. Yes.
1. How speaks it, say?—2. Do you but this,
  Part your joined lips, then speaks your kiss;
    Chor.—And this love's sweetest language is.

1. Has it a body?—2. Ay, and wings,
  With thousand rare encolorings;
  And as it flies, it gently sings,
    Chor.—Love honey yields, but never stings.

ASPIRATIONS OF YOUTH.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.

Higher, higher will we climb
  Up the mount of glory,
That our names may live through time
  In our country's story;
Happy, when our welfare calls,
He who conquors, he who falls.

Deeper, deeper let us toil
  In the mines of knowedge;
Nature's wealth, and learning's spoil,
  Win from school or college;
Delve we there for richer gems
Than the stars of diadems.

Onward, onward may we press
  Through the path of duty;
Virtue is true happiness,
  Excellence true beauty.
Minds are of celestial birth,
Make we then a heaven on earth.

Closer, closer let us knit
  Hearts and hands together,
Where our fireside comforts sit,
  In the wildest weather:
Oh! they wander wide who roam
For the joys of life from home.

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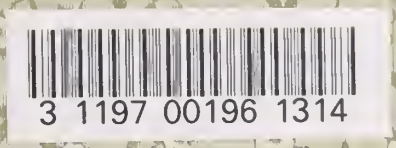
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